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No. XXXIII.

ART. I. *Substance of the Speech of Sir John Cox Hippisley, Bart. on seconding the Motion of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, to refer the Petition of the Roman Catholics of Ireland to a Committee of the House of Commons, on Friday, the 18th of May, 1810. With an Appendix, greatly enlarged, and additional Notes. The Second Edition, corrected. pp. 320. 8vo. London, 1810.*

WHAT ought to be the religion of a country, where two thirds of the people are Catholic, and only one third Protestant?—where two thirds profess that form of Christianity which still prevails over the greatest part of civilized Europe, the remaining third professing what they think a purer form of Christianity?

If this be too bold, or too general a question for the taste of some of our readers, it will serve our purpose equally well, if they will only ask themselves the following—Was it just or reasonable, while Ireland continued a distinct kingdom, that two thirds of her inhabitants should be subjected to pains and civil disabilities on account of their religion? and, if the Union, by which she ceased to be a distinct kingdom, was negotiated on a footing of equality, and brought about partly by promises to remove these pains and disabilities, is it just or reasonable that they should still be continued?

We shall not add another word on the justice of the claims now made by the Irish Catholics, considered with a reference to Ireland only; but, forgetting that she ever had a separate political existence, and regarding her merely as an integral portion of the British empire, we shall be satisfied with asking, whether it be salutary and expedient for the whole state, that the Irish Catholics should be kept under the disabilities to which they are still subjected?

To solve this question, we must first find the answers of the three following.—What are the evils that result from the existence of these disabilities? What are the evils that would result from their removal? and, Which of these two sets of evils is the greatest and most imminent?

As the disabilities in question are still legally existing, the opponents of the Catholic claims may insist upon holding by the possession, and are entitled to set the claimants upon making out a case of actual disadvantage or danger, before they can be called upon to alter an established system. The advocates of the Catholics, therefore, as the party who have provoked the discussion, are certainly bound to begin it, by answering the first of these three questions.

It would be easy to make a long and an eloquent answer; but this has been done often enough already; and, in the present stage of the business, we believe there are very few readers to whom a very summary one will not only be more agreeable, but more satisfactory. On the part of the Catholic claimants, therefore, we answer briefly as follows.

In the *first* place, that the exclusion of nearly one fifth of our whole population from a great number of high and important situations, is evidently and directly an evil to the whole nation, inasmuch as it narrows, in that proportion, the choice which we should otherwise have for filling them to advantage; and actually deprives us, for all noble and important services, of one fifth of the talent which would otherwise be at our disposal. This is a certain, and a present evil; the magnitude and effects of which it is not easy to calculate.*

In the *second* place, this exclusion is an actual and certain evil, in so far as it renders one fifth part of our whole population discontented and uncomfortable. The process by which all such sweeping proscriptions extend as *insult*, much further than they actually reach as *injury*, begetting, on the one side, a general habit of insolence and contempt, and, on the other, a feeling of resentment and degradation, we have formerly* endeavoured to explain. We do not apprehend, however, that most of our readers will think any explanation necessary, or find any difficulty in believing, that every Catholic in Ireland, however humble or obscure, must feel his order dishonoured by these exclusions, and suffer considerably in his comforts from their subsistence.

If there be any thing that is substantially and directly evil in a system of government, it must be that which produces the discomfort and unhappiness of so large a proportion of its subjects; but,

but, in the present instance, the evil does not terminate in their unhappiness. Men who are unhappy in consequence of some act or arrangement of their government, are naturally inclined to be disaffected to that government; and it is the *third* great evil of the present system of exclusion, that the Catholic population of Ireland is much less firmly attached to the government than it otherwise might be, and that its discontents upon this score contribute very largely to promote that disposition to tumult and insurrection, by which the peace and the security of the whole state have been so often endangered. We are far from saying, that the degradation and discontents of the Catholics are the sole causes of the disorders to which Ireland has been so long liable; but there is no person of common sense who can doubt, that they have had a very great share in bringing them on, and in aggravating their symptoms.

In the present condition of the world, it may be stated as a *fourth* and separate evil, that the probability of the enemy being enabled to conquer, or incalculably to injure, this nation, is prodigiously increased by the discontented state of the Catholic population. In a country in other respects so misgoverned, and in many parts so uncivilized, as Ireland, numbers would, in all probability, be disposed to join the standard of an invader at any rate; but his only *serviceable* auxiliaries would be recruited by the wrongs and resentments of the Catholics. The priests, who could give information as to the state and resources of each district, and exert so vast an influence over its inhabitants, and the ambitious and enterprizing individuals of every description, who felt, in their talents and their daring, an inward vocation to glory, while they resented their exclusion from the lawful pursuit of it under their native government, would all be driven into the service of the invader, if they were driven there at all, by the pressure of Catholic disabilities. It is now equally needless to aggravate, and impossible to disguise, the tremendous peril in which Ireland will be placed, if Bonaparte should ultimately succeed in obtaining possession of the Southern Peninsula. Such is the course which vessels from that part of the world have to steer to the shores of Ireland, that the very winds which would best serve for their passage, would blow all our fleets from any station where they could be intercepted; and those winds are of such regular recurrence, that one of the highest naval authorities in this kingdom has been repeatedly heard to say, that during a particular period of the year, if he was carrying on a French trade from Lisbon to Bantry, he would be so little afraid of British cruizers, that he would not lay out one half per cent. in insuring against that hazard. It is not easy, then, to overrate the evils of that policy which tends to increase the hazards of such an invasion.

In the *fifth* place, the existence of the Catholic disabilities, and of the discontents which they necessarily occasion, must be considered as a great and most alarming evil to the whole nation, if it were only on account of the ready and most dangerous pretext they afford to those who are still more to be dreaded than even an invading enemy. That there is a party in that country who aim at the dismemberment, and consequently at the ruin of this empire, and who would not scruple to seek foreign aid to promote their nefarious attempts, is a fact which seems no longer to be seriously disputed. The neglect and the misgovernment of England have given rise to this party; and it is by exaggerating and dwelling on the effects of that misgovernment, that its leaders hope one day to make it triumphant. But though the oppressions of England afford a copious theme in past history, the injustice and insult of her Catholic code forms by far the most flagrant and intelligible of her actual malversations. This, accordingly, is the leading topic with all those who seek to produce a rupture between the two countries by inflammatory representations of English tyranny and oppression; and the degradation and wrongs of the Catholics invariably form the chief ingredient in these provocatives to disaffection, which have been so plentifully administered to that irritable generation. When, therefore, it is recollected what have been the actual effects of such plausible representations, even those who think them the most exaggerated, and believe most firmly that Catholic emancipation would produce little substantial good to the bulk of that persuasion, must still admit, that it is a great evil that any pretext should be left for their propagation, or any plausibility lent, by our conduct, to the statements of their authors. The only effectual way, however, to prevent bigotted and disaffected persons from inflaming the ignorant people of Ireland, by exaggerated accounts of the injustice of our laws against Catholics, is—to take away that injustice altogether—to restore the Catholics to their whole civil rights as free subjects of the realm; and thus, at once, to cure the discontents which spring *naturally* from their present degradation, and to prevent that artificial exasperation of them which may be produced by the turbulent and seditious.

In the *sixth* and last place, we consider it as a great evil, resulting from the present condition of the Catholics of Ireland, that the odium and distrust which are necessarily attached to that condition, keeps the great body of them in a lower state of ignorance than any other Catholic community in Europe, and tends to perpetuate among them all that is humiliating or pernicious in their superstitions. In this way, the cause of true religion and of human nature itself is materially injured by the disabilities of the
Irish

Irish Catholics,—the degree of persecution which is implied in those disabilities attaching them more strongly to their superstitions, on the one hand, and the general degradation of their sect precluding them in a great degree, on the other, from that liberal education, and those sources of intelligence, by which alone they can ever be effectually reclaimed from the errors and absurdities of their belief. Protestantism itself, therefore, is thus ultimately injured by this partial exclusion of its opponents from the best and surest means of reformation.

Such are some of the leading evils which the Catholics deduce, we think with perfect justice, from the present state of the law with regard to persons of their persuasion—evils that affect the prosperity of the whole empire, and which would obviously be removed, by granting them, what they have somewhat emphatically termed, Emancipation. That these evils are great, imminent, and manifold, must be evident even from the foregoing brief enumeration: and whoever will take the trouble of entering into the details by which each article might be illustrated and confirmed, will probably be of opinion, that among all the fatal errors by which nations have obstructed their own prosperity, there are but few instances in which so much and such various mischief has resulted from one principle of impolicy.

This, then, is the answer to the *first* question which has been suggested; and such are the evils that are produced by the existing disabilities inflicted by law on the Catholics of Ireland.—The *second* question is, What are the evils that are likely to arise from the removal of those disabilities?

To this question we dare not trust ourselves with answering in so summary a manner as we have ventured to do as to the former. Being firmly persuaded that there are *no* real evils to be apprehended from the removal of these disabilities, we might be thought to do injustice to the cause of our opponents, if we were merely to state, in a simple abstract, the objections which have been popularly urged in their behalf. It is necessary, therefore, that this part of the discussion should be a little more expanded; and that, besides the naked enumeration of the grounds upon which Catholic emancipation has been hitherto resisted, we should endeavour both to explain and to obviate the reasons upon which that resistance has been supported.

The chief grounds, then, upon which the enemies of Catholic emancipation have insisted, in so far as we have been able to collect, are the following; *1mo*, That any further concessions to that body, would be a violation of the privileges of the Protestant establishment, as they already enjoy the *most full and liberal toleration*, and could not get more, without being invested with *honours* and

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No. CIX.

ART. I.—*Mechanism of the Heavens.* By MRS SOMERVILLE.
8vo. London: 1831.

THIS unquestionably is one of the most remarkable works that female intellect ever produced, in any age or country; and with respect to the present day, we hazard little in saying, that Mrs Somerville is the only individual of her sex in the world who could have written it. The higher branches of the mathematics are not among the recognised objects of female accomplishment; and accordingly the education of women is so directed, that they have rarely the means afforded them of acquiring even the elements of scientific knowledge. Hence if, prompted by curiosity, or the consciousness of a capacity for such studies, they attempt to deviate into a path in which only a few men of exalted genius have been able to make great progress, they must possess no ordinary strength of purpose and powers of application, if they avoid being repulsed at the very entrance. But, notwithstanding the difficulties inseparable from the pursuit of abstract truth, and the obstacles interposed by fashion and prejudice to render the results of science inaccessible to females, examples occasionally occur of individuals of that sex raising themselves to the very highest eminence in mathematical learning; as if to prove that they are no less capable of excelling in those studies which require the patient exercise of profound thought, than they are of adorning the lighter walks of literature. Our learned readers will call to mind the beautiful and unfortunate Hypatia, the commentator of Apollonius and Diophantus, and president of the Alexandrian school, whose attainments in all the sciences of her age have been depicted

in such glowing terms as to render her an object of admiration to posterity. A modern, and equally illustrious example, is afforded by Agnesi, who, to a profound knowledge of mathematics, added an almost miraculous acquaintance with literature and philosophy, and gave the world, in her *Analytical Institutions*, a treatise which does honour not only to her sex, but to her age and country. The *Principia* of Newton, we may add, was translated into French by the celebrated *Marquise du Chastelet*,—who thereby contributed, perhaps in no unimportant degree, to promote the knowledge of the Newtonian philosophy on the continent. With these illustrious names, that of Mrs Somerville, already known in the annals of science, must henceforth be associated, on account of her great proficiency in the most sublime and difficult applications of mathematical analysis, evinced by this compend of the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace;—a work which, after the ample justice that has already been done to it in this Journal, and the unanimous decision of all who are capable of appreciating its merit, it would be superfluous, perhaps presumptuous, to undertake to criticise or to praise.

The publication of the *Mécanique Céleste*, forms an important epoch in the history of Physical Astronomy. In the course of that century of brilliant discovery which had elapsed since the appearance of the *Principia*, the different branches of analysis had been assiduously cultivated, and successfully applied to the computation of the greater part of the celestial phenomena. Difficulty after difficulty had yielded to the successive efforts of the illustrious men who, with emulous rivalry, undertook to develop the theory of gravity, till the mechanism of the solar system was completely revealed, and the whole science of astronomy founded on a single law. In the *Mécanique Céleste*, which embodied the results of their united labours and discoveries, the long series of proofs which had been begun by Newton was completed. Every inequality of the planetary motions which the most refined observation had been able to detect, as well as numerous others too minute to be sensible to observation, was referred to its immediate cause, and subjected to rigorous computation. All the changes which can take place in the system were explained, and included in formulæ, which represent not merely its present state, but its past and future condition, even to remote ages.

Such was the sublime picture exhibited in that extraordinary production; but into none of the productions of the human intellect does time bring greater ameliorations than into those of the mathematician. Although the *Mécanique Céleste* must ever con-

tinue—what it was described by its author to be—a monument to the genius of the age in which it was composed, it is already in some respects behind the actual state of science. Embracing most of the principal questions connected with the constitution of the universe and the laws of matter, it has furnished themes for the speculations of all succeeding geometers; the investigations have been re-considered under every different point of view of which they were susceptible; and numerous and important simplifications have been made, which have superseded the original methods. In one respect, indeed, the analytical theory of the system of the world is susceptible of indefinite improvement. Many of the problems it presents are of so difficult a nature, that the most powerful analysis is unable to grasp the solutions in a finite expression; in such cases, recourse must be had to successive approximations, and however far these may be pushed, the solutions obtained in this manner necessarily fall short of absolute accuracy. In the finite integration of formulæ that have hitherto been found intractable; in the investigation of series that converge more rapidly; in the reduction of difficulties to classes, and rendering the methods already known more simple and uniform, ample scope will always remain for the exercise of the most inventive talent. The future results of analysis cannot, indeed, have that imposing character which belongs to the discovery of a primordial law of the universe, or of those beautiful relations which ‘bind and perpetuate the revolutions of nature;’ but in reference to the simplification and more general diffusion of science, they may still be of very great importance. The analytical processes by which the more refined truths of astronomy are reached, are of so abstruse a nature, and so far removed from ordinary apprehension, that they who contribute to render them more easily understood, may justly claim to be regarded as benefactors of science.

The work of which we are about to give an account, was originally intended, as appears from the dedication, to form one of the series of treatises published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; but by reason of the great variety and importance of the subjects that Physical Astronomy presents for discussion, it unavoidably exceeded the limits of the Society’s publications. The very eminent nobleman,* however, at whose request it is stated to have been undertaken, and to whom it is dedicated, still thought that in its

present form it might tend to promote the views of the Society; and under this high sanction it has been given to the world.

Mrs Somerville has not very distinctly intimated the precise object she had in view in the composition of the treatise; and we are at some loss to discover whether an original work was contemplated, or merely an abridgement of that of Laplace. The only information given respecting its nature and purpose, is contained in a sentence of the *Introduction*, in which it is said, that 'in the following pages it is not intended to limit the account of the *Mécanique Céleste* to a detail of results, but rather to endeavour to explain the methods by which these results are deduced from one general equation of the motion of matter.' From this we may infer, that while the main object was to demonstrate the results of the *Mécanique Céleste*, it was not intended to adhere strictly to the analysis of Laplace, but that the investigations would be rendered more simple and perspicuous where they admitted of improvement, and advantage taken of the recent discoveries in analysis to render the processes more comprehensive and uniform. This at least appears to have been the plan on which the work has been executed. In many cases the demonstrations of Laplace are given without alteration; in others they have been partially changed; and in a few instances they have been entirely supplanted by others drawn from different sources. Near the commencement, the explanations are full; as the work advances, and the difficulties increase, they become more rare; and in some of the most important problems the analysis of Laplace is transcribed without any explanation whatever. This, however, could hardly be otherwise. Indeed, when we consider the extent and abstruse nature of the various subjects that come under consideration, it will readily appear, that to give a clear and satisfactory explanation of the analytical methods of Laplace, without employing his own expressions, and exhibiting his own formulæ, would be a task of no ordinary difficulty. The language of the calculus is the most concise by which human thought can be expressed; and when employed by so great a master, it receives a form which can rarely be altered without injury. The general style of Laplace is also remarkable for its perspicuity and precision; so that there is no hope of giving his meaning in different words with greater exactness, or more briefly.

With reference to the amount and species of explanation that the *Mécanique Céleste* may be thought to stand in need of, no general rule can be laid down; as all depends on the mathe-

mathematical acquirements of the reader, and the direction his studies may have taken. Mrs Somerville has evidently wished to render the theories of physical astronomy more accessible to those who have made only a moderate proficiency in analysis ; but we fear, that in order to comprehend fully the ‘ Mechanism of the Heavens,’ little, very little, abatement can be made from the amount of mathematical knowledge which is indispensably required to enter with advantage or profit on the study of Laplace. In conformity with the practice of English writers, diagrams have been inserted ‘ for the convenience of the reader ;’ and the analysis has been broken up into distinct propositions, by which means, without interrupting the process of investigation, the particular subject under discussion is set more prominently before the eye of the student. Such alterations, however, refer merely to the mode of representing the demonstrations, and do not at all touch the real difficulties. By some readers they will probably be regarded as an impediment ; and, in a mathematical investigation, it is obvious that whatever is not absolutely required to complete the chain of evidence, serves only to fatigue and distract the attention. It may also be remarked, that the assistance which can be derived from the introduction of elementary illustrations into the higher problems of analysis, can only be partial and limited. From the first axioms of geometry to the sublime results of physical astronomy, the distance is immense ; and if it were necessary to demonstrate every intermediate step, the bulk of a treatise containing these results, would exceed all reasonable limits. However numerous the explanations may be, they can never supersede the necessity of a very extensive acquaintance with the abstract theories of pure mathematics ; nor will it be found possible, by any amount of explanation whatever, to convert the *Mécanique Céleste* into an elementary treatise of dynamics.

The entire assemblage of methods and researches comprehended in the *Mécanique Céleste*, may be divided into three principal classes. The first relates to the translation of the bodies of the solar system in space, or the motions of their centres of gravity, supposing their masses to be united at those points. The second embraces the theory of their figures, their motions of rotation, and the positions and oscillations of their axes. The third is devoted to the consideration of a number of particular phenomena, including the oscillations of the fluids at the surfaces of the planets, or rather of the earth ; the aberration and refraction of light, and molecular attraction. Mrs Somerville’s work extends only to the first of these classes, and does

not even include the comets. The subjects which come under discussion are consequently the trajectories described by each of the planets about the sun, and of the satellites about their primary planets; the forms, positions, and magnitudes of the different orbits; the various changes which the elements of these orbits undergo; the periods and extent of the evagations of the bodies themselves from their mean places; and, lastly, the conservatory principles which ensure the stability of the system, and prevent any unlimited departure from its actual state. It is only with respect to this department of astronomy that the theory can be said to be perfect. The fundamental conditions are simple, and all supplied by observation; and the phenomena are in consequence accurately represented by the analytical equations. But at the surfaces of the planets the law of attraction is modified by various causes, of which the effect cannot be exactly appreciated; and hence the phenomena are less accessible to analysis. Their figures, for example, depend on their initial state, and the law of their density; with respect to which, we can only make arbitrary assumptions—and the motions of their axes of rotation are modified by their figures. For these reasons, the determination of the figures and rotation of the celestial bodies is attended with great and peculiar difficulties, to the solution of which the most illustrious analysts of the present age have devoted their efforts; and this branch of the theory of gravitation has in consequence received vast improvements since the publication of the *Mécanique Céleste*.

In the developement of the planetary theory, Mrs Somerville has derived great assistance from the *Théorie Analytique du Système du Monde* of Pontécoulant, a recent work of very considerable merit. Though grounded entirely on the *Mécanique Céleste*, the demonstrations in this treatise are occasionally original; while, by a better arrangement, and the adoption of a more uniform method of investigation, they are in numerous cases greatly simplified, without being rendered less general. The mathematical sciences must have undergone some considerable revolution before the theories of physical astronomy can be exhibited in a form much superior to that in which they appear in the work of Pontécoulant.

In a 'Preliminary Dissertation,' extending to seventy pages, Mrs Somerville has collected and detailed, in a very interesting manner, most of the striking facts which theory and observation have made known respecting the constitution of the universe. This discourse is not indeed strictly confined to the subjects which are discussed in the subsequent part of the work; yet it

is not too excursive, if designed as an introduction to the study of the *Mécanique Céleste*. It is calculated to give us a very high opinion of the industry and scientific attainments of its author; as it displays a correct and intimate acquaintance, not only with theoretical astronomy, but with the whole range of physical science, and the best and most recent works which treat of it. The diction, though occasionally deficient in accuracy and precision, is easy, flowing, and perspicuous; and the topics selected are among the most interesting that science offers to contemplation. The whole is eminently calculated to inspire a taste for the pleasures and pursuits of science; and to promote a desire to penetrate the recesses of that sublime geometry which presides over the motions, and determines the forms and distances, of the planetary bodies. We will quote a few sentences to give a specimen of the style, and the author's opinions on a subject of some moment—the degree of mathematical acquirement required to enter with advantage on the study of the analytical theory of the world. She will be admitted to be no incompetent judge.

‘The heavens afford the most sublime subject of study which can be derived from science: the magnitude and splendour of the objects, the rapidity with which they move, and the enormous distances between them, impress the mind with some notion of the energy that maintains them in their motions with a durability to which we can see no limit. Equally conspicuous is the goodness of the great First Cause in having endowed man with faculties by which he can not only appreciate the magnificence of his works, but trace, with precision, the operation of his laws, use the globe he inhabits as a base wherewith to measure the magnitude and distance of the sun and planets, and make the diameter of the earth's orbit the first step of a scale by which he may ascend to the starry firmament. Such pursuits, while they ennoble the mind, at the same time inculcate humility, by showing that there is a barrier, which no energy, mental or physical, can ever enable us to pass: that however profoundly we may penetrate the depths of space, there will still remain innumerable systems, compared with which, those which seem so mighty to us must dwindle into insignificance, or even become invisible; and that not only man, but the globe he inhabits, nay, the whole system of which it forms so small a part, might be annihilated, and its extinction be unperceived in the immensity of creation.

‘A complete acquaintance with Physical Astronomy can only be attained by those who are well versed in the higher branches of mathematical and mechanical science; such alone can appreciate the extreme beauty of the results, and of the means by which these results are obtained. Nevertheless a sufficient skill in analysis to follow the general outline, to see the mutual dependance of the different parts of the system, and to comprehend by what means some of the most ex-

traordinary conclusions have been arrived at, is within the reach of many who shrink from the task, appalled by difficulties which are perhaps not more formidable than those incident to the study of the elements of every branch of knowledge, and possibly overrating them by not making a sufficient distinction between the degree of mathematical acquirement necessary for making discoveries, and that which is requisite for understanding what others have done. That the study of mathematics and their application to astronomy are full of interest, will be allowed by all who have devoted their time and attention to these pursuits, and they only can estimate the delight of arriving at truth, whether it be in the discovery of a world, or of a new property of numbers.'

The more obvious consequences of the general laws of the universe have been so frequently noticed and illustrated, that it is often extremely difficult to discover by whom they were first remarked. Delambre, in the preface to his *Abrégé d'Astronomie*, takes credit to himself for having always, in speaking of an instrument, a solution, or a formula, endeavoured to name the author. It is a practice, he observes, too much neglected by the writers of elementary works; and the consequence is, that the reader attributes to the author all that he finds in his book, in the same manner as we are led to ascribe to Euclid the theorems he has only transmitted to us. Though it may not be possible, and is perhaps not necessary, unless where some general principle is involved, to adhere strictly to this practice, yet it is of great importance that the student receive no wrong impressions respecting the history of science; and therefore we cannot help regarding the following as a singularly unfortunate mode of introducing the name of an eminent individual. 'A fluid, as Mr Babbage observes, in falling from a higher to a lower level, carries with it the velocity due to its revolution with the earth at a greater distance from its centre. It will therefore accelerate, although to an almost infinitesimal extent, the earth's daily rotation.'—P. 36. As well might Mr Babbage have been quoted as remarking that the tides are caused by the attraction of the moon. The consequence here mentioned is one of those very obvious results of theory, that could not escape the slightest attention to the various circumstances that affect the rotation of the earth. It was stated with great clearness and detail, and without the slightest pretension to originality, by Professor Playfair, in one of the notes to his *Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory*. (Works, vol. i. p. 419.)

Mrs Somerville's work contains four books, of which the first, like the corresponding one of the *Mécanique Céleste*, forms a comprehensive and general treatise of Dynamics. On a sub-

ject which has been so often discussed by the most eminent mathematicians, we can expect to meet with little novelty or originality; and the principal merit of a new work must consist in the judicious selection and perspicuous arrangement of the materials. The necessary definitions and axioms are given very briefly and clearly in the first chapter; and among the deviations from the methods of Laplace, we cannot forbear noticing the demonstration of the formulæ for the composition and resolution of forces; which Laplace, in order to avoid the assumption of force being proportioned to the velocity—a thing which cannot be known *a priori*—had deduced immediately from the theory of functions. This demonstration is remarkable; but forms perhaps too great a difficulty at the very commencement of the work. For this reason Mrs Somerville has rejected it, and returned to the usual demonstration, which depends on the composition and resolution of motion. In this, however, she has the countenance of the high authority of Lagrange, who admits that, in separating the principle of the composition of forces from that of the composition of motion, we deprive it of its principal advantages—evidence and simplicity—and reduce it to depend on a mere result of geometrical constructions, or of combinations of algebraical symbols. After the definitions comes the subject of the variable motion of a particle under different circumstances; then the equilibrium and motion of a system of bodies. In these preliminary chapters, the subjects of discussion are the same as those that occur in the *Mécanique Céleste*; and the changes that have been made are chiefly confined to the mode of illustration. The problem of the rotation of a solid body, which occupies the fifth chapter, is of great importance in astronomy, in consequence of its connexion with the theory of the nutation of the earth's axis, the precession of the equinoxes, and the libration of the moon. The analysis which Mrs Somerville has given, is the same as that of Pontécoulant, and is sufficiently compact and symmetrical; but the subject is of so difficult a nature, that the general theory cannot be well understood without some special application. The same remarks apply to the two following chapters, which treat of the equilibrium and motion of fluids. As the theories of the rotation of the earth and of the tides are not comprehended in Mrs Somerville's work, its unity would, perhaps, have been more perfect, if these last three chapters, which have no subsequent application, had been altogether omitted.

The second book, by far the longest of the four, is devoted to the developement of the effects of universal gravitation on the motions and orbits of the primary planets. After a short ac-

count of the progress of Physical Astronomy, from Kepler to Laplace, Mrs Somerville proceeds, in the second chapter, to deduce the Newtonian law of gravity from the three general laws of Kepler. These laws form the very basis of the science; and when the differential equations of motion are formed so as to satisfy them, it is an easy consequence that the force which retains the planets in their orbits is directed to the centre of the sun, and varies in the inverse proportion of the distance of the attracted body from that centre. The most obvious verification of this important result is afforded by the motions of the moon; for the action of terrestrial gravity, which at the surface of the earth causes a body to fall through $16\frac{1}{11}$ feet in the first second of time, being assumed to diminish according to the above law, would cause a body at the distance of the moon to fall through a space which is exactly equal to the moon's deflection from the tangent to her orbit in the same time. All this is explained exactly in the same manner as in the *Mécanique Céleste*.

Having deduced from data furnished by observation the law of the force which regulates the motions of the celestial bodies, it becomes necessary to invert the process, and to form the differential equations of motion on the hypothesis, that all bodies of the solar system attract one another with forces varying directly as their masses, and inversely as the squares of their mutual distances. The equations given in the *Mécanique Céleste* are of the utmost generality; being applicable not only to the law of force which prevails in the solar system, but to any law of attraction which is capable of being expressed in a function of the distance. But it is in the integration of those equations that the real difficulty of Physical Astronomy consists; and this difficulty all the ingenuity of the greatest analysts, and all the resources of the most refined science, have hitherto been unable entirely to overcome. It is only by restricting the hypotheses to particular cases that we can obtain even approximative solutions. The peculiar constitution of the planetary system fortunately affords considerable facilities in this respect; and by permitting us to decompose it into partial systems, and to estimate successively the influence of the different bodies, enables us to obtain results which it would be impossible to arrive at if it were necessary to compass the general problem, and to consider simultaneously all the causes of perturbation. In the first place, though each planet sustains the action of a multitude of forces, yet its motion is chiefly regulated by the predominant influence of the sun, in comparison of which the attraction of any other body in the system, or even the united force of all of them, is extremely

small. In the next place, the planetary orbits differ very little from circles, and are inclined at very small angles to the plane of the ecliptic; and on these accounts the series which express the perturbations converge much more rapidly than would be the case if the orbits were more eccentric, and the inclinations considerable. Lastly, the figures of the planets differ so little from spheres, that at their distances the influence of the figure of the disturbing body entirely disappears, and they attract one another as if their whole mass were united in a point at the centre of gravity. These considerations essentially contribute to diminish the difficulties of the calculus.

The simplest hypothetical case to which the equations of motion can be applied, is that of a planet obeying the sun's force, and undisturbed by the action of any other body. To this case Mrs Somerville proceeds in the fourth chapter. The integration, as is well known, gives a line of the second order; the elements of the curve being represented by the arbitrary constant quantities introduced in the double integration. The development of the expressions thus obtained, gives the whole theory of the elliptic motion. In these elementary discussions, the very brief indications of Laplace have been considerably expanded. The subject admitted of no novelty; but the different formulæ for finding the radius vector, the eccentric and true anomalies in terms of the mean anomaly, the true and projected longitudes in terms of the mean longitude, the position of the orbit, &c., are demonstrated with much perspicuity and elegance.

After a first approximation to the true path of a planet has been obtained, on the supposition that it obeys the sun's force alone, it is necessary to pass to the infinitely more difficult problem of the perturbations; and to determine how far the previous results are modified by the attraction of the other bodies belonging to the system. This is the famous problem which was begun and prosecuted with so much vigour by the emulous rivalry of the greatest mathematicians of the last century,—Clairaut, d'Alembert, and Euler; and of which the more complete solution has conferred unfading glory on the names of Lagrange and Laplace. A solution in finite terms is indeed impossible; but the approximations have now been carried so far, that the tables computed from theory, give the places of the planets with a precision that rivals observation.

With a view to facilitate the investigation of this intricate subject, geometers have classed the perturbations under two distinct heads; and the distinction does not depend merely on a difference in the form of the analytical expressions, but on

certain physical considerations, which may be easily explained. Let us suppose for an instant the planetary orbits to be invariable in form and position. It is evident that the effect produced by the action of one planet on another, must depend on their relative positions in respect of the sun; for the action of the first planet on the second, may either conspire with the sun's attraction, or oppose it; and it can only cause a variation in the longitude, latitude, or distance of the disturbed planet. Now, this disturbing action will always produce the same effects when *the two planets occupy the same positions in respect of the sun, which happens after a certain determinate period of time depending on their relative motions.* The relative positions of the planets are technically called their configurations. The variations of the planets, therefore, in longitude, latitude, and distance, depend on their configurations, and are consequently periodic; because after a certain determinate time, the same configurations are again restored. Jupiter, for example, performs his sidereal revolution in about twelve years, and Saturn in nearly twenty years; and at the end of sixty years, therefore, these two planets will be again found nearly at the same points of their orbits, and have the same situation relatively to the sun. If they occupied the same positions exactly, and were disturbed by the influence of no other body, the circle of changes depending on their configuration would then be complete. But the orbits themselves are not fixed; on the contrary, they undergo a continual variation, both in respect of form and position. The transverse axes are slowly revolving on the planes of the orbits; the eccentricities are gradually changing; so also are the inclinations and the position of the nodes relatively to an immovable plane. Now these variations in the forms and positions of the orbits, give rise to a second class of inequalities, depending not on the configuration of the planets, but on the relative positions of the major axes, or the configurations of the orbits. Like those of the former class, they are periodic; but their periods are vastly longer, as the revolutions on which they depend are incomparably longer than the revolutions of the planet. The axis major of the earth's orbit accomplishes a revolution in 109,770 years, and that of Jupiter in 197,561 years; hence an idea may be formed of the time required to complete the cycle of inequalities depending on such slow motions. On this account the inequalities depending on the positions of the orbits are called *secular*. Some of them were detected by comparing observations made at distant epochs; but in general they escape observation, by the slowness of their evolutions.

The peculiar analytical procedure by which the computation

of the various inequalities is brought within the power of the calculus, is particularly deserving of attention. It is founded on the supposition that the elements of a planet's orbit are constantly varying; or that the planet only continues to describe the same ellipse during an infinitely small portion of time. The arbitrary quantities, therefore, which enter into the integrated equations of motion, and represent the elements of the elliptic orbits, are considered as variable; their variations being expressed in terms of the partial differentials of the perturbing force. *The germ of this method, as of many others of the first importance in analysis, is due to Euler; but the complete theory properly belongs to Lagrange, by whom, after many successive modifications and improvements, it was reduced to its last degree of elegance and generality.* As it now stands, the theory of the planetary perturbations is reduced to the integration of a system of linear equations, in which the differential of each elliptic element is expressed by the partial differentials of the perturbing force, multiplied by the element of the time. The great advantage of the method consists in its affording the means of exhibiting, under a single point of view, all the effects arising from the reciprocal actions of the planets, whether secular or periodic, either in their motions of translation or rotation; as well as the derangements that would be produced by a resisting medium, or any other disturbing cause whatever. When the combined action of a great number of forces is to be calculated, there is no more efficient method than this in the whole range of analysis.

At the time the first two volumes of the *Mécanique Céleste* made their appearance, the theory of the variation of arbitrary constants had not reached the degree of perfection it has since attained. In the second volume, Laplace gave expressions for the variations of the eccentricity, the inclination of the orbit, and the longitude of the nodes only; the expressions for the variations of the remaining two elements—namely, the longitudes of the perihelion and epoch—are given in the supplement to the third volume. By partially adopting the method of Lagrange, and taking advantage of the more recent discoveries of Poisson, who has also essentially contributed to the perfection of this theory, Pontécoulant has succeeded in rendering the subject greatly more perspicuous; and Mrs Somerville has judiciously availed herself of the labours of Pontécoulant. The investigation commences with the demonstration of a formula due to Lagrange, for expressing the partial differential of one of the elliptic elements of an orbit, in a linear function of the infinitely small variations of that element, multiplied by certain combina-

tions of the partial differentials of the perturbing force, taken with respect to the rectangular co-ordinates of the troubled body. The formula is next applied to the variation of the different elements in succession, without laying down any restricted hypothesis as to the magnitude of the eccentricities and inclinations; after which, the modifications are pointed out which the expressions receive in consequence of the smallness of the eccentricities and inclinations of the actual orbits of the planets. All these expressions involve the differentials of the function which expresses the perturbing force; the expansion of which into a series, and the determination of the coefficients of its several terms, occupy the remainder of the fifth chapter. This developement depends ultimately on that of the irrational factor $(a^2 + 2ab \cos. A + b^2) \rightarrow$ into a series of cosines of the multiples of the angle A ;—a subject which seems first to have engaged the attention of Euler in his Memoir on the Inequalities of Jupiter and Saturn, and which, on account of its great importance in the theory of the planetary perturbations, has been frequently treated by mathematicians. In certain cases—that is to say, when the ratio of the distances of the disturbed and disturbing planet is very small—the expanded series converges with sufficient rapidity; but when that ratio approaches nearer to unit, as happens in the case of Venus and the Earth, or Jupiter and Saturn, the series converges slowly, and it becomes necessary to have recourse to particular artifices in order to obtain the values of its different terms. The labour of computation is, however, greatly facilitated in consequence of a curious relation discovered by Euler to subsist among the terms; which is such, that when any two of them are found, all the others can be determined in a function of these two; hence the difficulty is confined to the determination of the two first terms, and this has been effected in a great many different ways. Mrs Somerville has taken the developement exactly as it is given by Pontécoulant; and though in principle the same, it has the merit of being considerably simpler than that of Laplace.

It is in the developement of the function which expresses the perturbing force, that the two distinct sets of terms arise which respectively represent the periodic and secular inequalities. One part of the expanded function consists of terms having for their argument the sines or cosines of the mean motion and its multiples; while the other terms are entirely independent of the mean motion, being merely functions of the elements of the orbits, and their combinations. The determination of this last set of terms is of the utmost consequence in theoretical astronomy; for if they were susceptible of indefinite increase with

the time, the forms of the orbits and the periods of revolution would, in the course of ages, be entirely altered, and the stability of the planetary system destroyed. To this subject Mrs Somerville addresses herself in the sixth chapter, and examines in detail the terms, independent of the time, which are contained in the variations of each of the elliptic elements.

Of all the elements of a planet's orbit, the axis major is that of which the variations are the most important, on account of the relation subsisting between the mean distance and mean motion. Accordingly, the efforts of geometers have been particularly directed to this subject, and their successive discoveries distinctly mark the progress of analysis. The first Memoir which Laplace presented to the Academy of Sciences, in 1773, contained the very important discovery that the mean distances and mean motions include no secular inequality, or term increasing with the time, when the approximations are carried to the third powers of the eccentricities and inclinations, and regard is had only to the simple powers of the disturbing force. Stimulated by this remarkable result, Lagrange undertook the investigation of the same subject, and demonstrated, in the Berlin Memoirs for 1776, that on having regard only to the first power of the disturbing force, the differential expression of the major axis can include no term increasing indefinitely with the time, to whatever order of terms the approximations may be carried with regard to the eccentricities and inclination; unless indeed there should exist a commensurable ratio between the mean motions of the disturbed and disturbing planet. Such a condition, however, does not exist in the planetary theory; and therefore the greater axes and mean motions are only susceptible of periodic inequalities depending on the configurations of the planets, and of which the limits may be assigned. But although this approximation is sufficient in regard to the other elements, it is necessary in the case of the major axis to proceed a step farther, and to have regard to the terms depending on the second powers of the disturbing force; because such terms, though multiplied by the squares of the masses, being expressed by second differentials, may acquire in the double integration very small divisors; in consequence of which their values become comparable to those which, in the case of the other elements, depend on the first powers of the masses, and are given by a single integration. Laplace showed, in the sixth book of the *Mécanique Céleste*, that the mean motions of Jupiter and Saturn are not altered by their great inequalities, even when regard is had to the squares of the disturbing forces; but Poisson had the merit of first demonstrating generally, that the terms depend-

ing on the squares and products of the perturbing force can introduce no secular inequalities into the expressions of the greater axes or mean motions. This was an important and necessary extension of the great discovery of Lagrange. Mrs Somerville refers us to a recent paper in the Philosophical Transactions, in which the demonstration of the permanency of the mean motions is said to be carried to *all* the powers of the disturbing masses. This result, if well verified, must be of great interest in regard to analysis, though it is fortunately of no importance to astronomy.

From the consideration of the major axes, Mrs Somerville passes to that of the other elements of the orbits. In respect of these elements the stability of the system is equally assured as in the case of the mean motions. They are not, indeed, like the mean motions, exempted from the influence of secular perturbations; but their inequalities, though independent of the configurations of the orbits, are nevertheless subject to the law of periodicity, and can never exceed certain small limits. These consequences result from certain relations that subsist among the elements of all the orbits, and limit the increase of their variations. Thus the eccentricities, though subject to slow variations, can never entirely disappear, but must always continue to vibrate about a mean state; subject to the remarkable condition, that 'the sum of the squares of the eccentricities, multiplied by the masses of all the bodies of the system, and by the square roots of the axes of the orbits, remains always of the same constant magnitude.' The same condition must be fulfilled with respect to the inclinations of the orbits to a fixed plane. The variations of the longitude of the epoch are extremely important on account of their influence on the mean longitudes of the planets. Theory shows that they exist; but they are altogether insensible to observation in the case of the planets. Even in the case of Jupiter and Saturn, the two planets whose mutual perturbations are the most remarkable, the variation of this element amounts to less than the 60th part of a second in a century, and requires no less than 70,414 years to complete its period. The motions of the perihelia are the only elements to the variations of which no limit has yet been assigned; but it is certain that they must always continue to vary with extreme slowness, as they do at the present time.

After having discussed those terms in the variations of the different elements which are independent of the mean motions, and give the secular inequalities, the next step is to return to those which depend on the sines and cosines of the mean motion, and give the periodic inequalities. These being of a simpler

kind, had been for the greater part determined by peculiar considerations, before the general method of deducing the inequalities of both kinds from the variations of the elliptic elements had been discovered by Lagrange; but it is of great importance to the progress of the science, that, as all the inequalities are occasioned by the same physical causes, they should also be all comprehended in the same general analysis, and deduced by uniform methods. In reference, however, to the ultimate object of astronomy, that of determining the positions of the planets in space, it is not material to know particularly the alteration which each of the elements of an orbit undergoes; for the periodic variations always remain very small, and have only a transient effect on the orbits. It is sufficient to know the amount of their combined influence on the places of the planets, or the three polar co-ordinates by means of which their positions are fixed, viz. the distances, longitudes and latitudes. Lagrange's method of obtaining these elements in the disturbed orbit, is at once simple and elegant. In the case of elliptic orbits, the radius vector, the longitude and latitude are expressed by series which proceed according to the ascending powers of the eccentricities and inclinations: in these series, therefore, he substitutes for the elliptic elements the same elements corrected for the periodic and secular variations found from the general formulæ; and thus obtains correct expressions for the radius vector, the longitude and latitude of the troubled orbit. In this manner the positions of the planets, at every instant, may be computed by known rules. Mrs Somerville has given the developement of this method, in the seventh and eighth chapters, from Pontécoulant. The original may be found in Lagrange's *Memoirs on the periodic variations of the Motions of the Planets*, published in the *Berlin Memoirs* for 1783.

The method of Lagrange here referred to, though extremely ingenious and important in respect of analysis, is not that which leads most directly to the determination of the periodic variations. When the secular inequalities are left out of view, and particularly when it is not required to extend the approximations beyond the simple powers of the eccentricities and inclinations, the easiest method is to deduce the periodic inequalities directly from the differential equations of the orbit; for in this way we arrive at once at the variations of the longitude, latitude, and radius vector. This method is given in the ninth chapter, and the approximations are carried to the third powers of the eccentricities and inclinations.

Before proceeding farther in this analysis, we cannot avoid expressing our regret that Mrs Somerville has not given any

preliminary explanation of the peculiarities of the analytical methods she exposes, or the principles on which they are founded. In the eighth chapter, the variations of the polar co-ordinates of a planet are given according to Lagrange's method. In the following chapter, a 'second method of finding the perturbations of a planet in longitude, latitude, and distance,' is announced; and the reader, without being informed in what respect the first method is insufficient, or how the second differs from the first, or of any circumstance that can render a second method necessary, is hurried into the midst of an intricate investigation, the uses and object of which he is left to infer, as well as he can, when he arrives at the end of the calculus. This deficiency, or rather entire absence of all explanation or discussion of the peculiarities of the different methods and analytical processes made use of, is the greatest defect in the work, and cannot fail to render its perusal more discouraging and far less instructive than it ought to be, considering the perspicuous arrangement of the subjects. Half the difficulty of a geometrical investigation may be said to be overcome when a distinct perception has been acquired of the object to be attained, and the route to be followed.

Among the terms of the series which expresses the mutual perturbations of two planets, there are some into which the difference between certain multiples of the mean motions enters by integration as a divisor; and if it happens that this difference is very small, or that the mean motions of the two planets are nearly commensurable, such terms, though minute in themselves, may acquire, in consequence of the smallness of their divisors, very considerable values. The mean motions of no two planets in the solar system are exactly commensurable; but those of Jupiter and Saturn approach so nearly to commensurability, that part of the terms belonging to the third and fourth powers of the eccentricities and inclinations, have, in consequence, appreciable values. In the computation of the inequalities of these two planets, therefore, it becomes necessary to push the approximations so far as to include the terms of the fourth order in respect of the eccentricities and inclinations; and likewise to retain those that depend on the square of the perturbing force. On this account the theory of Jupiter and Saturn forms a peculiar, and, as it were, a supplementary case of the problem of the planetary perturbations, the solution of which long baffled the efforts of the first mathematicians. The inequalities of their mean motions are so considerable that they had been discovered by Halley from a comparison of observations. Euler had failed in the attempt to connect them with theory; Lagrange only

proved that they did not belong to the class of secular inequalities; it was, therefore, for some time supposed that Jupiter and Saturn form an exception to the general principle of the invariability of the mean motions. At length Laplace, with that characteristic sagacity which enabled him on so many other occasions to detect the expression of a physical fact among the mazes of an intricate calculus, discovered the cause of the anomaly, in the near commensurability of the mean motions. The long period of the inequalities in question, namely, 929 years, might easily cause them to be mistaken for secular inequalities. The discovery of their true source and amount, which was necessary to the perfection of theory, has had an important influence on the astronomical tables; the errors of which, in respect of Jupiter and Saturn, hardly now exceed 13'', whereas, not more than twenty years ago, they amounted to a hundred times that quantity.

The theory of Jupiter and Saturn is given in the tenth chapter. We may remark that the computation of the terms depending on the square of the perturbing force is extremely laborious, and that the greatest mathematicians of the present day are not agreed with respect to their exact numerical values.

In the three following chapters Mrs Somerville discusses the inequalities depending on the ellipticity of the sun, and the action of the satellites, and the data requisite for computing the motions of the planets. The fourteenth chapter is of a very miscellaneous nature,—including the numerical values of the perturbations of Jupiter; remarks on the transits of Venus and Mercury; the perturbations of the Earth, Mars, and the other planets; remarks on the atmospheres of the planets; on the spots and motion of the sun; on the zodiacal light; the influence of the fixed stars in disturbing the system; and the construction and correction of the astronomical tables. This concludes the planetary theory.

The third book brings us to the lunar theory. The problem of finding the lunar perturbations is essentially a problem of the same nature with that of finding the perturbation of a planet; but on account of the great eccentricity of the lunar orbit, and the powerful attraction of the sun, which is in this case the disturbing body, it is necessary to carry the approximations farther than is generally required in the planetary theory. The terms depending on the square of the perturbing force, are not only sensible, but they even double the motion of the lunar perigee; and in computing several of the inequalities, it is necessary to include the fourth, and even the fifth powers of the eccentricity and inclination. It would be extremely difficult to convey any

idea of the method employed by Laplace to determine the numerous and complicated inequalities of the moon, without entering into the details of analysis. The lunar theory is certainly the most remarkable portion of the *Mécanique Céleste*, whether we regard it as a mere problem of analysis, or in reference to its important applications in practical astronomy. It unites in itself, says Laplace, all that can give value to discovery—grandeur and utility in the object, fecundity of results, and the merit that attaches to the conquest of great difficulties.

The most remarkable of the lunar inequalities are periodic, and occasioned by the action of the sun; and the difficulty of determining them is chiefly owing to the slow convergence of the series. But besides the perturbations which the moon sustains directly from the sun and the planets, her motions are greatly complicated, from the circumstance of her not moving round a fixed centre like the planets, but round a body which is itself in motion, and the elements of whose orbit partake of the general disturbance. All the inequalities that affect the motion of the earth are attended with corresponding effects on the motion of the moon, and are even more sensible in proportion as the moon is further from the common centre of gravity. The variation of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, for example, introduces secular inequalities into each of the three lunar co-ordinates, namely, the parallax, latitude, and longitude. On the parallax, however, its influence is so small as to be insensible to observation. On the longitude its effects are perceptible, as it occasions that acceleration of the moon's mean motion which had been detected by a comparison of ancient with modern eclipses, and of which the physical cause was only discovered by the powerful analysis of Laplace. On the latitude its effects are manifested in a retrograde motion of the nodes. It affects in a still more sensible degree the motion of the perigee, which becomes slower from century to century. These three inequalities are related to one another in such a manner, that if the variation of the mean motion be called 1, the variation of the nodes is .734, and of the perigee 3, very nearly. The acceleration of the mean motion amounts to $10''.2$ in a century: and it is remarkable, that while the mean motion continues to be accelerated, the motion of the perigee and nodes is retarded.

When these three inequalities shall have been developed in the course of ages, and their values determined by a long series of observations, they will lead to a more accurate knowledge than we yet possess of the extent and period of variation of the eccentricity of the terrestrial orbit. This is occasioned principally by

the disturbing influence of Mars and Venus ; hence if the variations of the earth's eccentricity were correctly known, we should be able to assign an accurate value of the masses of these two planets. It is a striking instance of the intimate dependance of all the phenomena of the planetary system on one another, that by merely observing the moon the astronomer is enabled to determine the quantity of matter in Mars and Venus ; and yet science reveals many more wonderful secrets.

Another source of inequality peculiar to the lunar motions, is the non-sphericity of the earth. On account of the moon's proximity, the compression of the earth has a sensible influence on her motions, and occasions two inequalities, to compute which it is necessary to have recourse to the theory of the attraction of spheroids. One of them has for its argument the longitude of the moon's node ; the other is an inequality of the motion in latitude, depending on the moon's mean longitude. These two inequalities, determined from a great number of observations, concur in giving an ellipticity of $\frac{1}{305}$ nearly, agreeing in a surprising manner with the results obtained from the measurement of terrestrial degrees, and observations of the pendulum. In all probability they give the most accurate determination of the figure of the earth, being independent of local disturbance. From this result we are enabled to deduce some inferences respecting the interior constitution of the earth. It was demonstrated by Newton that a fluid mass of homogeneous matter, revolving with the same velocity as the earth, would acquire a compression of $\frac{1}{250}$; hence the earth is not homogeneous, but increases in density from the surface towards the centre. Again, if any difference exists in the form or constitution of the two terrestrial hemispheres, it would give rise to a lunar inequality proportional to the cosine of the longitude of the perigee, augmented by twice the longitude of the node of the moon's orbit. Observation has failed in detecting any inequality of this sort ; there is consequently no sensible difference of form or constitution in the two hemispheres. It is also to the attraction of the earth that we must refer the rigorous equality that subsists between the mean motions of rotation and revolution of the moon, in virtue of which the same hemisphere is constantly turned towards the earth.

Laplace has likewise investigated the effect that would be produced on the lunar motions by the resistance of a gaseous medium of great rarity occupying the planetary spaces ; the existence of which many phenomena, particularly the propagation of light, render extremely probable. The immediate effect of the resistance of a medium on a planet or satellite would be

to diminish the tangential velocity, and consequently the centrifugal force. This would allow the action of gravity to draw the moon nearer to the earth, and cause an acceleration of her angular velocity or mean motion. A similar effect would be produced on the earth, and the other planets; but the effect on the moon would be a hundred times more sensible than on the earth. But the observed acceleration of the moon is perfectly explained from the theory of attraction; and, therefore, if the regions of space are filled with an elastic medium, it must be so rare as to offer no resistance to the planets or satellites. Additional interest has lately been given to this question, from the circumstance that Encke's comet seems to have an accelerated motion, which it is difficult to explain on any other hypothesis; but this body must be observed in many of its future revolutions, before a conclusion of so much importance can be considered as well established. In the mean time, it has been computed by Mazotti, that, if the phenomenon in question is caused by the resistance of an ethereal medium, its rarity must be 360,000 millions of times greater than that of atmospheric air.

Before the true cause of the moon's acceleration was discovered, it had been suggested that the phenomenon might be occasioned by the successive transmission of gravity from the earth to the moon. Laplace also investigated the consequences of this hypothesis, and found that, in order to produce the observed acceleration, the velocity with which gravity is transmitted must be 42 millions of times greater than that of light. But neither the resistance of an ether, nor the successive transmission of gravity, can produce the secular variation of the lunar nodes and perigee; these two inequalities consequently afford of themselves the most convincing proof, that all the celestial motions are performed in obedience solely to the Newtonian law of gravity.

‘It is evident,’ says Mrs Somerville, ‘that the lunar motions can be attributed to no other cause than the gravitation of matter: of which the concurring proofs are the motion of the lunar perigee and nodes; the mass of the moon; the magnitude and compression of the earth; the parallax of the sun and moon, and consequently the magnitude of the system; the ratio of the sun's action to that of the moon, and the various secular and periodic inequalities in the moon's motions, every one of which is determined by analysis on the hypothesis of matter attracting inversely as the square of the distance; and the results thus obtained, corroborated by observation, leave not a doubt that the whole obey the law of gravitation. Thus the moon is, of all the heavenly bodies, the best adapted to establish the universal influence of this law of nature; and, from the intricacy of her motions, we may form some idea of the powers of analysis,—that marvellous instrument, by

the aid of which so complicated a theory has been unravelled.'— (p. 497.)

The satellites of Jupiter furnish another case of the problem of attraction, having also its peculiar difficulties. Ever since the discovery of these bodies by Galileo, they have been objects of great interest both to the practical astronomer and to the geometer; to the former, on account of their connexion with the problem of the longitude; and to the latter, on account of the difficulty of submitting their intricate motions to analysis. They exhibit, as it were, a miniature representation of the solar system, in which, by reason of the promptitude of their revolution, all the inequalities arising from their reciprocal action pass through their cycle of changes in comparatively short periods of time. If the figure of the primary planet could be neglected, the problem would be one of five bodies; but the ellipticity of Jupiter has a very powerful influence on the motions of the satellites; and for this reason it becomes necessary to have regard not only to his figure, but also to the inclination of his equator and ecliptic, and the position of his nodes. Hence the problem becomes extremely complicated, and is embarrassed with the details of numerous computations. Lagrange was the first who ventured to grapple with it in all its difficulty; but his solution, as is remarked by Delambre, though a wonderful display of the power of analysis, contributed little or nothing towards the amelioration of the tables of the satellites; and it remained for Laplace to complete the theory, and to substitute formulæ rigorously deduced from the differential equations of motion for the empirical equations from which the eclipses had been computed. This theory is contained in the eighth book of the *Mécanique Céleste*, and may be regarded as nearly perfect. All the inequalities have corresponding expressions in the theories of the moon and planets; but the results are considerably influenced by the commensurality of the mean motions of the three first satellites. The mean motion of the first added to twice the mean motion of the third, is rigorously equal to three times the mean motion of the second; and it is extremely remarkable that the secular inequalities of their mean motions, and their motions of rotation, are also subject to the same law.

Before the solution of the problem of the satellites can be rendered of any avail to astronomy, it is necessary to assign values from observation to the quantities which analysis leaves indeterminate. These are, the six elliptic elements of each orbit, the mass of each of the satellites, the ellipticity of Jupiter, the

inclination of his equator to his ecliptic, and the position of his nodes—in all thirty-one. This most laborious task was undertaken by Delambre, who computed all the recorded eclipses, amounting to six thousand; and the tables, subsequently improved by Bouvard, now give the positions of the satellites, and the time of their eclipses, more accurately perhaps than direct observation. Great importance was formerly attached to the theory of the satellites, on account of the easy means their eclipses furnish of determining the difference of terrestrial meridians; but since the lunar tables have been brought in a manner to perfection, it has lost much of its interest in practical astronomy. The difficulty of determining the exact instant at which a satellite enters the shadow of Jupiter is such, that it is not rare to find two observations of the same eclipse differing by thirty seconds of time, even in the case of the first satellite, whose motions are by far the most rapid. Various causes concur to produce this uncertainty; among which may be mentioned the ill-defined contour of the shadow of the planet, which renders a satellite longer visible to a good eye, or in a good telescope. Much depends also on the position of Jupiter with respect to the sun, or of the satellite in respect of Jupiter; and perhaps something also to a difference in the physical state of the surface of the satellite, which may render one side of it better fitted to reflect the sun's light than the other. These uncertainties disappear when a great number of observations can be combined; but when one or two observations only can be procured, the certainty of the result is not to be put in comparison with that of one furnished by the lunar occultation of a fixed star.

Mrs Somerville has treated the subject of the satellites, nearly in the same manner as the lunar theory. The method of Laplace is closely followed, and the equations for the greater part transcribed without alteration. The arrangement is in some respects different; but this is a matter of inferior moment; and as the explanations of the analytical operations are somewhat compressed, we apprehend a student would have still more difficulty in mastering this intricate theory from Mrs Somerville's exposition, than from the *Mécanique Céleste* itself.

With regard to the satellites of Saturn and Uranus, the difficulty of observing them is so great, that it is only in some instances that their mean distances and periodic times have been ascertained. Their theory can never be of any practical use; but it is interesting to trace the effects of gravitation among those remote and minute bodies, whose existence is but

recently known, and which are only discernible in the most powerful telescopes.

The subjects which occupy the remainder of the *Mécanique Céleste* are of great extent and importance: but, in the progress of analysis, other methods have been discovered, by which they may be treated with greater advantage. For example, the method which Laplace has given for determining the orbits of comets, though stamped with all the characteristics of his powerful mind, is not the most convenient in practice; because it assumes the numerical values of the first and second differential co-efficients of the longitude and latitude as functions of the time to be exactly known from observation. The determination of these quantities, however, is often a matter of much difficulty; and when only a few observations can be obtained, as happens in the greater number of cases, cannot be relied on. In other respects, the theory of comets is imperfect; for mathematicians have not been able to represent the perturbations these bodies sustain from the planets by formulæ which embrace an indefinite number of revolutions. This may still be considered a *desideratum* in physical astronomy,—the more to be regretted, as the interest attaching to the cometary theory has been vastly increased by recent discoveries. The mathematical theory of the figure of the earth has taken an almost entirely new form in the hands of Ivory and Poisson; so that this portion of the *Mécanique Céleste* is now interesting only as an exercise of analysis. The theory of the tides requires to be entirely recast. Mrs Somerville has, therefore, wisely selected that department of Physical Astronomy which, in consequence of the degree of perfection it has attained, is most likely to retain its present form. We take leave of her work with the renewed expression of the admiration we have experienced in perusing the proofs which it so strongly affords of high and rare attainments; and of gratitude for what she has done with a view to diffuse the knowledge of those sublime truths which mathematical analysis has so largely revealed.

ART. II.—*The Life of Thomas Ken, D.D. deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells ; viewed in connexion with Public Events, and the Spirit of the Times, political and religious, in which he lived ; including some Account of the Fortunes of Morley, Bishop of Winchester, his first Patron, and the Friend of Isauak Walton, Brother-in-law of Bishop Ken.* By the Rev. W. L. BOWLES, M.A. M.R.S.L. 2 vols. 8vo. London : 1830-1.

THE author of this extraordinary performance, who is a canon residentiary of Salisbury, cannot divest his mind of a fearful anticipation of the church's downfall ; but how the tottering walls of ' our ancient and hallowed Sion ' may still be preserved, he seems to entertain a very indistinct and inadequate notion. With many speculators, it must always be recollected, the church denotes the dignities and emoluments of the clergy. For what class of readers his book is chiefly intended, it is not very easy to conjecture. It is however obvious that he has cast many a sidelong glance at the lovers of music ; for, in his cool and well-regulated judgment, music holds a place second only to Episcopacy. The individual whose praises he has undertaken to celebrate, appears to have been an upright and pious man, whose influence was but little felt in the public transactions of his own age, and whose intellectual exertions were not such as could obtain much regard from posterity. According to the estimate of his biographer, he was not only a good, but likewise a great man. Bishop Ken was a nonjuror, and was consequently beset by the most narrow prejudices, religious as well as political. The story of his life may soon be told, or at least Mr Bowles has found very little to tell : a small portion of his book relates to its professed subject, and the remainder is a heterogeneous mixture of episode, poetry, dialogue, and digression. When he reaches the beginning of his second volume, he anticipates an objection, that Ken has scarcely yet made his appearance ; and it must be admitted that such an objection is not altogether unreasonable.

Thomas Ken was born at Little Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire, in the month of July, 1637, being the youngest son, by the first marriage, of Thomas Ken of Furnival's Inn, attorney-at-law. Where he received the first tincture of literature, has not been recorded, but he was admitted at Winchester College on the 30th of January, 1651. This seminary had the honour of educating, not only Ken himself, but likewise Ken's biographer. Of the biographer's connexion with it, the reader is so frequently reminded, that it cannot well escape his reminiscence. ' Poor Collins was at the head of the school, and so was Dr Warton, and,

' may I add? so was the writer of these pages, but two founder's kin having been in the election-chamber placed above them, their early hopes were blighted.' At the period of Ken's admission, the warden of the college was Harris, who was regarded as an excellent Grecian, and an eloquent preacher; but then the learned warden was a Presbyterian, and ' here was a warden eating the bread of the munificent founder, and superintending an establishment founded by Episcopal bounty, who had taken the covenant to destroy Episcopacy, root and branch! Papal and Protestant!' Can any orthodox reader wonder at such timely notes of exclamation? But Mr Bowles will perhaps allow us the freedom of asking one short and simple question:—Is the transition from Popery to Protestantism not equally violent with the transition from Episcopacy to Presbyterianism? In order to arrive at perfect consistency, he ought to contend for the nurture of all the Winchester scholars in the principles of Popery; for this was the manifest intention of William of Wykeham, nor is it to be supposed that he would have endowed such a seminary of learning, if he could have foreseen that it was ultimately destined for the support of heretics.

In the public schools, as in the church of England, whatever is, is right; and accordingly Mr Bowles bestows a passing tribute on nonsense verses, ' which, *nonsense* as they have been called, have led the way to form the most accurate and elegant scholars, however such rudiments may be derided.' Here we see the opinion of one great scholar, let us compare it with that of another. Ruhnkenius, according to his friend and biographer Wyttenbach, had formed a different estimate of the value and importance of this μέτρον ἄριστον. ' Omnium vero maxime per-versum eorum improbat morem, qui, quum nondum sciunt quid sit Latinum, nec Latinitatis grammaticam rationem, nec prosæ orationis probabiliter scribendæ facultatem tenent, tamen et ipsi versus faciunt, et indoctiores etiam ipsis discipulos versus facere jubent: quod æque ridiculum esse, ac si e duobus, quorum neuter pedibus incedere posset, alter alterum saltare juberet.*' From the discipline of Winchester he passed to that of Oxford in the year 1656; and as there was no vacancy at New College, he was entered at Hart Hall. Cromwell was at this period chancellor, Owen vice-chancellor of the university, and the cause of Episcopacy was therefore hopeless. The life of Dr Owen, the independent dean of Christ Church, was ably

* Wyttenbachii Vita Davidis Ruhnkenii: Opuscula, tom. i. p. 751. Lugd. Bat. 1821, 2 tom. 8vo.

written by the late Mr Orme, who could have supplied Mr Bowles with some materials for reflection. In the course of the following year, Ken was admitted probationer fellow of New College. Through a labyrinth of many ill-assorted paragraphs, his biographer conducts us to the era of the Restoration; and, among other memorable circumstances which attended this general resuscitation of loyalty, learning, and religion, he very tastefully selects the following: ‘Dr Fell presented his college with *Great Tom*, whose far-heard and mighty tongue might have seemed to express the national feelings, in unison from the ‘lowest to the mightiest in the land.’ (Vol. i. p. 90.) Both in church and state, great and glorious events ensued, and the dean of Christ Church made a present of a bell to his college, which bell, called *Great Tom*, having a loud tongue, could be heard at a distance.

Ken took the degree of A. B. in the year 1661, and is supposed to have received ordination soon afterwards. In 1666, he was elected a fellow of Winchester College, and then returned to his former place of residence. The bishop of the diocese was at that period Dr Morley, to whom he was chiefly indebted for his subsequent preferment. A life of the bishop of Winchester is one of the prose and verse episodes in this life of the bishop of Bath and Wells. Morley having been ejected from his canonry of Christ Church, and from his rectory of Mildenhall, had found a place of refuge under the hospitable roof of Isaak Walton, then residing on his own small property in Staffordshire. In this retreat he continued about twelve months; and when the Presbyterians and Independents were afterwards supplanted by the Episcopalians, he was not unmindful of the humble friend of his adversity. Walton and his daughter had apartments constantly reserved for them in the houses of Morley bishop of Winchester, and Ward bishop of Salisbury, but his most close and intimate connexion was with the former prelate. His second wife was the sister of Ken, and this family alliance was a strong recommendation to the bishop’s favour and patronage. A prebendal stall at Winchester was bestowed upon Ken in 1669, and from the same patron he afterwards obtained the livings of Brixton and Woodhay. The rectory of Woodhay had been held by Dr Robert Sharrock, who is still remembered as a jurist, and it was vacated on his promotion to the archdeaconry of Winchester. This living, although it was tenable with Brixton, and was ‘worth two or three hundred a-year, he resigned, after he ‘had held it a little while, into his lordship’s hands, *under pretence of conscience*, thinking he had enough without it.’ Such is the statement of Anthony Wood, who was too faithful an ad-

herent of the church of England to comprehend the nature of a conscience so squeamish as this. The late bishop of Winchester was blessed with a progeny, whose onward path of preferment was never crossed by such scruples. Ken was likewise appointed chaplain to Lord Maynard, who became comptroller of the household in the year 1672. In 1675, he visited Rome in company with his nephew, Isaak Walton the younger, who afterwards obtained a canonry at Salisbury. The travellers had an opportunity of witnessing the extraordinary scenes which attend the celebration of the Jubilee, but this journey exposed the uncle to the suspicion of being secretly inclined to Popery; a suspicion for which no part of his conduct seems to have afforded any reasonable foundation; nor is there any ground to apprehend that a visit to this grand emporium of priestcraft can have the slightest tendency to pervert the faith of a Protestant capable of observation and reflection. In 1679, he took the degree of D.D., and was soon afterwards employed as chaplain to the Princess of Orange, but did not long continue to reside in Holland. The prince was offended at his interference in a delicate affair which concerned his uncle, Count Zulenstein: this nobleman, whose father was a natural son of William's grandfather, had been very particular in his attentions to one of the princess's maids of honour, Jane the daughter and heiress of Sir Henry Wroth; but after having promised her marriage, he showed no disposition to fulfil his engagement, and his more honourable resolutions were only fixed by Ken's timely remonstrance. The count succeeded to her father's estate, and was created Lord Rochford. Her mother was daughter to the Earl of Leicester. One might have supposed this to be no despicable connexion for a spurious branch of the family of Nassau; but the prince was greatly dissatisfied with the match, and offended at the chaplain's conduct. At the urgent request of the princess, he however attended the Dutch court twelve months longer, and then returned to Winchester. Against the Prince of Orange, who at no distant period mounted the English throne, he retained a strong antipathy; but whether this secret feeling mingled itself with purer motives at a later stage of his progress, it is not so easy to determine.

When he ceased to be chaplain to the Princess of Orange, he became chaplain to the King of England. His biographers have recorded one anecdote, which reflects no small credit on his memory. 'The kindness which the king had ever shown to this virtuous man, forms one of the best traits in his character. His own lodgings were mostly at the deanery during his stay at Winchester. A lodging at the adjoining prebendal residence of

'Ken was demanded for the king's favourite of the hour. *Not for his kingdom, was the virtuous reply.*' (Vol. ii. p. 56.) But the dean was more consistent in his notions of passive obedience, and Nell Gwyn was furnished with suitable accommodations. In 1683, Ken accompanied Lord Dartmouth, in the capacity of chaplain, during his expedition to Tangiers, for the purpose of demolishing the fortifications, and conveying the garrison to England. The see of Bath and Wells became vacant in the course of the following year; and when many applications were made to the king, his final answer is said to have been, 'Oddsfish! who shall have Bath and Wells, but the little fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging?' At the beginning of February, 1685, Charles was suddenly arrested in his long career of heartless and unblushing profligacy. Ken was one of the Protestant clergy who attended the melancholy scene of his death-bed; and he applied himself, says Bishop Burnet, 'to the awakening the king's conscience: he spoke with a great elevation, both of thought and expression, like a man inspired, as those who were present told me. He resumed the matter often, and pronounced many ejaculations and prayers, which affected all who were present, except him that was the most concerned, who seemed to take no notice of him, and made no answers to him.' It is stated by the same distinguished writer, that of the dying monarch's insensibility 'too visible an instance appeared, since Lady Portsmouth sat in the bed taking care of him as a wife of a husband.' This statement Mr Bowles has described as an untruth; but his proofs may not be so satisfactory to others as they apparently are to himself. From Hawkins, the early biographer of Ken, he has himself quoted an account of the bishop's giving 'a close attendance by the royal bed, without intermission for at least three whole days and nights, watching, at proper intervals, to suggest pious and proper thoughts and ejaculations on so serious an occasion; in which time the Duchess of Portsmouth coming into the room, the bishop prevailed with his majesty to have her removed.' Here we find this respectable personage in the king's bed-chamber, nor is there any evidence to prove that she did not then sit on the king's bed; but every small skirmisher of a certain description must refute and revile the bishop of Salisbury. With what ability history was written by Burnet, what interest he was capable of imparting to his familiar narrative, is sufficiently known to many of our readers: with what exquisite effect Mr Bowles has combined the sublime with the pathetic, may partly be understood from the subsequent specimen.

'Absolution had been read to the expiring king by the charitable

prelate of the church of England, according to the prescribed form retained in the church. The signs of repentance and remorse—the kneeling wife—the unintermitted address to the mercy of God for *three days and nights*—may have disposed the heart of the compassionate Christian prelate to hope and believe that the peace of God, though at the eleventh hour, might have been granted to the smitten penitent—that all his thoughts were now purified and exalted—that the Judge of the world had seen his contrite pangs—had heard his parting prayers :—so might the Christian hope, animated as the charitable yet fervent Ken was at this time—but, behold ! a yet greater triumph of grace, according to Father Huddleston and King James—for the dying monarch has been shrived and prepared for heaven—he is *anointed* and annealed—his heart is regenerated at once by the consecrated host—no leaven of frail mortality works in his heart, turned to the Virgin Mother of God and St Francis—reconciled, in full remission of all offences, to the holy Roman Catholic Church ! Look on him ! he faintly opens his eyes, for the last time, on the world and its abjured temptations. Listen ! brother of York !—Father Huddleston !—forgiving but injured Queen ! Listen, apostolic Ken ! thou who didst rebuke him in the midst of his libertine pleasures ! Has he spoken of feelings of mercy—of pardon—of grace to the vilest of sinners ? No : hark—he yet breathes—his lips move—listen ! After a few interrupted sentences, relating to his brother—his kingdom—the Duchess of Portsmouth's children—he sighs with his parting breath—what ? “Forgive?”—no—“Let not POOR NELLY starve !”—and he goes to the judgment of the King of kings with these last words trembling on his tongue !—Vol. ii. p. 79.

Talking of King Charles puts him in mind of King George ; and this delicious morsel is followed by an English poem, adorned with a Latin title, *In Obitum Regis desideratissimi Georgii IV.* ‘As our late king died whilst these pages were printing, the following short tribute to his memory may be excused in this ‘place.’ It is impossible to withhold our admiration from the taste and talent displayed in this and many other passages of the same performance ; and every discerning reader must appreciate the value of the information, that Chillingworth, Selden, Somers, Chatham, and Bowles, were all educated at Trinity College, Oxford. We remember an apposite passage in an ancient father of the church, distinguished for the terseness of his Latinity : ‘Quanta hominum millia,’ says Lactantius, ‘fuisse credamus, qui et Athenis nati, et temporibus Socratis, indocti tamen ac stulti fuerunt ? Non enim aut parietes, aut locus in quo quisque est effusus ex utero, conciliat homini sapientiam.’*

Dr Ken is represented as an exemplary bishop ; and notwith-

* Lactantii *Divinæ Institutiones*, lib. iii. § 18.

standing the dense cloud of ridicule with which his biographer has encompassed his reverend head, we are not inclined to question the accuracy of this representation. Among other public duties in which we find him engaged, was that of attending the Duke of Monmouth on the scaffold: he was accompanied by Dr Turner, bishop of Ely, Dr Tenison, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr Hooper, afterwards bishop of Bath and Wells. On this melancholy occasion, they displayed a degree of zeal which was much more conspicuous than their delicacy or discretion; nor can it escape the observation of the most careless enquirer, that, in their estimation, the doctrine of the cross of Christ was not more essential than the doctrine of non-resistance and passive obedience. The meditations of the dying man were most unseasonably disturbed by the pertinacity with which they urged their pitiful and degrading tenets; but it ought to be mentioned to the credit of Bishop Ken, that he appears to have confined himself to what more properly concerned his sacred profession.

Mr Fox has remarked, 'it must never be forgotten, if we would understand the history of this period, that the truly orthodox members of our church regarded monarchy, not as a human, but as a divine institution, and passive obedience, and non-resistance, not as political maxims, but as articles of religion.*' Of the justice of this remark, the reader may find an ample confirmation in a work destined to promote 'the immortal glory of our church,' but nevertheless exhibiting a singular monument of an abject and time-serving spirit.† During the former reign, the university of Oxford had exhausted all its powers of political prostitution in conciliating the Popish head of the Protestant church. On the 21st of July, 1683, a decree was passed in full convocation, 'against certain pernicious books, and damnable doctrines, destructive to the sacred persons of princes, their state and government, and of all human society.‡' In this precious decree, which was prepared by the slavish pen of Dr Jane, regius professor of divinity, the first proposition stigmatized as damnable is, that 'all civil authority is derived originally from the people;' and the second, that 'there is a mutual compact, tacit or express, between a

* Fox's Hist. of the Reign of James the Second, p. 264.

† The History of Passive Obedience since the Reformation. Amsterdam, 1689, 4to. A Continuation of the History of Passive Obedience since the Reformation. Amst. 1690, 4to.

‡ See Lord Somers's Tracts, vol. iii. p. 223.

‘ prince and his subjects; and if he perform not his duty, they ‘ are discharged from theirs.’ All the principles on which a free government can find any solid basis, were sacrificed at the pious shrine of Charles II. Not satisfied with the condemnation of pernicious and damnable doctrines, this Protestant inquisition adjudged certain works of Buchanan, Milton, Baxter, Owen, and other heretics, to be publicly burned by the hands of the marshal in the court of the Schools, as books that were fitted to deprave men’s manners, stir up seditions and tumults, overthrow states and kingdoms, and lead to rebellion, the murder of princes, and to atheism itself; and a prohibition, under heavy penalties, was issued against reading any of the said books. During the following year, Mr Parkinson, a fellow of Lincoln College, was expelled the university for maintaining that the foundation of all power is in the people, that kings are accountable for their mal-administration, and in particular that Charles I. was justly put to death for making war upon his subjects.* With regard to Locke’s expulsion from Christ Church, much has been written by the friends and the enemies of Oxford; but however successful Lord Grenville may have been in his attempt to prove, that no responsibility belongs to the university for a base act performed by the head of a particular college, it will not perhaps be so easy to find an apology for this rigorous treatment of a contemporary. Such was the spirit of the place, that this loyal and orthodox body seemed prepared to sacrifice every thing but their own privileges and emoluments: the lives and property of all other subjects were very much at the king’s service; but the king must not encroach upon the property of the church, for in that case one divine right would jostle against another. Within the space of four years from the date of this decree, the fellows of Magdalen College convinced King James, that, however suitable passive obedience might be for laymen, it was not in all cases to be expected from an ecclesiastical corporation: they boldly disregarded two mandates, enjoining them to elect first one Popish president, and then another; nor were they moved from their steadfast purpose by the presence of the king himself, who was filled with inexorable anger, and reviled them as an undutiful, unmannerly, refractory, and turbulent body. And indeed it cannot excite much surprise, that he should have been totally unprepared for so material a difference between the doctrines and the practice of churchmen. ‘ The minds of princes,’ says Mr Hall, ‘ are seldom of the firmest

* Hist. of Passive Obedience; p. 18.

‘ texture ; and they who fill their heads with the magnificent chimera of divine right, prepare a victim where they intend a god.’* The truth of this remark is strikingly illustrated in the following passage of Bishop Burnet. ‘ I found the ill effects the carrying of this matter so far had on the mind of that unfortunate prince, King James ; for, in a conversation with him, I told him it was impossible for him to reign in quiet in this nation, being of that religion : he answered me quick, “ Does not the Church of England maintain the doctrine of non-resistance and passive obedience ? ” I begged him not to depend on that, as there was a distinction in that matter that would be found out when men thought they needed it.’

The distinction was very readily apprehended by the fellows of Magdalen College. Here began the resistance of the king’s headlong and arbitrary measures : in the course of the following year, the seven bishops were committed to the Tower, and soon after that event he fled from a kingdom which he was utterly unfit and unworthy to govern. The bishop of Bath and Wells was one of the prelates involved in those proceedings which had no small influence in hastening the Revolution. When the government of these realms was placed upon a better foundation, several dignitaries refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new sovereigns : the example of Sancroft archbishop of Canterbury was followed by Ken, and likewise by Turner bishop of Ely, Frampton of Gloucester, Lloyd of Norwich, White of Peterborough, Thomas of Worcester, Lake of Chichester, and Cartwright of Chester. But the number of the recusants was soon diminished by death : Thomas, Cartwright, and Lake died in the course of the year 1689 ; the first two before they were suspended from their episcopal functions, and the last before he incurred the heavier penalty of deprivation. The king and his confidential advisers were anxious to escape from the necessity of degrading men of their rank and respectability, but were unable to devise any expedient for retaining them in their high stations, and at the same time providing for the security of the new government. While we cannot but respect the weakest scruples of a tender conscience, it is not easy to respect the judgment which thus guided the conduct of men placed in their situation. James had been guilty of many unequivocal attempts to overthrow the constitution ; and if his precipitate flight was not to be considered as a virtual abdication, the sense of the nation

* Hall’s *Apology for the Freedom of the Press*, and for general Liberty, p. 5. 7th edit. Lond. 1822.

had nevertheless been declared with as much order and formality as the case could admit, that the king having flagrantly violated the conditions on which he received the crown, the people had found it necessary to withdraw their allegiance. There were two contracting parties, and the one having violated the contract, the other was released from the original obligation. All this seems to be perfectly consistent with common sense, and with strict morality, which can never be disjoined from religion; but the nonjurors were bewildered by certain mystical notions respecting the divine right of kings, nor is it altogether improbable that some of them may have been influenced, in some small degree at least, by calculations of a less spiritual nature. ‘In many cases where human conduct is to be judged of,’ says Dr D’Oyly, ‘there is room for difference of opinion respecting the motives which are at work; and in the generality of cases where motives of the highest nature are in action, they are mixed with others of a less elevated nature. But such cannot have been the case in the instance of Archbishop Sancroft, and those who took the part which he did: here all personal and worldly considerations, even their views and feelings on the great questions of the church and state which were concerned, tended to sway them in a direction opposite to that which they took; and the motive which overpowered all these considerations, usually so strong, could only be of the highest and holiest character,—a sincere, unmixed, conscientious regard to the oath they had taken, a feeling of the sinfulness of violating it, and a firm resolution to adhere to it, in spite of the worst worldly consequences that might befall them.’* But it does not appear quite certain that all personal and worldly considerations were so entirely out of the question. Might not Sancroft and the other prelates enter into a calculation of the chances as to the ultimate ascendancy of King James or King William? One king had died by the hands of the executioner in 1649, and the son of that king had triumphantly returned from exile in 1660. They might possibly expect James to return within a much shorter interval, to make and unmake archbishops and bishops. Mr Bowles has furnished us with some information, which sufficiently shows that these surmises are not so uncharitable as may at first be supposed. ‘It must be mentioned, to the honour of the ruling powers, that the stern measure of deprivation was not finally enforced, till papers were found con-

* D’Oyly’s *Life of William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury*, vol. i. p. 444. Lond. 1821, 2 vols. 8vo.

‘nected with some secret design, and, among others, two letters under feigned characters discovered, said to have been written, not without the knowledge and consent of the other bishops, by Turner of Ely. These letters contained allusions, though apparently of a private nature, to the king’s restoration. The following expressions were the most remarkable in this correspondence: “I shall omit no occasions, not neglecting the least, and making zealous wishes for the greatest, to show ourselves such as we ought to be: Sir, I speak in the plural, because I write my elder brother’s sentiments as well as my own, and the rest of our family.”’ (Vol. ii. p. 146.) This elder brother, there is little reason to doubt, was the deprived archbishop of Canterbury, and the other members of the same family were the nonjuring bishops. This greatest occasion to which their secret wishes were directed, was manifestly the restoration of the exiled king. One or two particular facts are of greater pith and moment than Dr D’Oyly’s general reflections.

Another measure of the nonjuring prelates afforded a sufficient indication of their hopes, as well as their connexions. Within the space of two or three years after the Revolution, a list of the nonjuring clergy was transmitted to the Popish bigot who had so justly been deprived of his crown; and, at the request of the bishops, he nominated two individuals for the purpose of continuing the episcopal succession. As there is nothing canonical in the royal nomination of bishops, we can scarcely avoid drawing the inference, that their spiritual were not unmingled with temporal views. The two individuals elected for the perpetuation of this schism in the church, were George Hickes, consecrated suffragan of Thetford, and Thomas Wagstaffe, consecrated suffragan of Ipswich. Dr Hickes, who had been ejected from the deanery of Worcester, was distinguished as a man of uncommon learning: his *Linguarum veterum Septentrionalium Thesaurus*, although a better work might now be produced, must be regarded as a solid and durable monument of his erudition and industry; nor can we avoid a feeling of regret that a person capable of much better employment, should have wasted his exertions in mystical reveries concerning the sublimities of the priesthood and the episcopal order.* He seems to have been deeply imbued with the spirit of Popery; and the same remark may with equal justice be applied to Mr Dodwell, another nonjuror of no small celebrity. Henry Dodwell was a

* See Dr Hickes’s Two Treatises, one of the Christian Priesthood, the other of the Dignity of the Episcopal Order. Lond. 1711, 2 vols. 8vo.

native of Ireland, and had been a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, but had vacated his place in consequence of his declining to take orders : he was afterwards appointed Camden Professor of ancient history at Oxford, and was ejected for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the new government. He was profoundly skilled in antiquity ; but his application and memory being much superior to his sagacity and discrimination, he suffered himself to be completely bewildered by the doctrines of the fathers, whose works, to be converted to any useful purpose, must be read with much circumspection and sobriety of judgment. Although he continued a layman, no person could entertain more extravagant and preposterous notions of the divine influence communicated to bishops and priests. *Qui eos delirasse non putat, ipse delirat.*

When Ken was deprived of his bishopric, he found a pleasant asylum at Longleat, the hospitable mansion of Lord Weymouth, with whom he had contracted an early friendship at Oxford. As he had not amassed wealth, he was permitted to retain a prebendal stall, which was of small value, and Queen Anne afterwards settled upon him a pension of L. 200 a year. His successor in the see was Dr Kidder, who, during the great storm in 1703, was killed in his own palace at Wells by the falling of a stack of chimneys. The queen signified her gracious intention of restoring Ken to the bishopric, but he could not then be induced to abandon his retreat. He however survived for several years, and died at Longleat on the 19th of March, 1711, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Bishop Burnet has described him, apparently with sufficient correctness, as a man of ascetic habits ; but notwithstanding the narrowness of his views, he seems to have cherished a deep sense of religion, and to have led an irreproachable life. His talents, although not powerful, were not mean : the professional works which he published did not establish any high reputation ; and his chief qualifications were those of an eloquent preacher. His look was mild and prepossessing ; and the popularity of a preacher may sometimes depend fully as much on the expression of his countenance, the modulation of his voice, and the energy of his manner, as on the vigour of his intellect, the extent of his knowledge, and the soundness of his judgment. The power of Kirwan's eloquence over an Irish audience was one of the wonders of the age, and yet his printed sermons do not even reach the standard of mediocrity. Four volumes of Ken's Poems were published after the author's death ; and Mr Bowles, whose knowledge of poetry is vastly superior to his knowledge of divinity

and ecclesiastical history, has not formed a high estimate of their merit.

Of the merits or demerits of the biographer himself, we need scarcely detain the reader with any formal opinion. The incidents of Ken's life were neither numerous nor striking; and to combine his unobtrusive annals with the civil and ecclesiastical history of the age in which he lived, would have required a degree of skill and dexterity, which we cannot honestly ascribe to Mr Bowles. His motley materials are coarsely assorted; and his volumes are gossiping without being entertaining. There is no continuity of narrative, no judicious selection of facts and circumstances from the general mass. Two writers, of whom he speaks with sufficient familiarity, might have supplied him with a better model; namely, Bishop Lowth, in his *Life of William of Wykeham*, and Mr Warton, in his *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*. Obvious contradictions, idle repetitions, and minuter errors in names, dates, and facts, we do not think it worth while to specify. Neither the texture of the work, nor the spirit of the author, can be safely commended. Very grave topics are discussed with an air of levity; and on subjects with which he is but slenderly acquainted, he is apt to deliver his opinion with too much precipitation and decision. His great end and aim is to be regarded as a champion of the church of England: how far the zeal of such a champion may be of any real benefit in these times of trial, we shall leave others to determine. If alternate abuse of its supposed enemies, and fulsome panegyrics on its supposed perfections, can be of any avail, his services are by no means inconsiderable. Calvin and Lord King are treated with as little ceremony as any person could desire; Knox and the Earl of Mountcashel are equally belaboured with his small baton; and then we are regaled by 'our excellent Liturgy,' 'the affecting and sublime Litany,' 'our ancient and hallowed 'Sion,' and the 'most beautiful daughter of the Reformation, the 'Church of England.' Mr Bowles is a canon of Salisbury; there was once a bishop of the same diocese by whom he might have been instructed in the lessons of modesty becoming the subject. 'It is not,' says Burnet, 'our boasting that the Church of England is the best reformed and the best constituted church in the world, that will signify much to convince others: we are too much parties to be believed in our own cause. There was a generation of men that cried, *the Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord*, as loud as we can cry *the Church of England, the Church of England*, when yet by their sins they were pulling it down, and kindling that fire which consumed it. It will have a better grace to see others boast of our church, from

‘ what they observe in us, than for us to be crying it up with
 ‘ our words, when our deeds do decry it. Our enemies will make
 ‘ severe inferences from them; and our pretensions will be
 ‘ thought vain and impudent things, as long as our lives contra-
 ‘ dict them.’* There is another church, of great antiquity and
 of wide extent, which is very much disposed to commend itself,
 and in the same proportion to condemn all other churches. It
 is even a dogma of the canon law, that as in the time of Noah all
 those excluded from the ark were overwhelmed by the deluge, so
 all those excluded from the bark of St Peter are to be over-
 whelmed by the waves of eternal damnation.† Here is a very
 comfortable doctrine, illustrated by an excellent simile; but
 what is the advantage to be derived from such undisguised
 arrogance? A certain Bampton lecturer edified the university
 of Oxford with eight sermons on the claims of the established
 church to exclusive attachment and support; but certainly the
 Tories and High-churchmen of Oxford required no new instruc-
 tion in this sound and salutary doctrine; and his printed volume
 cannot fail to excite the contempt and derision of dissenters.
 According to Mr Bowles, the Church of England is not only
 apostolic, but likewise catholic; that is, in plain language, this
 particular church is universal. What meaning he attaches to
 such phraseology, it is not very material to ascertain.

Mr Bowles is not less zealous in depressing other churches
 than in exalting his own. Of Calvin he has repeatedly spoken
 in terms of unbecoming levity; but it is abundantly evident
 that he is little acquainted with the numerous writings, or with
 the genuine character, of the Pastor of Geneva. If we consider
 the vigour of his genius, the extent of his learning, and the
 powerful influence which he exercised over the spirit of his
 age, we cannot fail to regard him as one of the most eminent
 characters of modern Europe. It may not perhaps be altogether
 decent in us to oppose the dictates of so consummate a theo-
 logian as the canon of Salisbury; but we beg leave to pro-
 duce the opinion of a writer whom he is bound to revere.
 ‘ Dico enim,’ says Arminius, ‘ incomparabilem esse in inter-
 ‘ pretatione Scripturarum, et majoris faciendos ipsius com-

* Burnet's Discourse of the Pastoral Care, p. 21. 4th edit. Lond. 1736, 8vo.

† ‘ Quin imo velut tempore Noe omnes extra arcam positi, diluvii vas-
 titate consumpti sunt, sic extra Petri naviculam constituti, æternæ dam-
 nationis fluctibus obruentur.’ (Lancelotti *Institutiones Juris Canonici*,
 lib. i. tit. v. § ult.)

‘mentarios quam quicquid Patrum Bibliotheca nobis tradit; adeo ut et spiritum aliquem prophetiæ eximium illi præ aliis plerisque, imo et omnibus, concedam.’ * This is the man whom Mr Bowles thinks himself entitled to treat with derision. What he insinuates respecting Presbyterian persecutions, is worse than ridiculous. ‘What should I suffer who hesitate not to avow my sincere belief that the Whore of Geneva has been as well versed in the infallible principles of persecution as the Whore of Babylon?’—(Vol. ii. p. 246.) True indeed it is that Calvin was not uninfected with the spirit of persecution; but in the general muster-roll of his contemporaries, how many individuals comprehended the precepts of religious toleration? In this respect, they were almost all in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. In reference to the persecuting spirit of Cranmer and other English reformers, the learned author may in our last Number find some information of which he apparently stands much in need. He has elsewhere stated, that ‘it was the spirit of the Papal inquisition alone which let loose the sanguinary vengeance of an imperial St Dominic through the remote glens of Scotland.’ (Vol. ii. p. 153.) He is so familiarly acquainted with the history of the period, as to suppose that the chief persecutions in Scotland took place, not in the reign of Charles, but in that of James. In the preceding page, he mentions ‘those measures of proscription and blood, to which, in his bigoted fury, he resorted to repress in Scotland the Covenanters.’ The battle of Pentland-hills was fought in 1666, that of Bothwell-bridge in 1679; and the connexion of those events with the worst times of Scottish persecution, need not be explained to any person of the most ordinary information. The atrocious murders committed among a conscientious and resolute people, were perpetrated under the sanction of a king who had once professed the same religion with themselves, and who was now consigning them to the sword and the halter, because they refused to adopt the rites of a church which he himself viewed with secret aversion. If all the other acts of his life had been free from reproach, this cold-blooded and unrelenting cruelty would alone have been sufficient to ensure the execration of posterity.

Of the principles of toleration, the members of the church of England had a very faint and inadequate conception, till in their turn they were made to feel the bitterness of persecution. Some of those who had been deprived of their benefices in the time of

* Brantii *Historia Vitæ Jacobi Arminii*, p. 338. Amst. 1724, 8vo.

the Commonwealth, began to perceive a glimpse of purer light ; and if Bishop Taylor had not been reduced to the condition of a wanderer, it is highly probable that he never would have prepared " A Discourse of the Liberty of Prophesying ; showing the Unreasonableness of prescribing to other Men's Faith, and the Iniquity of persecuting differing Opinions."

In his multifarious work, Mr Bowles has, among many other curious things, exhibited specimens of Presbyterian sermons ; nor can it be deemed improper in us to repay such an obligation, by producing a single specimen of an Episcopalian sermon. Bishop Sanderson, who is a great saint in his calendar, avers that it is not justifiable to take up arms against a lawful sovereign ; ' not for the maintenance of the lives or liberties either of ourselves or others ; nor for the defence of religion ; not for the preservation of a church or state ; no nor yet, if that could be imagined possible, for the salvation of a soul, no not for the redemption of the whole world.* Was not this a dainty dish to set before a king ? The superstitious and extravagant veneration which the clergy and laity of this party professed to feel for royalty, cannot escape the observation of any one acquainted with the writings of the seventeenth century. Lord Clarendon has instituted a most indecent comparison between the death of King Charles and that of the Saviour of mankind. He speaks of ' the pronouncing that horrible sentence upon the most innocent person in the world, and the execution of that sentence by the most execrable murderer that ever was committed since that of our blessed Saviour.' Lord Dover, who has placed the noble historian's character in a true light, is shocked at the gross profanity of such expressions ; † but it does not exceed the profanity of the following passage in a letter of Sancroft, which appears not to have shocked the archbishop's biographer : ' The waters of the ocean we swim in cannot wash out the spots of that blood, than which never any was shed with greater guilt since the Son of God poured out his. And now we have nothing left but to importune the God to whom vengeance belongs, that he would show forth himself, and speedily account with these prodigious monsters, or else hasten his coming to judgment, and so put an end to these enormous crimes, which no words yet in use can reach, or thought conceive without horror and amazement.†

* Sanderson's Sermons ; *ad Aulam*, p. 166, edit. Lond. 1671, fol.

† See Lord Dover's Historical Inquiries respecting the Character of Clarendon, p. 176. Lond. 1827.

‡ D'Oyly's Life of Sancroft, vol. i. p. 43.

Of the same species of episcopal eloquence many other choice specimens might be produced, from the age of Bishop Manwaring to that of Bishop Horsley. The last of these prelates, though at all times sufficiently disposed to recommend himself by the violence of his zeal, did not venture quite so far in his political doctrines, when he preached his notable sermon before the lords spiritual and temporal, at the annual commemoration of the martyrdom of King Charles : he has however taken considerable pains to exhibit the doctrine of passive obedience in a new and improved form. Though he finds himself compelled to admit that cases may occur in which the sovereign power may be conferred by an act of the people, yet he views with much horror ‘ that god of the ‘ republican’s idolatry, the consent of the ungoverned millions ‘ of mankind.’* This bugbear of republicanism was at that period extremely useful to many candidates for preferment. Hoadley, to whom the cause of civil liberty has so many obligations, is stigmatized as a republican bishop; and all those who adopt the political tenets of Locke, are republican theorists. If the gale of preferment had blown from an opposite point of the political compass, this arrogant churchman would in all human probability have been an outrageous Whig. In the midst of his zeal to reprobate the opinions of those who refer the foundation of government to the general consent of the governed, he might have recollected the concession of another political dignitary, Dr Tucker, the late dean of Gloucester; namely, ‘ that though government in general did not derive its existence from any personal contract between prince ‘ and people, between the governors and the governed, yet, ‘ that it hath so much of what a civilian would term a *quasi*- ‘ contract in the nature of it, that the duties and obligations ‘ on both sides of the relation are altogether to the same effect, as if a particular contract, and a positive engagement, ‘ had been entered into.’† The bishop begins his discourse by reprehending the folly of indulging in freedom of discussion ‘ upon matters of such high importance as the origin of government and the authority of sovereigns;’ and the sequel is not unworthy of such a commencement. The right of indulging in such speculations, it was probably his wish to extend no farther than to the lords spiritual and temporal, and to the treasury

* Horsley’s Sermons, vol. iii. p. 312.

† Tucker’s Treatise concerning Civil Government, p. 139. Lond. 1781, 8vo.

benches in the Commons house of parliament. Another ecclesiastical writer on politics has wisely determined, that the right of governing belongs in the abstract to wisdom and goodness. 'No man,' says the late Mr Nares, 'can have a right to do an act for which he is altogether unfit. Wisdom and goodness alone have, in reason, any right to govern, since they alone are fit for it. The foolish and the wicked, therefore, in proportion to the extent of those imperfections, are disqualified from government by nature, or by themselves, and ought to be controlled.'* The matter, we may thus perceive, is pretty well arranged between the bishop and the archdeacon: the one is ready to quash all abstract speculation on the principles of political science; the other will only intrust the reins of government to the wise and good; nor can we reasonably doubt that the wise and good are such individuals as hold precisely his own opinions.

ART. III—*An Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals*. By WILLIAM JACOB, Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1831.

THE subject Mr Jacob has undertaken to discuss in the present work—the production and consumption of the precious metals from the earliest ages down to the present day—is one of great interest, but of still greater difficulty. Even in our own times, it is hardly possible to obtain any accounts that can be altogether relied on, of the supply of these metals; whilst the estimates of their consumption, framed by the most intelligent persons, differ so very widely, that it seems almost hopeless to attempt to deduce from them any practical conclusions. The farther we recede from the present century, these difficulties increase, until we reach the Greek and Roman period, when they seem all but insurmountable. In tracing the history of gold and silver in antiquity, Mr Jacob has displayed much judgment and industry, and no inconsiderable learning. He has occasionally thrown a good deal of light on the condition of society; and his book will always be resorted to by those who are anxious to investigate the real circumstances and situation of the most celebrated nations of antiquity. Still, however, we cannot help considering

* Nares's Principles of Government, deduced from Reason, supported by English Experience, and opposed to French Errors, p. 12. Lond. 1792, 8vo.

all attempts to form estimates of the quantities of the precious metals existing at different epochs in the ancient world, and during the middle ages, as little better than mere guesses; any one having it in his power, with a little ingenuity, to arrive at almost any conclusion he pleases. The authors of Greece and Rome paid hardly any attention to prices and revenues; and as their meagre and imperfect statements, when they do allude to them, have suffered more than any other part of their works from the errors of copyists, and refer to money of which neither the weight nor fineness can be accurately determined, they have become in the last degree intractable. The Abbé Barthelemy abandoned in despair the investigation of the prices of commodities at Athens; and even as respects Rome, our information is very limited and obscure. It has been usual in this country to place great confidence in the tables of Dr Arbuthnot; but we did not expect that Mr Jacob would have referred to them as if they were above suspicion. (Vol. i. p. 166.) An excellent scholar, well acquainted with such subjects, which he had studied with the deepest attention, has not hesitated to affirm, that the statements put forth by Arbuthnot, and others of his school, ‘*ont mis l’Histoire Ancienne, sous le support des valeurs, au même degré de vraisemblance que les contes de Mille et une Nuits!*’ The grounds assigned by M. Garnier for this decided opinion were controverted by M. Letronne, in a very learned Dissertation published at Paris in 1817. But in his *Histoire des Monnaies*, and in the notes to the last edition of his admirable translation of the *Wealth of Nations*, M. Garnier has, with great ability and address, vindicated his theory from the objections that had been made to it; and if he has not succeeded in completely establishing his own views, he has at any rate satisfactorily shown that no dependance can be placed on the common interpretations of the sums of money in the Classics. It is obvious, however, that until this preliminary difficulty be removed, and criteria be laid down for determining the values in modern money of the sums mentioned by ancient writers, little can be expected even from the most ingenious speculations as to the supply and consumption of gold and silver in remote ages. We may perhaps, at some future period, revert to this branch of the inquiry; but at present we take leave to dismiss it, and propose to confine our remarks principally to the occurrences of the present century. We do this, not only on account of the superior interest inspired by what so immediately concerns ourselves, but because the last thirty years have witnessed some of the greatest changes that have ever taken place, both in the supply and consumption of the precious metals. In considering the effect of these changes, we

shall have to advert to some practical questions of great interest and importance that have been agitated with respect to them. Mr Jacob has touched on some of these ; and the portion of his work which refers to the period to which we propose restricting our observations, is by far the most complete and satisfactory.

I. Since the discovery of America, the far greater part of our supplies of gold and silver have been derived from that quarter of the globe. From the moment that the American mines began to be wrought, down to our own times, the kings of Spain and Portugal levied a tax upon their produce ; and it might have been supposed, that the amount of this tax would have afforded an easy and accurate measure of their productiveness at different periods. But these returns were studiously concealed from the public ; and it is, besides, abundantly certain that large quantities of gold and silver found their way to market without paying the tax. Previously to the publication of the *Essai Politique sur la Nouvelle Espagne*, several estimates, some of them by individuals of great intelligence, had been framed of the importations of gold and silver from America. These, however, differed widely from each other ; and their discrepancies sufficiently evince the defective information to which their authors had access ; and in how great a degree their calculations were founded on conjecture and hypothesis. But all former estimates have been wholly superseded by the more extensive, laborious, and accurate investigations of M. Humboldt. Besides being acquainted with all that had been written on the subject, and having ready access to official sources of information unknown to all previous inquirers, M. Humboldt was well versed in the theory and practice of mining, and carefully examined several of the most celebrated mines. He was, therefore, incomparably better qualified for drawing correct conclusions as to the past and present productiveness of the mines, than any of those who had hitherto speculated upon such subjects. That his statements are in all respects accurate, it would be too much to affirm. Some of them have been suspected of exaggeration ; and we are rather inclined to think that there are grounds for this suspicion ; particularly as respects his accounts of the profits made by mining, and of the extent to which the supplies of the precious metals may be increased. But this criticism applies, if at all, in a very inferior degree to the accounts M. Humboldt has given of the total produce of the mines, and the exports to Europe ; and, making every allowance for the imperfections inseparable from such investigations, it is still true, that the statements in question, and the inquiries on which they are founded,

are among the most valuable contributions that have ever been made to statistical science. 'The facts and calculations of M. Humboldt,' says Mr Jacob, 'are presented to the public after so much consideration, and accompanied with so much discrimination and impartiality, that they may be in most cases implicitly adopted.'—Vol. ii. p. 115.

According to M. Humboldt, the supplies of the precious metals derived from America have been as follows :

	Dollars a-year at an average.
From 1492 to 1500,	250,000
— 1500 — 1545,	3,000,000
— 1545 — 1600,	11,000,000
— 1600 — 1700,	16,000,000
— 1700 — 1750,	22,500,000
— 1750 — 1803,	35,300,000

The extraordinary increase in the interval between 1750 and 1803, took place chiefly in Mexico. It was owing to a variety of causes ; among the principal of which, M. Humboldt specifies the increase of population in the country, the progress of knowledge and of industry, the freedom of commerce granted to America in 1778, the greater facility of procuring the iron and steel required in working the mines, the fall in the price of mercury, the discovery of the rich mines of Catoree and Valenciana, and the establishment of the tribunal of the mines. (Tome iii. p. 299.)

The following is M. Humboldt's estimate of the annual produce of the mines of the New World, at the beginning of the present century :

Annual Produce of the Mines of America at the Commencement of the 19th Century.

POLITICAL DIVISIONS.	GOLD.		SILVER.		Value of the Gold and Silver in Dollars.
	Mares of Castile.	Kilogs.	Mares of Castile.	Kilogs.	
Vice-Royalty of New Spain, .	7,000	1,609	2,338,220	537,512	23,000,000
Vice-Royalty of Peru, . . .	3,400	782	611,090	140,478	6,240,000
Captain-Generalship of Chili, .	12,212	2,807	29,700	6,827	2,060,000
Vice-Royalty of Buenos Ayres,	2,200	506	481,830	110,761	4,850,000
Vice-Royalty of New Granada,	20,505	4,714	—	—	2,990,000
Brazil,	29,900	6,873	—	—	4,360,000
Total,	75,217	17,291	3,460,840	795,581	43,500,000

Taking the dollar at 4s. 3d., this would give L.9,243,750 as the total annual produce of the American mines. M. Humboldt further estimated the annual produce of the European mines of Hungary, Saxony, &c. and those of northern Asia, at the same period, at about L.1,000,000 more.

M. Humboldt however admits, in the second edition of his work, that his estimate of the produce of gold in Brazil was too high. It might have applied to the period from 1752 to 1762; but since the latter epoch, the produce of gold, estimated by the produce of the tax paid to the crown, has declined more than a half. Mr Jacob calculates, that in the period from 1752 to 1794, the mines and washings of Brazil yielded in all L.40,000,000, being at the rate of nearly L.800,000 a-year.

The proportion of the value of gold to silver, in antiquity, seems to have been about 12 or $12\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. During the middle ages, the value of gold, as compared with silver, appears to have fallen; for in France and Holland, towards the middle of the 14th century, gold and silver were rated as 10¹ and 10 ^{$\frac{3}{4}$} to 1.* But since the discovery of the American mines, the value of gold has been gradually rising, as compared with silver, and at present they are to each other as $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. It must not, however, be supposed that these fluctuations in the relative value of the precious metals correspond with, or depend upon, the fluctuations in the quantities of each that are brought to market. They result entirely from changes in the comparative cost of their production. There is no reason to think that the quantity of gold produced has ever amounted to a 15th or 20th part of the quantity of silver. At the commencement of the present century, the quantity of gold produced in America was to that of silver as 1 to 46; while in Europe, the proportion was as 1 to 40.†

From 1800 to 1810, the produce of the American mines went on increasing. But in the last mentioned year, those convulsions began which have established the independence of Spanish America, and produced an extraordinary revolution in the supply of gold and silver. The abuses inherent in the government of the Spanish colonies, the appointment of Europeans to all public employments, the corruption that universally prevailed in the administration of justice and the collection of the revenue, and the oppressive restrictions on their intercourse with foreigners, and with each other, imposed by the mother country, became

* *Recherches sur le Commerce*, tome ii. part ii. p. 142.

† *Nouvelle Espagne*, tome iii. p. 401.

more intolerable as the colonies increased in population and wealth. The occupation of Spain by the French merely accelerated a crisis that could not have been long averted. The eagerness with which individuals of all ranks and orders, in every part of America, crowded to the patriotic standards the moment they were unfurled, proves how generally the old system of government had been detested. The struggle was long and bloody; but it was maintained by the independents with a spirit that was proof against every disaster. The contest was peculiarly destructive to all great establishments, and especially to the mines. These principally belonged to old Spaniards, who were every where the objects of popular vengeance; and who mostly emigrated, carrying with them all the capital they could amass. But besides the injury done to the mines by this withdrawal of the capital employed upon them, the works of those of Guanaxuato, Valenciana, &c. were destroyed; and many more which escaped any direct injury, being abandoned by the workmen, were inundated, and became nearly useless. There are no means of accurately estimating the decline in the produce of the mines that has actually taken place since 1810. But, according to Mr Jacob, who has collected and compared all the existing information on the subject, the total produce of the American mines, inclusive of Brazil, during the twenty years ending with 1829, may be estimated at L.80,736,768; being at the rate of L.4,036,838 a-year; less considerably than the half of their produce at the beginning, and during the first ten years of the century.

The European mines have also declined within the last twenty years; but there has been a material increase in the produce of those belonging to Russia. According to M. Humboldt, it amounts at present to about L.1,250,000 a-year.

On the whole, therefore, the present annual average produce of the American and European mines, including those of Russia, may be estimated at between L.5,500,000 and L.6,000,000; being from L.4,500,000 to L.4,000,000 less than their annual produce at the beginning of the century.

This extraordinary falling off in the supply of the precious metals, has been supposed by many to be the principal cause of the fall of prices that has taken place since the peace; and though Mr Jacob has not given any express opinion on the subject, we gather from his statements, that he is inclined to this view. But before proceeding to discuss this question, we shall take the opportunity of submitting some remarks with respect to the consumption of the precious metals. Mr Jacob has collected many curious details in reference to this branch of the

enquiry; but it is notwithstanding embarrassed with serious difficulties.

II. Gold and silver are applied either to the purposes of coin, or of the arts. Unluckily, however, there are no means by which to discover the proportion in which they are applied, at any given period, to these purposes; and the proportion is perpetually varying with the varying circumstances of each country;—as, for example, with the greater or less abundance of paper money, and the degree in which the use of coins is saved by the various devices practised by means of banking and otherwise for economizing currency; the greater or less wealth of the inhabitants; the fashion as to plate; the feeling of security, and a thousand other circumstances, all of them liable to great, and sometimes sudden, changes.

The discrepancies in the estimates that have been formed by those best versed in statistical enquiries of the quantity of coined money existing in Europe, demonstrate the impossibility of coming to any very accurate conclusion with respect to it. According to M. Humboldt, the gold and silver coin existing in Europe in 1812, amounted to 1637 millions of dollars, or about 325 millions sterling. But M. Storch, who has examined this question with much attention, contends that Humboldt's estimate is exaggerated, and that the money in Europe does not exceed 1627 millions of roubles, or (reckoning the rouble at 3s. 4d.) 271 millions sterling.* Mr Jacob seems, however, to have entertained a very different opinion of Humboldt's estimate; and instead of considering it as exaggerated, has concluded it to be very much below the mark. His supposition is, that in 1809, the stock of coined money in Europe amounted to 380 millions; being 55 millions above Humboldt's estimate, and 109 millions above that of M. Storch. Mr Jacob has arrived at his conclusions in a manner different from, but not, as we think, more satisfactory than Humboldt and Storch. Were it necessary to select from among such discordant statements, we should prefer that of M. Storch to either of the others. It is founded principally on a comparison of the accounts given by the best statistical writers, in the different countries, of the quantity of coin in each; and this appears the only safe mode of arriving at any thing like a tolerable approximation to the total amount. Humboldt comes to his conclusions chiefly by determining the proportion between the coin and population

* *Cours d'Economie Politique*, tome iv. note 12.

of France;—supposing that the coin of other countries will be in a somewhat similar proportion to their population. Mr Jacob, on the other hand, begins by estimating the quantity of gold and silver coin existing in Europe in 1600, and then striking a balance between the additions made to this quantity during the next 200 years, and its diminution from abrasion and otherwise, he arrives at the result above stated. Every one, however, must see that it is impossible to attach any confidence to investigations conducted in this way. They involve so many hypotheses and assumptions, that if they ever happen to be correct, it must be accidentally only.

Mr Jacob has entered into some very elaborate details in his twenty-third chapter, as to the abrasion of coins, or their loss by wear. This, of course, must differ at different periods, according to the goodness of the coin, and still more, perhaps, the rapidity of circulation, the absence or frequency of hoarding, &c. Mr Jacob states that the average annual loss of the British gold coins by wear, may be estimated at one part in 950; and that of the silver coins at one part in 200. He, however, states, that ‘practical men, to whom the subject of the loss of the metals has been one of much consideration, from being of importance in their several branches of the gold, silver, and jewellery manufactures, commonly calculate a much greater degree of loss of silver than is hereshown. One gentleman, of great accuracy and acuteness, and much conversant in the application of those metals in his manufactory, communicates his opinion thus:—“The loss on coined silver is full one hundredth part, or one per cent per annum. If 100 pieces of 1815 and 1816, and upwards, to the last date on the silver coin, be examined, it will give this result. Though this loss is much greater than on gold, it is easily accounted for; for first, the same degree of friction will produce a greater diminution of weight; and secondly, the constant and never ceasing circulation of the silver coinage, far exceeds that of gold, since it never will be hoarded or kept in a state of rest, it not being a measure of value in this country, but a token or representative of value.”’ (Vol. ii. p. 185.)

Mr Jacob, however, has omitted to observe, that the loss of coins by abrasion does not fairly represent their total wear and tear. To measure the latter, the quantities lost by fire, shipwreck, and other accidents, must be allowed for. The loss from these sources can only be guessed at, but it must not therefore be overlooked; and adding it to the loss by abrasion, the total loss may perhaps amount, at an average of the gold and silver coins of Europe, to about three-fourths per cent; so that estimating the total amount of coined money in Europe at L.280,000,000, it would require an annual supply of L.2,100,000 to keep it up to its level.

Difficult, however, as it certainly is, to arrive at any safe conclusion as to the consumption of gold and silver in coin, it is far more difficult to estimate their consumption in the arts. Even as respects the quantity wrought up into articles of plate, which are assayed and charged with duties, it is not possible to arrive at any very precise results; and when to these we add the quantities consumed in plating, in the manufacture of lace, china, and earthenware, and in gilding of rooms, picture frames, and other articles of furniture, bookbinding, &c., it will be apparent that the most carefully drawn up estimate of the total consumption in such various channels, can only be regarded as a very rude approximation to the truth.

According to Mr Jacob, the value of the precious metals annually applied to ornamental and luxurious purposes in Europe, may be estimated as follows:

Great Britain,	.	.	.	L2,457,221
France,	.	.	.	1,200,000
Switzerland,	.	.	.	350,000
Remainder of Europe,	.	.	.	1,605,490
Total,				L5,612,711

And adding to this the sums directly applied to the same purposes in America, the whole will be about L5,900,000.

Mr Jacob has been at great pains in collecting materials on which to found this estimate. Still, however, it appears to us to be not a little wide of the mark. Those practically engaged in the details of any business, are very apt unconsciously to exaggerate its value and importance; so that statements as to its aggregate amount and value, derived from such sources, must be taken with very considerable modification. We cannot help thinking that Mr Jacob has made too little allowance for this tendency to magnify; and that his estimate of the consumption of gold and silver is decidedly too high. M. Chabrol (whose researches are far more worthy of confidence than those of M. Chaptal, to which Mr Jacob refers) estimates the consumption of gold and silver in the arts at Paris, at 14,552,000 francs a-year;* and this estimate corresponds with that deduced by M. de Chateaufneuf, from his elaborate enquiries.† Both these authorities agree that the consumption of the precious metals in the arts at Paris, is double that of the rest of

* *Recherches Statistiques sur la Ville de Paris*, 1823, Tab. 85.

† *Recherches sur les Consommations de Paris en 1817*, 2de partie, p. 73.

France; so that we have 21,828,000 for the consumption of the entire kingdom. But supposing it to amount to 25,000,000 francs, it would, at the exchange of 25.20 be under L.1,000,000 sterling; or above L.200,000 below Mr Jacob's estimate.

But the principal exaggeration consists, as it appears to us, in the estimate of the consumption of Britain. According to Mr Jacob, it exceeds considerably that of all Europe besides. Although, however, the use of plate be more generally diffused amongst us than any where else, it is otherwise with trinkets, which are more abundant in several parts of the continent than in England. Many of the continental nobility, particularly those of Russia, have very large quantities of plate; and as the taste for gilt articles is more general among the wealthy classes in most parts of the continent than in England, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the proportional consumption of gold and silver in the latter, is nearly so great as Mr Jacob has stated.

M. Chabrol states, that the value of the workmanship on articles of gold, plate, and jewellery, is to the value of the gold as seven to five, and in those of silver as five to nine. Now, unless this statement be very wide of the mark, we shall be warranted, taking the duty into account, in supposing that the value of the bullion used in the arts in this country, is at least doubled in its price before it reaches the consumer. Hence, according to Mr Jacob's estimate, the people of Britain annually spend upon articles of plate, jewellery, &c., L.4,914,442. The annual expenditure of so vast a sum for such objects, seems quite incredible. It amounts to more than the whole sum, duty included, paid annually for wine; and to more than two-thirds of the whole sum, duty included, paid annually for tea! But those who compare the expenditure of a number of families, taken at random from the different ranks of society, will be satisfied that the payments made by them on account of articles of plate, jewellery, gilding, &c., bear a comparatively small proportion to their payments on account of the articles just mentioned.

On the whole, we should not be disposed to rate the annual consumption of the precious metals, in the arts, in Great Britain, at above L.1,600,000, or L.1,800,000. In our view of the matter, the consumption of Europe might be stated as follows:—

Great Britain,	L.1,800,000
France,	1,000,000
Switzerland,	350,000
Rest of Europe,	1,100,000
Total,					L.4,250,000

Probably even this estimate is too high. In the last edition of his *Essai sur la Nouvelle Espagne*, Humboldt has entered into some elaborate investigations as to this point; the result of which is, that the entire consumption of the precious metals in Europe, in the arts, may be estimated at 87,184,800 francs, equal, at the exchange of 25.20, to L.3,459,714; being L.790,286 under the preceding estimate, and no less than L.2,152,997 under that of Mr Jacob.

It must not, however, be supposed, that the whole of the gold and silver annually made use of in the arts, is derived from the mines, or from the fusion of coin. A certain portion of it is, as every one knows, obtained from the melting of old plate, the burning of picture-frames, lace, &c. But it is quite impossible to determine the proportion which the supply from this source bears to the total consumption. The estimates on this head differ exceedingly. Mr Jacob supposes that the supply derived from the fusion of old plate, and such like sources, amounts to only *one-fortieth* part, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total quantity wrought up; but this is certainly very much under its real amount. Most part of the precious metals employed in plating, gilding, &c., is irrecoverably wasted; but the quantity used in this way is very much below the quantity used in the manufacture of plate, watch-cases, and other articles of that description; and these, when they either become unfashionable, or are broken, or injured, are, in most instances, sent to the melting-pot. Necker and Gerboux, both very high authorities on questions of this sort, concur in supposing that *a half* of the gold and silver used in France by jewellers, goldsmiths, &c., is obtained from the fusion of old articles; and it is of importance to observe, that two very able statistical enquirers, M. Peuchet* and M. Humboldt,† have quoted this estimate without insinuating any doubt as to its correctness.

But we are, notwithstanding, inclined to suspect that this estimate is nearly as much above the mark as Mr Jacob's is obviously below it. Assuming, therefore, that at a medium, 20 per cent, or one-fifth part of the precious metals annually made use of in the arts, is obtained from the fusion of old plate, we shall have, by deducting this proportion from the L.4,250,000 applied to the arts in Europe, L.3,400,000 as the total quantity of gold and silver dug from the mines, or taken from coin, annually appropriated to them in this quarter of the world; and

* *Statistique Elementaire*, p. 429.

† *Nouvelle Espagne*, III. p. 467.

adding to this last sum L.300,000 for the total quantity of the precious metals used in the arts in America, we have, in all, L.3,700,000 of new metal annually devoted to ornamental and luxurious purposes.

We have already seen that the total annual produce of the mines may, during the last five years, be estimated at from L.5,500,000 to L.6,000,000; and deducting from this the above sum of L.3,700,000, there remains an annual supply of about L.2,000,000 to be converted into coin, or exported to the East. At present the produce of the mines is probably rather above L.6,000,000; and if so, the free surplus will exceed L.2,300,000.

But before adverting to the question agitated by Mr Jacob, as to the increase or diminution of coin during the last twenty years, it will be necessary to offer a few remarks on the practice of burying treasure, and on the trade with India and China.

It is singular that Mr Jacob should have made no allusion, in estimating the consumption of the precious metals, to the practice now alluded to. It has always prevailed in countries harassed by intestine commotions, and exposed to foreign invasion. Of the hoards so deposited in the earth, a very considerable proportion have been altogether lost; nor can there be any doubt that this has been one of the principal means by which the supply of the precious metals has been kept down to the present level. Every one knows that during the middle ages, *treasure trove*, or money dug from the ground by chance finders, belonged to the crown, and formed no inconsiderable part of the royal revenue, both here and elsewhere. The practice has always prevailed to a very great extent in Turkey, and other eastern countries, where the appearance of wealth exposes to extortion, and nothing is deemed secure that is not buried in the earth. Bernier remarked the prevalence of this custom in India;* and Mr Luke Scrafton, in his celebrated tract on the Government of Hindostan, has adverted to it as follows:—‘The rajahs never let their subjects rise above mediocrity, and the Mahometan governors look upon the growing riches of a subject as a boy does on a bird’s nest; he eyes their progress with impatience, and comes with a spoiler’s hand and ravishes the fruit of their labour. To counteract this, the Gentoos bury their money under ground, often with such secrecy as not to trust even their own children with the knowledge of it; and it is amazing what they will suffer rather than

‘betray it: When their tyrants have used all manner of corporal punishments on them, they threaten to defile them; but even that often fails, for resentment prevailing over the love of life, they frequently rip up their bowels, or poison themselves, and carry their secret to the grave; and the sums lost in this manner in some measure account why the silver in India does not appear to increase, though there are such quantities continually coming into it, and none going out.’—(2d edit. p. 16.) But the practice is not confined to India and Turkey, Persia, and other eastern countries. Mr Wakefield tells us that it is common in Ireland.* It has always prevailed to a very considerable extent in Russia and France; and in the latter, during the revolutionary anarchy, immense sums were buried, of which it is abundantly certain a large portion will never be recovered. The wars and convulsions with which Europe was afflicted for more than twenty years, extended the practice to all parts of the continent; withdrawing in this way from circulation a very considerable part of the increased produce of the mines.†

Next, however, to the consumption of bullion in the arts, the greatest portion of the produce of the European mines, and of the imports from America into Europe, was, until very lately, exported to the East. The ancient writers universally complain that the Arabians, Indians, and other eastern nations, from whom the Greeks and Romans imported frankincense and other drugs, pearls, silks, &c., took nothing in exchange but bullion. Pliny, speaking on this subject, says, ‘*Minimaque computatione milles centena millia sestertium annis omnibus India et Seres, peninsulae illa (Arabia), imperio nostro adimunt.*’‡ During the middle ages, and down to our own day, bullion continued to be the most advantageous article of export to the East. Humboldt, whose researches have shed so much light on all that regards the supply and consumption of the precious metals, estimated, that of the entire produce of the American mines at the beginning of this century,—amounting, as already seen, to 43,500,000 dollars, no less than 25,500,000 were sent to Asia; 17,500,000 by the Cape of Good Hope, 4,000,000 by the Levant, and 4,000,000 by Kiachta and the Russian frontier. Latterly, however, this immense drain has almost entirely ceased. In 1818-19, the East India Company exported L.982,000 of bullion to the East Indies and China, and in the following year they

* Statistical Account of Ireland, vol. i. p. 593.

† Storch, *Economie Politique*, tom. i. p. 221. Paris, 1823.

‡ *Hist. Nat.* lib. xii. cap. 18.

exported L.530,000; but since then they have not exported a single shilling, nor has any been sent out by the private traders.* The exports of bullion by the Americans to Calcutta and Canton, which were formerly considerable, have now also nearly ceased. This extraordinary revolution in Eastern commerce seems to be entirely owing to the vast increase in the exportation of cotton goods and twist to the East, since the opening of the trade in 1814; and to the increase in the exportation of opium from India to China. The real value of the cottons exported to countries eastward of the Cape of Good Hope in 1814, did not amount to L.110,000, whereas they now amount to little less than two millions! The exports of opium from India to China have increased during the same period with hardly less rapidity, and their value amounts, at present, to about L.3,000,000 a-year. On the one hand, therefore, the exports of opium from India furnish a fund adequate to pay the tea and other articles imported from China; while, on the other hand, the exports of cottons and other articles to India, not only suffice to pay for the Indian goods imported, but furnish a balance to defray the greater part of the price of the Canton exports to Europe and America; the balance being extinguished by shipments direct to Canton of woollens, furs, &c.

It would seem, too, that the efflux of bullion from Russia to China, estimated by Humboldt at 4,000,000 dollars, has not only ceased, but that the current has begun to set in the opposite direction. 'Instead of Russia,' says Mr Jacob, 'having any necessity to convey silver to the eastward, she now receives it from that part of the globe. Thus it is seen that in 1829, there were received at Petropaulonsk from China 2460 oz. of silver, and in 1830, 3578 oz. At Semipalatinsk there were received 83,700 oz. in 1829, and 89,640 oz. in 1830. There were also brought to Irbit, in 1830, 94,500 oz. of silver.'—(Vol. ii. p. 320.)

If there be any sums still exported by way of the Levant, which is doubtful, they are quite inconsiderable. 'The value of the silk, of the opium, and of the other drugs which are furnished by Asia, as far as the trade of Constantinople and Smyrna extends, is more than equalled by the value of the goods sent to those markets from Europe. This has especially been the case since the vast extension of the various kinds of English cotton goods has in some measure supplanted the use of Indian articles of that description in the Turkish dominions.'—(Vol. ii. p. 321.)

III. It has been customary in this country to ascribe almost the whole fall that has taken place in the price of most commodities since the peace, to the diminished supply of bullion from the mines. The statements in Mr Jacob's work tend to confirm this opinion. It would appear from his researches, that the consumption of the precious metals during the last twenty years has uniformly exceeded their supply; so much so, that he supposes the stock of coined money in Europe has been diminished in that interval about a *sixth part*, or $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent; being reduced from L.380,000,000 to L.313,388,560. But if the statements we have laid before the reader be nearly correct, no such diminution can have taken place. It is obvious, too, unless there be some very great error, which Mr Jacob does not allege, in Humboldt's estimate of the quantity of the precious metals exported to Asia, that the stoppage of that drain has fully counter-vailed the diminished productiveness of the mines. Admitting, for example, that at an average the mines produced 45,000,000 dollars previously to 1809, and that the exports to Asia amounted to only 20,000,000, (5,500,000 below Humboldt's estimate,) there would remain 25,000,000 dollars, or (at 4s. 3d. per dollar) L.4,687,500 for the supply of Europe and America. Now, this latter sum, it will be observed, is only L.650,000 above Mr Jacob's own estimate of the present produce of the American mines; and this defalcation has been more than made up by the increased productiveness of those of Russia. Hence it appears, even after 20 per cent is deducted from Humboldt's estimate of the bullion sent to Asia, that the supplies of the precious metals furnished to Europe, and applicable to the purposes of coin and the arts, are *as large at this moment as they have ever been at any former period*. There are numerous circumstances, too, that will readily suggest themselves to the reader, which make it apparent that the same supply of coin will now go much farther than it did during the war. Were the decrease in the quantity of coin since 1820 even greater than Mr Jacob has stated, we believe that the circumstances now alluded to would suffice to prevent that diminution from having any sensible effect on prices.

The greater security and tranquillity enjoyed on the continent since the peace, must not only have put a stop to that burying of treasure previously so prevalent, but must have caused the bringing to light of many of the subterranean hoards. The institution of Savings Banks, now so common every where, has also had a powerful influence in preventing hoarding; and has brought a very considerable quantity of coin into circulation, that would otherwise have been locked up in the chests or pock-

ets of individuals. We have heard the influence of the Savings Banks established in this country, estimated as being equal, in the respect now mentioned, to an addition of L.2,000,000 to the metallic currency of the empire.

The cessation of the demand that existed during the war for money for military chests, and the pay of the armies, must have rendered at its close a very considerable additional quantity available for ordinary purposes. Government paper money has certainly been diminished in most countries since 1815 ; but, on the other hand, there has been a vast increase of the quantity of mercantile paper, which, though not money, performs most of its functions, and is employed in all commercial countries to an incomparably greater extent than coin, and its representative, paper immediately convertible into coin.

We are glad to be able to quote Mr Jacob's authority in favour of what is now stated. ' In 1810,' he observes, ' from the whole of Europe being engaged in war, both the treasuries of the several states, and the military chests of the various armies, must have caused a large quantity of the existing money to have been in a state of inactivity. The difficulty of conveying money from place to place was great, and the internal negotiation of bills of exchange in most parts of the continent was suspended. Each man who had money, kept it by him, instead of lodging it in the hands of banks or bankers, because none of them enjoyed security, or possessed credit. In 1830 the case was altered. The conveyance of money was easy, secure, and especially rapid. If gold was more valuable in one place than in others, a few hours would convey it by steam-vessels to the place where it was wanted. Banks were established every where, which furnished inland bills to the parts of the same country, and foreign bills to other countries, which in many cases made the removal of specie unnecessary. The exchequers of states could rely on their credit to supply the place of money till it could be collected from the regular sources, and as no drain was kept on foot, there was no money kept in a state of inactivity in the military chests.'—(ii. 373.)

On the whole, therefore, we think we may fairly conclude, *first*, that the quantity of the precious metals annually introduced into Europe, and applicable to the purposes of coin and the arts, is as great at present as at any former period, or, perhaps, we should say greater ; *second*, that the quantity of coin existing at this moment in Europe is fully equal to the quantity existing in it in 1810, or that if there be any diminution, it is but inconsiderable ; and, *third*, that owing to the greater security and tranquillity that has prevailed since the peace, the cessation

of hoarding, and the increase of all sorts of bank and mercantile paper, the quantity of *currency* in Europe at present is very materially greater than at any former period.

It is contended, however, that the fall which it is affirmed has taken place in the price of *all* commodities since 1814, proves beyond dispute that the value of money must have sustained a corresponding advance; and that, consequently, the above conclusions cannot be well founded. But though the fall of prices has been pretty general, it has not been universal; and it must be remembered, that the price of commodities will be reduced as well from a decline in the cost of their production, or by the opening of new markets whence they may be obtained on cheaper terms, as from a rise in the value of money. Now, we contend that this has been the case with all the commodities that have fallen in price since the peace; and we venture to affirm, that there is not one amongst them, without any exception whatever, the decline in the price of which may not be satisfactorily accounted for, without supposing any change in the value of gold and silver. To enter fully into this branch of the subject would require more space than we can now devote to it; but, as it is of great practical importance, we may probably resume the discussion at an after period. At present it is sufficient to observe, that the fall in the price of corn on the continent since the peace, is completely accounted for by the extension of cultivation in France, Prussia, and generally in other countries; by the splitting of large estates, the complete subversion of the feudal system, and the tranquillity, so indispensable to agricultural pursuits, that is now enjoyed. In this country, the reduction in the price of corn is owing partly to the modifications that have been introduced into our corn laws; partly to the expenses of the importation of corn from the continent being reduced to a fifth or a sixth part of what they amounted to during the latter years of the war; and partly, and perhaps principally, to the increased importations from Ireland. Previously to 1806, the imports from the latter had never in any one year exceeded 400,000 quarters; but such has been their increase since, and more especially within the last few years, that they now amount to above 2,500,000 quarters! Indeed, we have no hesitation in saying, that if any thing like tranquillity and good order were introduced into Ireland, a very slight degree of improvement in her agriculture would occasion such an increased production of corn, that we should, at no distant period, be quite independent of foreign supplies, and would most probably export to Amsterdam. The price of iron does not at present exceed a third part of its price in 1824 and 1825; but instead of wondering at this

fall, the only real ground for surprise is, that it has not been greater. The iron made in Great Britain in 1820 is supposed to have amounted to 400,000 tons; but in consequence of the adventitious excitement of 1824 and 1825, iron works were so much multiplied, that the quantity produced in 1827 was increased to 690,000 tons. In 1828 the production was still greater, and it has not been materially diminished since. Unluckily, however, the demand has not increased in any thing like the same proportion. The greater number of the rail-road projects afloat in 1825 have been either wholly abandoned, or deferred to some future period; so that the immense additional supplies not meeting with any new outlets, have glutted the market to an extent never previously known. The fall in the price of lead has also been very considerable. It is not confined to England, but is felt every where; and is admitted to be entirely owing to the extraordinary productiveness of the mines of that metal that are now wrought in Andalusia. The fall in the price of wool is completely accounted for by the extraordinary increase of Merino sheep in Germany, where they succeed better than in Spain; and by the growing imports from New Holland. During the war, our imports of wool from the former were absolutely nothing, whereas they now exceed the enormous amount of 26,000,000 lbs.; from New Holland and Van Diemen's Land the imports already exceed 2,000,000 lbs.; and it is impossible to imagine the extent to which they may, and most probably will, be increased. The fall in the price of pepper, and other Eastern commodities, is unquestionably owing to the opening of the trade with India in 1814; and to the influence of that free competition that was then, for the first time, introduced into Indian commerce. Every one knows that the fall in the price of sugar, and other colonial products, is the result of the abolition of the old colonial monopolies of Spain and Portugal, and of the unprecedented extension of cultivation in Brazil, Cuba, Louisiana, Demerara, the Mauritius, &c. In short, we deny that it is possible to specify a single commodity that has declined in price since 1814, the fall of which may not be clearly traced to circumstances altogether independent of a rise in the value of money.

Nothing, of course, but conjecture can be indulged in as to the future productiveness of the mines. We should think, however, that a very considerable increase may be fairly anticipated. Anarchy is beginning to cease throughout Spanish America; in some provinces the foundations of good order seem to be already laid; and the working of the mines has been resumed with greater ardour. It will be much for the advantage of this and

other countries that their produce should attain to its old amount; for the widest experience attests the soundness of Hume's opinion as to the beneficial influence of an increasing supply of gold and silver.

In concluding these remarks, we beg again to recommend Mr Jacob's enquiries to the attention of all who are desirous of information on the subjects, alike curious and important, which they embrace. Though unable to agree with him in all his conclusions, we have been much pleased with the liberal and candid spirit in which his investigations have been conducted. His work was undertaken, as we learn from the preface, at the suggestion of the late Mr Huskisson;—a suggestion which must be allowed to be creditable alike to the statesman who made it, and to the person to whom it was addressed; and we may add, that it is but seldom a difficult task, undertaken upon the recommendation of another, has been so well executed.

ART. IV.—1. *Waverley Novels*. New Edition, with the Author's Notes. Edinburgh: 1829, 30, 31, 32.

2. *Tales of my Landlord*. Fourth and Last Series. Edinburgh: 1832.

AT the conclusion of the Fourth and Last Series of the "*Tales of my Landlord*," is the following affecting passage:—

'The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the Author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its Royal Master to carry the Author of *Waverley* to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportion of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have insured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more

especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

‘The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of *Waverley* has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call forth the remark, that—

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.’

Such an address—such an acknowledgment of gratitude to the public—from one to whom we are assuredly indebted for a larger amount and wider extension of intellectual pleasure, than was ever conferred in so short a period by any other person, especially demands our notice. We must all read with regret an announcement of the probable termination of a career so brilliant as has been that of the Author of *Waverley*; and though we may allow ourselves to hope that his decision as to “his old fashion of literature” is not final, we may befittingly consider, on this occasion, what has been its character, and what that gratitude which the reading public owes him. Various as have been the literary claims of Sir Walter Scott, we shall here then regard him only as a Novelist—as the greatest master in a department of literature, to which he has given a lustre previously unknown;—in which he stands confessedly unrivalled, and not approached even within moderate limits, except, among predecessors, by Cervantes, and, among contemporaries, by the author of *Anastasis*.

Perhaps no writer has ever enjoyed in his lifetime so extensive a popularity as the Author of *Waverley*. His reputation may be truly said to be not only British, but European—and even this is too limited a term. He has had the advantage of writing in a language used in different hemispheres by highly civilized communities, and widely diffused over the surface of the globe; and he has written at a period when communication was facilitated by peace. While the wonder of his own countrymen, he has to an unexampled degree established an ascendancy over the tastes of foreign nations. His works have been sought by foreigners with an avidity equalling, nay, almost exceeding, that with which they have been received among us. The conflicting literary tastes of France and Germany, which twenty years ago seemed diametrically opposed, and hopelessly irreconcilable, have at length united in admiration of him. In France he has effected a revolution in taste, and given victory to the ‘*Romantic School*.’ He has had not only readers, but imitators. Among Frenchmen, the author of ‘*Cinq Mars*’ may be cited as a tolerably

successful one. Italy, in which what we call 'Novels' were previously unknown, has been roused from its torpor, and has found a worthy imitator of British talent in the author of the 'Promessi Sposi.' Of the *Waverley Novels*, six editions have been published in Paris. Many of them have been translated into French, German, Italian, and other languages. To be read both on the banks of the Ganges and the Ohio; and to be found, as is mentioned by Dr Walsh, where perhaps no other English book had ever come—on the very verge of civilisation, on the borders of Turkey—this is indeed a wide reign and a proud distinction; but prouder still to be not only read, but to have subjugated, as it were, and moulded the literary tastes of the civilized world. Voltaire is the writer who, in his lifetime, has approached nearest to this extent of popularity. Sovereigns courted and corresponded with him; his own countrymen were enthusiastic in his praise; and so general was a knowledge of the French language, that a large majority of the well-educated throughout Europe, were familiar with his writings. But much of this popularity was the popularity of partisanship. He served a cause; and for such service, and not alone as the meed of genius, were honours lavished upon him. The people of France, by whom he was almost deified in his latter years, regarded him less as the literary marvel of their land, than as the man once persecuted by despotism, and the ablest assailant of those institutions which they were endeavouring to undermine. But Voltaire, with all his popularity, has left impressed on literature scarcely any distinguishable traces of his power. He exhibited no marked originality of style—he founded no school—and as for his imitators, where are they? To justify the admiration he excited, one must consider not merely how well, but how much and how variously he has written. With the exception of Voltaire, and perhaps of Lord Byron, there is scarcely a writer whose popularity, while he lived, passed beyond the precincts of his own country. This, until latterly, was scarcely possible. Till near the middle of the eighteenth century, what had been long called the 'Republic of Letters' existed only in name. It is not truly applicable but to the present period, when the transmission of knowledge is rapid and easy, and no work of unquestionable genius can excite much interest in any country, without the vibration being quickly felt to the uttermost limits of the civilized world. How little this was previously the case is evident from the fact, that numerous and important as were the political relations of England with the continent, and successfully as we had attended to the cultivation of letters, yet it

is scarcely more than a hundred years since we were first known on the continent to have what might deserve to be called 'a Literature.' Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope, successively enjoyed in their own country the highest popularity as writers. Of these, it may reasonably be doubted whether the name of the first had been ever heard out of it. We can find no evidence which shows that the second had a wider fame. Pope was indeed better known; for literature had been made conspicuous through honours paid to it by the statesmen of Queen Anne; and Pope was the friend of a peer politically eminent, and was thought, in conjunction with him, to have written a poem, of which, if the poetry was disregarded, the opinions were not unacceptable to the 'philosophers' of the continent.

In 1813, before the appearance of *Waverley*, if any one should have ventured to predict that a writer would arise, who, when every conceivable form of composition seemed not only to have been tried, but exhausted, should be the creator of one hitherto unknown, and which, in its immediate popularity, should exceed all others—who, when we fancied we had drained to its last drop the cup of intellectual excitement, should open a spring, not only new and untasted, but apparently deep and inexhaustible—that he should exhibit his marvels in a form of composition the least respected in the whole circle of literature, and raise the Novel to a place among the highest productions of human intellect—his prediction would have been received, not only with incredulity, but with ridicule; and the improbability would have been heightened, had it been added, that all this would be effected with no aid from the influence of established reputation, but by a writer who concealed his name. The productions of the Author of *Waverley* are virtually novelties in our literature. They form a new species. They were, it is true, called Historical Novels; and works bearing that appellation had existed before. But these were essentially different; they were not historical in the same sense; and were as little to be classed with the *Waverley Novels*, as are a chronological index or a book of memoirs, because the same names and circumstances may be alluded to in each. The misnamed historical novels which we possessed before *Waverley*, merely availed themselves of historical names and incidents, and gave to the agents of their story the manners and sentiments either of the present period, or, much more commonly, of none. The best among them were only improvers of the system of Calprenede and Scuderi. They purified it from what was ridiculous or bombastic, but they left it still artificial. They evinced no endeavour to breathe

into it the spirit of history. All in what was so called, beyond the contents of the most barren abridgement, was disregarded by such writers. The manners, habits, feelings, phraseology, and allusions of other times and other countries were set at nought. They embodied nothing but names and incidents. The actors in their tales were of the common staple of romance; tricked out with a nomenclature which authentic records had exhibited before. They were, for the most part, not the individual named, or any individual, but a mere abstract being, as purely ideal as the well-bred Achilleses and Bajazets of the French stage. To Sir Walter Scott belongs the honour of having first shown how history ought to be made available for the purposes of fiction. He made a discovery in literature;—one of those of which the merit is evinced by its apparent obviousness when revealed, and by our wonder that it had never been made before. Imitation has been so extensive, and we are become so familiar with this application of history,—this attention to localities, to manners and costume,—and so nearly impossible does it seem that historical fictions should be written otherwise, that we are in danger of forgetting the merit of the original discoverer.

It is now many years since any novel by the Author of *Waverley* has been noticed in this Journal. The last noticed was the *Fortunes of Nigel*; and, since that time, what a multitude has appeared! It is not, however, our intention to attempt a separate analysis of the subsequent novels. We are withheld partly by their number, partly because a more interesting and profitable task is offered to our attention in a general consideration of those characteristics which principally distinguish this great writer; and of those points of excellence which have gained for him his unequalled popularity. We have long admired—let us now enquire why we have admired, and whether rationally and justly.

One of the points of view in which the Author of *Waverley* is first presented to us is, as a delineator of human character. When we regard him in this light, we are struck at once by the fertility of his invention, and the force, novelty, and fidelity of his pictures. He brings to our minds, not abstract beings, but breathing, acting, speaking individuals. Then what variety! What originality! What numbers! What a gallery has he set before us! No writer but Shakspeare ever equalled him in this respect. Others may have equalled, perhaps surpassed him, in the elaborate finishing of some single portrait (witness the immortal Knight and Squire of Cervantes, Fielding's Adams, and Goldsmith's Vicar); or may have displayed, with greater skill, the morbid anatomy of human feeling—and our slighter

foibles and finer sensibilities have been more exquisitely touched by female hands—but none save Shakspeare has ever contributed so largely, so valuably, to our collection of characters;—of pictures so surprisingly original, yet, once seen, admitted immediately to be conformable to Nature. Nay, even his anomalous beings are felt to be generally reconcilable with our code of probabilities; and, as has been said of the supernatural creations of Shakspeare, we are impressed with the belief, that if such beings did exist, they would be as he has represented them.

The descriptions of persons by the Author of *Waverley* are distinguished chiefly by their picturesqueness. We always seem to behold the individual described. Dress, manner, features, and bearing, are so vividly set before us, that the mental illusion is rendered as complete as words can make it. But if we feel thus familiar with the personage introduced, it is rather because the mind's eye has received his image, than because we are endowed with a knowledge of his character. It is the outward, not the inward man, that most engages our attention. We comprehend Iago perfectly, without knowing what manner of man he was to look upon. But Varney, Rashleigh, or Christian, must be presented mentally to the eye, as well as to the understanding, before we can feel an equal intimacy. The method of Sir Walter Scott has the merit of individualizing an imaginary person in a remarkable degree, and is well suited to the nature of the Novel. It effects much of what, in the drama, is supplied by the actor who represents a character on the stage. But it is an inferior art to that of unveiling the recesses of the mind, and presenting to us thoughts, passions, tastes, and springs of action—causing us, in fact, to perceive and know the person, not merely as if he stood before us, but as if he had long been our intimate acquaintance. The best drawn characters of the Author of *Waverley* make us feel as if we saw and heard them; those of Shakspeare as if we had lived with them, and they had opened their hearts to us in confidence. We are trying Sir Walter Scott by the severest of all possible tests, in comparing him with a hitherto unrivalled portrayer of human character; and though we think the interval not inconsiderable, we have no hesitation, upon a view of all his qualities, in regarding him eminently worthy of the second place. Nor do we say, that, though picturesqueness is the prominent characteristic of his descriptions of persons, he does not also exhibit considerable skill in displaying the disposition and qualities of the mind;—nay, there are several characters of whom we have a very vivid impression, without its having been conveyed so much by personal description as by the insight given us into the peculiarities of disposition. We may take as instances

Jeanie Deans, Colonel Mannering, Bailie Jarvie, Glossin, Foster, and his daughter. We have here mentioned fictitious personages; but the merit of the author is perhaps displayed more conspicuously in his treatment of those subjects in which the groundwork is already laid—in his wonderful reproduction of historical individuals. His James I. is a portrait of the rarest merit; and his Elizabeth, his Louis XI., Charles Edward, Lord Lindesay, Robert III., Rothesay, Albany, and the imbecile father of Margaret of Anjou, may also be cited among those which are presented to us with more than common discrimination and force.

Admirable also, and, we may add, unrivalled, are his delineations of those who, though they cannot strictly be called historical personages, yet owe their most marked peculiarities to the influence of great historical events, the current opinion of the times in which they lived, or the party to which they were attached. They are specimens of a class: and though the actual persons never lived, yet in some of them there is as much of the true spirit of history,—as much that clearly unfolds to us the character of other times, as in the most able of the aforementioned portraits. Look, for example, at his Covenanters and his Puritans. In describing them, he has avoided an error into which an inferior writer would have fallen. He has not collected all the qualities which were characteristic of those sects, and formed therefrom an abstract being, who, probably without resembling any single individual of them that ever had existed, was in his proper person to represent them all. To personify in such a manner is not to draw nature as it is. He has well considered that, though a prevailing impression may be given by one powerful class of opinions, yet will the individual traits of disposition, which vary in each as much almost as do the lineaments of the face, not be utterly absorbed and obliterated, but show themselves through it, and modify the dominant habit. Burley, Macbriar, Mucklewrath, Gilfillan, David Deans, and Bridgenorth, are all sectarians, deeply imbued with a gloomy ascetic spirit of fanaticism. But the fanaticism of one of these is not as the fanaticism of another; but takes a different course according to the direction which it receives from the original bias of the disposition. All this is admirably discriminated in the characters mentioned. Deep and sombre as is the colouring, it is so transparent that we see through it the inward native workings of the heart. The original character is visible through that which circumstances have superinduced; and we feel as though we could almost tell what each of these would have been

if he had not been a fanatic. Characters so delineated exhibit the highest refinement of skill.

The female characters in the Waverley Novels are touched with much grace and spirit, though they are not, upon the whole, brought so vividly to our minds as the men,—probably because they are more ideal. Such they must necessarily be. The course of woman's existence glides comparatively unobserved in the under-current of domestic life ; and the records of past days furnish little note of their condition. Few materials are available from which the historical novelist can deduce an accurate notion of the relative situation of women in early times. We know very little either of the general extent of their cultivation and acquirements, or of the treatment which they received from men. On the latter point, we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the poetical effusions of gallantry, and the false varnish of chivalrous devotion. It is to be feared that the practice of the days of chivalry was much at variance with its professions ; and that women were degraded, as we always find them wherever civilisation has made little progress. It was by command of Edward I. of England, the Mirror of Chivalry, one of the bravest knights in the host of the Crusaders, that two of the noblest ladies in Scotland were hung up in iron cages, exposed like wild beasts to the view of the populace. Facts like this mark the standard of public feeling, and may teach us that there was little real consideration for women in those times ;—and where that is not found, there can be little refinement. Scantiness of information, and the necessity of assimilating to modern tastes a picture which, if it could have been obtained, would probably have been disagreeable, has obliged the Author of Waverley to draw much from the resources of his poetical mind in the depicting of female character. And wisely has he so done ; for we regard many of the females in his tales only as beautiful and poetical creations ; and we are gratified without being deceived. We find no fault with him for having made his Minna and Brenda beings such as the daughters of a Shetland Udaller, nearly a century and a half ago, were not likely to have been ;—we blame him not because in his Rebecca, that most charming production of an imagination rich with images of nobleness and beauty, he has exhibited qualities incompatible with the real situation of the daughter of that most oppressed and abject being, a Jew of the twelfth century. It is plain that if Minna or Rebecca had been drawn with a strict regard to probability, and made just such as they were most likely to have been, one of the great objects of fiction would have been reversed : the reader would have been

repelled instead of being attracted. This poetical tone pervades, more or less, the delineations of all his heroines; and the charm which it imparts, perhaps more than counterbalances the detrimental tendency of sameness. At the same time, we may add, that it is least exhibited when circumstances seem least to require it. His heroines are, on the whole, better treated, as such, than his heroes, who are, for the most part, thrown into the ring to be bandied about, the sport of circumstances;—owing almost all their interest to the events which thicken around them. Many of them exhibit no definite character, or, when they rise above nonentities, are not so much individuals as abstractions. A strong fraternal likeness to the vacillating Waverley does not raise them in our esteem. They seem too nearly imitations of the most faulty portion of that otherwise admirable tale.

In the description of external objects, and particularly of what may be called natural scenery, Sir Walter Scott has been successful beyond all writers subsequent to Milton. We have heard Mrs Radcliffe's descriptions much commended; but whoever will compare her with the Author of Waverley, will perceive the difference between mere copiousness of descriptive diction, and a rich and judicious selection of images—between passages which please the ear, and those which convey a distinct impression to the mind. It is essential in a description of visible objects, that it should place the reader in the situation of a spectator. Few perhaps attempt to describe, who do not acknowledge this principle; but of these, few act in accordance with it. Some fail, because they present to us objects as they are, rather than as they appear; and give us the deductions of reason, instead of the simple evidence of the senses. Others, though they in part describe objects as they appear to the spectator, yet mix them confusedly with circumstances of which the eye could not have taken cognisance at all,—or could not have seen from the same point of view. To speak at once both of the figure and the weight of a helmet, or to describe minutely the dress of a person just visible on the distant horizon, is to commit an error of this kind. This mixture of the visible with the invisible, the external with the intrinsic, infallibly creates confusion, and prevents the whole image from coming distinctly and forcibly to the mind of the reader. Others again, though they do not offend in these respects, overpower us with the exuberance of their images—they give us a catalogue of objects, instead of a selection—they enumerate almost every thing that could be seen at one time and in one place,—forgetting that among all these objects the attention would be arrested only by a few; nor could the mind find room for

more. We require to be told, not the objects that might ultimately excite attention, but those which would strike the senses first: we require not that we shall be enabled to make the selection for ourselves, but that the describer shall select for us. A multiplicity of details is tiresome; and no description, however complete, can be effective as description, if it contain more particulars than the mind can at one view embrace; and, without a painful effort of the memory, retain. From these various errors into which descriptive writers often fall, Sir Walter Scott is perhaps more exempt than any other. His descriptions of scenery, even in spite of a want of terseness with which his general style is chargeable, are in the highest degree clear, vivid, and intelligible. They have none of those affectations of gorgeous diction, which are the resource of ordinary writers: all is perspicuous, and reasonably concise;—written as if the first object proposed was,—to be understood; and the poetical associations which are strewn in the path serve to illustrate and impress the subject, instead of leading us astray into the realms of fanciful speculation.

These remarks are not applicable to such matters of mere detail as the description of costume, of equipments, or of furniture. Many of these, if we try them on a question of taste, will be admitted to be tedious; but we must view them in another light, and accept them as affording information which we could not have obtained, but at an expense of trouble and research, for which their real value would scarcely compensate. Good as are the descriptions of quiescent objects, it is in his treatment of events,—of the visible operations of man, or of the elements,—that the author displays most power. What have we finer of its kind, than the storm in the *Antiquary*? The sullen sunset—the advancing tide—the rocks half hidden by the rising foam—the marks of promised safety fading from sight, and with them the hope they nourished—the ledge which the sufferers gained with difficulty—on the one side, a raging sea, and on the other, a barrier that forbade retreat! *Guy Mannering* contains another masterpiece—the night attack of Portanferry, witnessed by Bertram. We feel as though we were that person—we see and hear all of which his eyes and ears had cognisance; and the impression is the more strong, because the writer has told only *that*, and left the rest to our imagination. This illustrates one feature of the author's skill. He knows the effect producible by leaving circumstances in the incompleteness and obscurity in which they often present themselves to the senses of a single person: he tells just what that person could have perceived, and leaves the sketch to be finished by his

reader. Thus, when Porteous is hurried away to execution, we attend his ruthless conductors, but we wait not to witness the last details, but flee with Butler from the scene of death, and, looking back from afar, see through the lurid glare of torches a human figure dangling in the air—and the whole scene is more present to our minds, than if every successive incident had been regularly unfolded. Thus, when Ravenswood and his horse vanish from the sight of Colonel Ashton, we feel how the impressiveness and beauty of the description are heightened by placing us where the latter stood,—showing us no more than he could have witnessed, and bidding our imaginations fill up the awful doubtful chasm.

That the Author of *Waverley* is a master of the pathetic, is evinced by several well-known passages. Such are the funeral of the fisherman's son in the *Antiquary*—the imprisonment and trial of Effie Deans, and the demeanour of the sister and the broken-hearted father—the short narrative of the smuggler in *Redgauntlet*—many parts of *Kenilworth*—and of that finest of tragic tales, the *Bride of Lammermoor*. We must pause to notice the last. In this, above other modern productions, we see embodied the dark spirit of fatalism,—that spirit which breathed in the writings of the Greek tragedians, when they traced the persecuting vengeance of Destiny against the houses of Laius and of Atreus. Their mantle was for a while worn unconsciously by him who showed to us *Macbeth*: and here again, in the deepening gloom of this tragic tale, we feel the oppressive influence of this invisible power. From the time we hear the prophetic rhymes, the spell has begun its work, and the clouds of misfortune blacken round us; and the fated course of events moves solemnly onward, irresistible and unerring as the progress of the sun, and soon to end in a night of horror. We remember no other tale in which not doubt, but certainty, forms the groundwork of our interest.

The plots in the *Waverley Novels* generally display much ingenuity, and are interestingly involved; but there is not one in the conduct of which it would not be easy to point out a blemish. None have that completeness which constitutes one of the chief merits of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. There is always either an improbability, or a forced expedient, or an incongruous incident, or an unpleasant break, or too much intricacy, or a hurried conclusion. They are usually languid in the commencement, and abrupt in the close; too slowly opened, and too hastily summed up. *Guy Mannering* is one of those in which these two faults are least apparent. The plot of *Peveril of the Peak* might

perhaps, on the whole, have been considered the best, if it had not been spoiled by the finale.

It may be said of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, as of the plays of Shakspeare, that though they never exhibit an attempt to enforce any distinct moral, they are, on the whole, favourable to morality. They tend (to use a common expression) to keep the heart in its right place. They inspire generous emotions, and a warm-hearted and benevolent feeling towards our fellow-creatures; and for the most part afford a just and unpervverted view of human character and conduct. In them a very sparing use is made of satire—that weapon of questionable utility—which perhaps has never yet done much good in any hands, not even in those of Pope or Young. Satire is thought useful, too much because it gratifies the uncharitableness of our nature. But to hold up wisdom and virtue to our admiration, is better than to apply the lash, however dexterously, to vice and folly. There are, perhaps, no fictions exciting the imagination so strongly as the *Waverley Novels*, which have a less tendency to corrupt the heart; and it is, chiefly, because they do not exhibit flattering and delusive pictures of crime. In this again they resemble the plays of Shakspeare. Forcibly as that great dramatist has depicted vice, and ably as he has sometimes shown its coexistence with physical energy and intellectual superiority,—much as he may teach us to admire the villain for some of his attributes, he never confounds the limits of right and wrong. He produces no obliquity in our moral sense, nor seduces us to lend our sympathy against the dictates of our better reason. Neither in his graver, nor in his gayer scenes, is there aught which can corrupt. He invests profligacy with no attractive colours, nor lends a false and imposing greatness to atrocious villainy. We admire the courage of Macbeth, the ability of Richard, the craft and dexterity of Iago, and the stubborn energy of Shylock,—but we never applaud, nor wish to emulate. We see them too truly as they are. The Author of *Waverley*, though he approaches nearer to the fault in question than Shakspeare, can never be fairly said to have committed it. Cleveland, Robertson, Rashleigh, Christian, might, by a few touches added, and a few expunged, become very captivating villains, and produce a brisk fermentation of mischief in many young and weak heads. But of such false touches and suppressions of truth, the author has not been guilty. He has not disguised their vices and their weaknesses,—he has not endowed them with incompatible virtues; but, just favouring them charitably, so as to take off the edge of our dislike, has exhibited them nearly as they must necessarily have

been. The same discretion is observable in his impersonation of those equivocal characters in humble life which he has invested with an interest hitherto unknown. Meg Merrilies, Madge Wildfire, Ratcliffe, and the Smuggler in Redgauntlet, are characters in whom are found redeeming traits of the best feeling, and which, therefore, interest us deeply. Yet all of them are more or less at war with order and the institutions of society, and must fall under its heavy ban. And, interested as we are, we are never led to deem the censures of society unjust, or to take part with them in their war against it.

The Author of *Waverley* is never chargeable with that sin so visible in modern literature, which Lord Byron lent his genius to promote, and which humbler writers in verse and prose industriously strive to spread. He has not laboured to diminish our confidence in virtue, and our abhorrence of vice. He does not teach us to believe that the villain probably has generous feelings, while the man who violates no law is as probably at heart a scoundrel. He tricks out for our delusion no impossible beings,—combining the commission of debasing crime with the possession of lofty sentiments and rigid virtue. He never takes his hero from among the dregs of pollution, yet endows him with ennobling attributes which he could never have possessed,—makes him a criminal of the deepest dye, yet bids us to admire his virtues,—and tells us that, tainted as he seems, he is better than the half of those whom society deems good and honest. Neither has the Author of *Waverley* ever written any of those tales which affect to have a moral, and which, after labouring to enlist our sympathies on the side of crime, and making us love and admire the criminal, plunge him at the close into misfortune,—excite our pity, and then claim the merit of doing good, because they showed that, somehow or other, in the end vice did not prosper. This right-headedness and right-heartedness, this healthy soundness of judgment and of principle in the Author of *Waverley*, are among those qualities for which posterity will lastingly admire him.

Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron have often been compared; and the question has been mooted to which we should assign superiority of genius. It is one of those questions which can scarcely be decided; but if asked our opinion—we say to Sir Walter Scott—and for these reasons. Sir Walter Scott does not appear, like Lord Byron, to have written under the influence of morbid excitement, or availed himself of the resources of egotism. He did not draw from out the burning well of his own stormy passions. He has been the master of his imagination, rather than the slave. He has controlled it as with the rod of an enchanter,

and compelled it to do his bidding, instead of becoming, like the frantic Pythoness, the utterer of the eloquent ravings which were prompted by the demon that possessed her. His writings display a calm consciousness of power. There is in them nothing of the feverishness of distemper; and they are not sullied and corroded by the operation of human passions. He seems to have looked forth upon nature, serene and unruffled, from the watch-tower of a commanding intellect. This calm superiority, this dismissal of self, is most observable in the works of Homer and Shakspeare. We know not from their writings what manner of men they were. They speak not of themselves. The passions leave no trace of influence on their marvellous productions; they wrote almost as though they had been spiritualized beings, disencumbered of the slough of humanity,—interested in human nature rather through love and pity, than through participation,—surveying and noting the hopes, the fears, the petty cares and vain pursuits, that occupied the world beneath them. In the writings of Sir Walter Scott there is much of this renunciation and suppression of self; but there is also an occasional introduction of it, of which we equally approve. We like to see it exhibited in those evidences of mental sunshine and benevolence of heart, which beam forth in his kind and cheerful view of nature. His works are rich in generous sentiments. They contain no drop of misanthropy, and few pictures of villainy unmitigated by some redeeming trait. It is singular, that, though he is charged with aristocratic illiberality, no writer has exhibited the rustic character in so pleasing a light; and though classed by some among bigots, he has shown a spirit far more indulgent and less cynical than that of his accusers.

We may here notice some other faults of which the Author of *Waverley* has been accused. It has been said that he displays a spirit hostile to the progress of modern civilisation, and labours too much to make us in love with the venerable errors of former times. Such a fault will not be felt by one who reads his works aright;—who perceives that his attachment to the manners of antiquity is to be considered merely as a poetical attachment. He is won by their picturesqueness, and by their peculiar applicability to those purposes which lie within the province of romance. But to suppose, that because his imagination delights in them, his judgment must approve, is an unfair deduction. We have seen nothing in the writings of Sir Walter Scott, as we have unfortunately in the writings of other men of no mean talent, which indicates that he regards with an evil eye the increasing spirit of modern improvement. He is too philanthropic and far-

sighted, to view, with indifference, much less with dislike, that spirit of industry and invention which is so rapidly promoting the wealth and comforts of the human race.

Again, he is accused of being partial in his delineations of historical events. This is to try him as though he were an historian; for though the historian is bound to be impartial, there is no such strict obligation for the novelist. To expect an absence of all political bias in one who has given any attention to political subjects, is to expect perhaps almost an impossibility. A bias is discernible in the opinions of Sir Walter Scott; and we shall not be suspected of viewing it too indulgently, when we say, that it is opposed to our own. But we are not conscious of its having led him into any unfairness. Nothing can be more impartial than his tale of *Old Mortality*. We may suspect the author's leaning towards the cause of the Government; but we can collect no such inference from this single story. Each party furnishes objects of admiration as well as of ridicule and disgust. While we condemn the fanaticism of the insurgents, we admire them for their heroism: while we are made to feel that the established authorities had fewer absurdities on their side, we are presented with so dark a picture of their oppressive tyranny; as more than justifies the resistance it excited. A prepossession for the Jacobite and Tory cause has not withheld him from doing full justice to its opponents; and from exhibiting in the unfortunate Charles Edward, those weaknesses which rendered him little worthy of the heroic devotedness of his adherents.

It may be objected, that the Author of *Waverley* too often imitates himself, and reproduces, under other names, characters which he has described before. The objection is just; but it would be unreasonable to expect from an imagination so fertile, that it should always be original,—that it should never stray again into paths already trodden, but exhibit a perpetual freshness, of which no very productive genius, save Shakspeare, has ever afforded an example. Though we are delighted with the cheerful spirit of this author's writings, we cannot applaud his wit. It is generally clumsy, inelegant, and verbose. It may be more properly called 'humour;' and though it may often excite a smile, is among the least meritorious parts of his productions. There are several ludicrous incidents well told, and which may raise a hearty laugh; but, upon the whole, facetiousness is not his forte. Contrary to what ought to be the case, and unmindful that 'brevity is the soul of wit,' he is ever most verbose when he is disposed to be mirthful. Many of his humourists are tedious to the last degree; and we are restored to common charity with

them, and think them comparatively venial, only by seeing the dismal exaggerations of the same kind of character in the novels of Cooper. We would gladly have dispensed with the long bantering introductions, with their Jedediah Cleishbotham and Captain Clutterbuck, and other such fictions,—cumbrous, unamusing, and improbable,—pretending to account for the production of tales which required no such apology. They are quite unworthy to stand at the head of the works they usher in. In the excellent new edition, which is enriched with so many prefaces and notes of real value and interest, we regret that this useless machinery is preserved.

Beauty of style is not one of Sir Walter Scott's chief merits. His choice of expressions is, however, better than his disposition of them. His sentences are too full of expletives,—too long, and loosely arranged; exuberant, like his fancy, and untrimmed, as if never subjected to a process of compression,—a *limæ labor*, perhaps incompatible with the wonderful expedition with which work after work has issued from the press. This facility of production is too remarkable to be overlooked. It is almost unexampled. Voltaire and Lord Byron have written some of their best works in an inconceivably short time. Dryden produced five act plays at the rate of three a-year. Shakspeare is supposed in one year to have written five, among which is that whereon he must have expended most thought—Hamlet. This, considering the value of the productions, would perhaps be the greatest feat on record, if we could be sure that the plays had been wholly invented and written within the twelvemonth—but this cannot be ascertained. Nevertheless, for long continued fertility of pen, perhaps Sir Walter Scott may be safely said to have never been exceeded.

Two remarks have been repeated, till many receive them as undeniable axioms; and we notice them only for that reason. One is, that the Author of Waverley's earliest productions are decidedly his best—the other, that he is never so great as when he treads on Scottish ground. In neither assertion is there much truth. Are *Ivanhoe*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *Nigel*, and *Kenilworth*, inferior to *St Ronan's Well*, the *Monastery*, and the *Abbot*? May not the first mentioned five be ranked among the best of his novels? and must they unquestionably yield to *Rob Roy* or the *Antiquary*? or does one of our latest favourites, the *Maid of Perth*, betray much deficiency of that vigour which characterised the first-born Waverley? Few will answer in the affirmative.

In reviewing the productions of a great writer, interesting as it may be to examine their general character, and the nature of

those merits on which their fame is grounded, it is perhaps still more interesting to trace their influence upon literature. That of the *Waverley Novels* has been great beyond example. That they have invited a good deal of talent to employ itself in the cause of direct imitation, is but an insignificant part of their effects. Nor do we even lay most stress upon the impulse given to the composition of fictitious narrative of every kind. For novel-writing, in general, the Author of *Waverley* has done much: First, he has made it a more creditable exercise of ability than it was previously considered; and thus invited to it many writers who might otherwise have considered it unworthy of their regard. But, beyond this, he has shown them how they should pursue it. He has taught them that in whatever period, country, or sphere of society, their fictions may be laid, they must first look forth upon Nature. They must not indulge the untaught promptings of a wild imagination, but set down only that which they have first ascertained to be in accordance with general truth. Though fiction may be truly the offspring of imagination, it cannot be successful unless tutored by experience. In consequence of this newly-enlarged view of the principles on which fiction should be written, we have, since the appearance of *Waverley*, seen the fruits of varied learning and experience displayed in that agreeable form; and we have even received from works of fiction what it would once have been thought preposterous to expect—information. From some, we have gathered more respecting the manners of different tribes than books of travels have ever told us; and have obtained a clearer insight into the eventful interior of a soldier or a sailor's life, and the real nature of war and its concomitants, than from all the gazettes that were ever published, and many biographies to boot. We have learnt, too, how greatly the sphere of the Novel may be extended, and how capable it is of becoming the vehicle almost of every species of popular knowledge.

Still higher benefits are derivable from a right consideration of the *Waverley Novels*. Without one word of direct precept, they have made us feel more than any essays or lectures ever did, to what end history should be read, and in what manner it should be written. Combining materials drawn from scattered sources, they have given us pictures of past days, which what is commonly called history had neglected to afford. We now feel more fully that dates and names,—nay, even the articles of a treaty, or the issue of a battle, although desirable pieces of knowledge, are yet trivial, compared with the importance and utility of being able to penetrate below that surface on which float the great events and stately pageants of the time. Since

history is 'precept teaching by example,' we must, in order to obtain more fully the advantages it can confer, enable ourselves,—by an acquaintance with minor details, and with the habits, condition, and opinions of former races, and by being as though we had lived among them,—to institute a closer comparison between the complexion of their times and that of our own. Great changes in the condition and opinions of a people will silently and gradually take place, unmarked by any signal event; whilst events the most striking, and apparently important, will glitter and vanish like bubbles in the sun, and leave no visible trace of their effect. History has been hitherto too prone to note with eagerness only the latter;—avoiding, as if with disdain, the more difficult, honourable, and useful task, of tracing the progress of the former. History is, in truth, the biography of a nation; and a history which neglects, as unworthy of its dignity, the combination of both these requisites, is as inferior in interest and utility to a history which possesses them, as a biography containing only the public actions of a great man, is less desirable than one which admits us to partake of his conversation and opinions. At present we have only the extremes. We have the stately political history and the gossiping memoir. But the former wants detail and extension of view; the latter, selection and classification of materials, and judicious inferences from attested facts. The public now desire to see these requisites well blended; and to this growing desire we conceive that no slight impulse has been given by the works of the Author of *Waverley*. People have been surprised to find in novels new lights which history never gave; and for which, though it could not have afforded them in an equal degree, they ought at least to have been prepared. History has been, in consequence of his works, much read by those who would otherwise have neglected it. Still more, perhaps, has enquiry been directed towards its adjuncts and subsidiaries—towards biographical and antiquarian researches. Never has the press been more fertile than during the last ten years in this species of agreeable lore—in memoirs, diaries, and letters; which convey much amusing information, and some that may with truth be called valuable. An increasing appetite for this species of knowledge has called forth stores, of which the worth has never been sufficiently appreciated till now.

If the public demand should incite any writer of sufficient ability to produce that desideratum in our literature, a History, which, to accuracy and deep research, shall add a comprehensive view of all that is most conducive to the welfare of a nation, and indicative of its condition, and which shall describe with the graphic vigour of romance, we shall have obtained a treasure of

great price. We shall be grateful to such a writer: but with our gratitude to him must be mingled an acknowledgment to the great Novelist, who, by works which have been ignorantly censured for tampering with the majesty of history, and perverting its facts, has given an impulse by which the true study of history has been largely promoted. For this service, we little doubt, posterity will award its thanks. What other thanks it may award—what judgment it may pass on the Author of *Waverley*, is an useless speculation. The frequent reversal of judgments which every age has thought immutable, should teach us discretion in our prophesyings. Time may raise up other writers, whose comparative greatness may deprive him of his present eminence; but it cannot deprive him of the merit of originality, and of having first opened a new and delightful path in literature. Not in a presumptuous spirit of prophecy, but as a token of our present admiration, we will say, that we think his Novels likely to endure as long as the language in which they are written.

ART. V.—*Sketch of the Ryotwar System of Revenue Administration.* London: 1831.

THIS pamphlet, which is not undeserving of notice on its own account, will afford us an opportunity of offering some remarks on the views of the different sects of our Anglo-Indian statesmen, and of illustrating the connexion of these views with the arrangements that have been adopted in regard to the Revenue of our Eastern possessions. Our present observations may be considered as supplemental to a former article* on the subject of British India; and we are not without the hope, that they may be of some use to those engaged in the important enquiries lately instituted by Parliament, on that vast subject. The happiness of millions is suspended upon the decisions of the legislature in regard to it; and it is, therefore, of the highest practical importance that the great questions at issue should be fairly and distinctly exhibited to the public eye, with all their prominent features, and in every cardinal point of view. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, no error can be considered unimportant. The slightest legislative solecism, originating in ignorance or oversight, may occasion incalculable mischief; a single wise and benevolent enact-

* See No. 106, p. 438.

ment, on the other hand, may become the parent spring of a perennial stream of blessings. England cannot confer any moral benefits upon her Indian possessions without reaping a rich harvest of consequent advantages. We have, in short, the strongest motives to act wisely, and we should, therefore, in common prudence, provide ourselves, before the moment for action arrives, with an accurate survey of the whole of the ground upon which our operations must necessarily be carried on.

Those who undertake to govern a people occupying a place of moral and intellectual inferiority in the social scale, must needs encounter a difficulty, which, if they would escape constant disappointments, should never be lost sight of. They must find it, upon all occasions of importance, a matter of extreme nicety to determine the exact spot upon which the advancing footstep of improvement should be placed, so as at once to avoid unnecessary tardiness of progress, and the opposite error of precipitate movement, beyond the point to which the people in general are prepared to accompany their rulers. The last was Lord Cornwallis's mistake. From it, both the masters of British India, and the great body of their subjects, have reaped bitter fruits; and the mistake was repeated, in spite of experience, when Lord Wellesley extended the system of his predecessor, unmodified and uncorrected, to the ceded and conquered provinces. On the other hand, the conduct of the local government of Madras, as influenced chiefly by the late Sir Thomas Munro, even before he presided over its counsels, affords some instances of the opposite error. That very able and benevolent statesman appears to us to have fallen at least as far short of the happy medium, as Lord Cornwallis overstepped it. It is not difficult to trace the errors of both these eminent and excellent men to their several springs. They had been brought up in different schools. Lord Cornwallis had learnt in Europe to reverence abstract principles: he knew that there were many among the humbler classes in England, quite as intelligent, with respect to matters immediately affecting their own interests, as those who legislated for them; he was aware that they could defend themselves against the aggressions of their superiors with little or no direct assistance from the executive; he had seen that in Europe the laws derived their chief efficacy from the concurrent feelings and unbought assistance of the community; and he thought that the people of India wanted nothing beyond corresponding institutions to qualify them for their use and enjoyment. Sir Thomas Munro, on the contrary, had lived from his very boyhood among the natives of India; and the situations which he held during the most considerable period of his career, had

placed him in the closest connexion with them—in what he calls ‘their best forms, as industrious and intelligent husbandmen ‘and manufacturers.’ Regarding them chiefly in these particular relations of life, and contrasting even the shattered remnants of rural institutions, privileges, and habits, with the utter anarchy and misrule which prevailed in every other walk and department of native society;—observing, also, or hearing from every quarter, many proofs that the course pursued by Lord Cornwallis had failed to produce the benefits which his benevolence had contemplated—Sir Thomas adopted the opposite extreme of opinion. He was not contented to found his measures upon a basis congenial to the tastes and customs of Asiatics, and, whilst he consulted and humoured the feelings of the people, to take advantage of European models and experience in the erection of the superstructure. He thought that the whole building, ‘from turret to foundation-stone,’ should be purely Oriental; and he reprobated, as vanity and arrogance, the notion that in dispensing justice to Hindoos, or raising a land-tax from them, it was possible to improve upon the immemorial practices of the people themselves, if restored to their pristine fitness and propriety. ‘Objections,’ he says, ‘may be urged to every system. It is enough to recommend it to our adoption, to know that it is the common one of the country.’* The people must understand their own concerns best; and it is mere presumption to think of dictating to a race who have been civilized for the last two thousand years, and who tilled the earth and wore long cloth and muslins, whilst our own ancestors depended on the chase for food, and had no better covering than a coat of pigment.

Systems so discordant have naturally produced very opposite effects. Lord Cornwallis was too precipitate to allow his favourite scheme a fair chance of success; but, if we desire to form an equitable appreciation of its intrinsic merits, we must leave that circumstance and its evil consequences out of our calculation. For it is abundantly obvious, that the rights of the actual cultivators of the soil might have been defined and secured, and every intermediate tenure between the husbandman and the Zemindar, who was responsible to the state for the payment of the public revenue, placed beyond the hazard of infringement, previously to the formation of the Permanent Settlement, with-

* Minute by Sir Thomas Munro, dated 31st December, 1824.—See *Selection of Papers, from the Records at the East India House, relative to Revenue, Police, and Civil and Criminal Justice.* Printed by order of the Directors. 4 vols. folio.

out any change or derangement of the principle of the plan;* and it is equally clear, that precisely the same reforms might have been introduced in the departments of police and criminal justice, without those oversights and unnecessary dislocations of existing rights and usages, which produced such a full and early harvest of crime and misery. These were all extraneous circumstances, for which the plan itself was nowise responsible; seeing that it would have remained essentially the same if they had never been permitted to vitiate it. The system, therefore, can only be blamed for its hyper-European character;—its complexity and refinement, with reference to the intelligence of those with and for whom it was to work; and its miscalculation both of the wants of the people, and the means of supplying them, in the administration of civil justice.

The immediate consequences of these errors were deeply and extensively mischievous. There was a great revolution of property, and many old and opulent families were broken down by the direct operation of the very system which professed to establish or maintain a permanent landed aristocracy. ‘It is ‘said by some,’ observes Sir Henry Strachey, ‘that we created ‘the Zemindars: it is known to all that we have destroyed ‘most of them. They could not collect their rents as they used ‘to do; they fell in arrear, and we sold their lands: they and ‘their families were ruined.’† By the transfers thus occasioned,

* We have Mr Henry Colebrook’s testimony to the fact, that in those parts of the country where due enquiries had been instituted, and the results recorded, previously to the formation of the Permanent Settlement, the rights of cultivators and under-tenants in general have been amply protected against the encroachments of the Zemindars. This is particularly the case in the twenty-four Pergunnahs,—the district that surrounds Calcutta. See his Minute in the *Selections*, vol. i. p. 263.

† *Selections*, vol. ii. p. 59. Sir Henry proceeds,—‘No doubt, the sale of the old Zemindaries was in itself an event to be deplored. It is impossible to contemplate the ruin of so many ancient families without pain; but this event appears not to have been foreseen, or intended by the government of Bengal. I do not pretend that we are wholly exempt from blame. We ought to have perceived the consequence of suddenly rescuing our subjects from the hands of their oppressors. It was unjust towards the Zemindars, in fixing the amount of their land-tax for ever at about eighteen shillings in the pound, not to explain fully that we had resolved to attempt a very great innovation, to introduce on a sudden a scheme quite unknown, and never thought of in that region of the earth;—I mean the abolition of those ancient native customs—extortion and robbery.’

a new race of landholders was created, who could not be expected to entertain the same kindly feelings towards the peasantry as some, at least, of those who had held their estates as the representatives of a long line of proprietors ; at the same time, it is certain, that the pictures which represent the latter class as a body of rural patriarchs, attached to the cultivators by the strongest reciprocal bonds of attachment, whilst their successors are exhibited as very monsters of rackrent and extortion, are grossly overcharged. Still, no doubt, many strong associations, which combined some principles both of good and evil, were rudely dissevered by the alienations in question. The police was for some years sadly ineffective ; not a few whom the old system had supplied with bread, were thrown loose and hungry upon society ; and all these evils had ample time to gather strength and virulence, whilst the rulers who immediately succeeded Lord Cornwallis were too deeply engaged in distant wars or negotiations, affecting the very existence of our supremacy, to afford the requisite attention to the internal economy of the empire.

All these circumstances, however, did not destroy the principles of improvement involved in Lord Cornwallis's arrangements. The suddenness and extent of the forward movement was the cause of great suffering to those among the upper classes, who were unprepared, by education and habit, to advance with the advancing institutions of the government ; but still, much valuable ground was won for the great mass of the community. The demands of the state upon the soil were limited for ever to a certain specified sum ; and courts of justice were established, open alike to the rich and poor, and armed with power to afford effectual protection and redress to all who might be aggrieved by the fiscal officers of the government. The collector now, for the first time for many ages, ceased to sit as judge upon his own actions ; he was bound down by laws, printed and published in the native languages, to a definite line of conduct ; and, in the event of his overstepping these bounds, the government pledged itself to meet its subjects in the courts of law, upon terms of perfect equality. This was a state of things such as probably, up to that day, no Asiatic ever pictured to himself in the most sanguine of his day-dreams ;—such certainly as never had been realized in any land, from the shores of the Bosphorus to the extremity of China. Boons of this nature conferred upon a people, however depressed, necessarily stimulate their minds into a capacity for their full appreciation ; and create, in the course of time, that sense of uneasiness under want, (utterly unknown during the torpor produced by political bondage and

systematic extortion,) which leads men to detect defects in the existing policy of their rulers. The honour is due to Lord Cornwallis of having first administered this excitement to the lethargic slumbers in which our Indian fellow-subjects had been locked for centuries. The shock was abrupt, but its evil consequences have long since passed away, and its blessings only are felt by the present generation. The moral strength which we have acquired from the Permanent Settlement is incalculable. It has called a large body of wealthy capitalists into existence, who are bound by the strongest ties of self-interest to that government which stands between them and the unlimited cupidity of any new masters. The low rate of interest at which the government is enabled to borrow money, demonstrates the extent to which general confidence has been generated, by its faithful adherence to its engagements in one particular. The surplus profits of the Zemindars are still more largely embarked in commercial speculations; and many of the most respectable British merchants and agents in Calcutta are deeply dependent upon native capital, of which landed property is the universal spring. Wealth has created a taste for foreign luxuries, and afforded leisure for the study of occidental literature and science; and the knowledge thus acquired has co-operated with the feelings of security and independence which the policy of Lord Cornwallis first called into existence, to enlarge the minds of the higher classes, to render them intelligent judges of the measures of their rulers, and to advance them to a simultaneous readiness and capacity for a larger participation in the blessings of good government.

Now, the tendency of Sir Thomas Munro's system is to keep society stationary; for it is based upon the assumption, that the people being necessarily the best judges of their own tastes and feelings, as well as of the fitting relations between circumstances and institutions, we are bound to submit ourselves entirely to their views. It follows, as a corollary, that as there is no reason to suppose the existing generation of Hindoos more enlightened than their ancestors one or two thousand years ago, and as, in point of fact, no change has taken place, except that for the worse, effected by Mahomedan usurpation, we must look back into the annals of the people with whom we have to deal, and mould our government to exclusive assimilation with the models which such research may enable us to discover. We can offer no better illustration of this theory, than is afforded by the language in which this excellent man has delineated the ancient Hindoo form of adjudication by *Punchayet*, or Arbitration; referring, at the same time, to the results of the consequent attempt to re-

vive it. ‘There can be no doubt,’ he said, ‘that trial by ‘Punchayet is as much the common law of India in civil matters, as that by jury is of England. No native thinks that ‘justice is done where it is not adopted.’ This ‘common law ‘of India’ was accordingly made part and parcel of the judicial system at Madras, and peculiar facilities were afforded to those who might choose to avail themselves of it. But courts of justice, upon a European model, having been simultaneously multiplied, and resort to them rendered cheap and easy, the intelligence of the community fairly outmarched the anxious patron of ancestral wisdom; who, as we observe from one of his letters of that period, had staked the credit of his judicial plan upon the upshot of that experiment. The suits decided by this honoured species of Arbitration, during the three following years, fell vastly short of those determined by native judges alone. In other words, the people gladly abandoned a barbarous and insufficient makeshift, as soon as they found rulers wise and honest enough to dispense justice to them, without taking the opportunity to extort more than they were willing to pay even for justice itself.

As there was here an open alternative, our subjects were not absolutely obliged to adhere to the rude institutions which misgovernment had forced upon their forefathers. But it is obvious that in other possible cases, not only there may be no such option, but the narrow policy of the government may be so acceptable to the prejudices of the great mass of the people,—those least amenable to reason, and most subject to blind partialities,—as to increase incalculably the difficulties of future amelioration. Innovations, introduce them when and how you will, must be expected, in Lord Bacon’s language, ‘to trouble by their inconformity;’ and it is contrary to universal experience to suppose, that a nation in the infancy of civil knowledge should be exempted, in making its first steps, from the contingency of miscalculation and consequent suffering. Yet there are statesmen who forget that the weakness of moral vision, necessarily consequent to the long night of misery through which countless generations of our native subjects have groaned, renders them at present altogether incapable of forming any sound or enlarged opinions with regard to their political and social condition. They forget, too, that public opinion, however positive and self-willed, is, when unenlightened, as little trustworthy as the wildest individual caprice.* It is very possible, we know,

* ‘To the ancient customs of a country, attention is always due. Arguments clothed in the garb of respect for ancient usage come in a

to run into extremes by premature endeavours to force the 'children of a larger growth' whom we have to govern, into intellectual fulness of stature ; but those who study Anglo-Indian records will not fail to perceive, that there are statesmen who insist loudly upon distant dangers, and who have no eyes for the perils which lie immediately before them. They are so wrapped up in the contemplation of the hazards of innovation, that they overlook the certain evils involved in the perpetuation of chronic apathy. So, lest a portion of the existing generation should feel their habits and prejudices unsettled, not an effort is to be made to lift our policy out of those time-worn ruts, in which it may drag on for centuries to so little good purpose ; and the momentary shock which a stimulus might occasion, is held to be a sufficient reason for not interfering at all.

We have depicted, with some minuteness, the more marked characteristics of the two great sects of Anglo-Indian statesmen, because of the especial bearing of their opinions upon the administration of the vast Revenue derived from the soil. The fiscal measures adopted by Lord Cornwallis have been frequently canvassed ; but the merits of Sir Thomas Munro's arrangements, in the settlement of the land-tax, never have been discussed with impartiality. His scheme has been the fertile source both of eulogy and censure. It has been extolled by one party as the happiest model of the union which may be effected between political wisdom and benevolence ; it has been denounced, by their opponents, as the most grinding and depressing of all possible systems of taxation. Between such wide extremes there is abundance of room for the truth to lie concealed. We shall proceed to search for it ; and, in forming our estimate, shall endeavour, at least, to hold the balance even.

Most of our readers must be aware, that the Revenue of the Sovereigns of India has from time immemorial been drawn directly and almost exclusively from the land, in an anomalous

plausible form ; but we must not allow ourselves to be entirely carried away by their pleasing appearance : we should first consider what are their natural effects and actual results. 'To follow customs, usages, and practices, radically bad, because they were observed by the preceding government, is only to perpetuate evil, and obstruct improvement.'—Mr Fullerton's *Minute, Selections*, vol. iv. p. 51.

'We talk of respecting the usages of the people. This is a good rule, when the usages are good : but many of the native usages are in the highest degree barbarous and absurd, and we are not quite so barbarous and absurd, I hope, as to encourage them.'—Sir Henry Strachey's *Minute, Selections*, vol. ii. p. 65.

form, holding a middle character between tax and rent. The extreme severity of this impost, absorbing, at times, the whole produce, with the exception of a bare sufficiency for the subsistence of the wretched cultivator, and seed for the ensuing season, concurred with general anarchy and lawlessness, to destroy, in most parts of the country, all distinct indications of proprietary rights. For many years before we attained our supremacy, whether in Bengal, or on the coasts of Coromandel and Malabar, there had been no law but that of the strong hand,—no stability either of dominion or institutions; and men who sowed, often without any very confident assurance of being permitted to reap, and always under a conviction that they were labouring upon the *ros non vobis* principle, could not be expected to be very curious with regard to tenures. Still there certainly was, in many instances, a feeling of attachment to the soil, so strong as to survive the cruelty of domestic extortioners, and the ‘besom of destruction’ with which the land was almost always periodically swept by invading armies. But these feelings seem to have differed materially in every province of the mighty empire once ruled by the Mogul princes—not merely in character and intensity, but as they operated upon men holding distinct stations in the social chain, and connected with the soil by various and dissimilar relations. Hence, at a very early period of our rule, arose strong contraries of opinion, among the best informed of the servants of the Company, with regard to the comparative validity of the claims advanced by the several agricultural classes, as well as to the nature and extent of the lien of the state. To quote the language of Mr Tucker, a gentleman of great practical experience, ‘the Zemindars (literally landholders) were generally supposed to be the proprietors, partly from their Persian designation, and partly from their being found more generally in possession; but it was maintained on the other hand, that these persons were mere officers of government, and that, according both to theory and usage, the sovereign, as lord paramount, possessed a right to a certain portion of the produce of every acre of land: others contended that the Malicks, or village Zemindars, were the rightful proprietors; and others, again, that no right of property could be traced beyond the Ryot, (or husbandman,) the heads of villages, or the village community, who cultivated the land in common.’ The question, thus involved in doubts and difficulties, has been further darkened by the rash dogmatism which has founded general conclusions, with regard to landed rights and tenures throughout India, upon the narrow basis of a few facts collected in two or three petty provinces at its southern extremity; and by the assumption that theories (referring to a state of society originating in remote times, and among a bar-

barous people) must necessarily be extravagant, which clash with European notions of property, and of ‘the eternal fitness of things.’

The leading characteristic of Sir Thomas Munro’s plan for the settlement and collection of the Public Revenue, commonly called the *Ryotwar System*, is the destruction or abandonment of all intermediate agency between the stipendiary officers of the government and the actual cultivators of the soil. No middleman of any description is recognised. The Ryot, or husbandman, is to become the immediate tenant of the state—a privilege which, it is said, ‘he highly values;’ the character and capabilities of every field are to be ascertained by surveys of the most accurate and detailed description; upon the data so acquired the annual rent is to be calculated, after considerable deductions, ‘because it is the tendency of an assessment, proceeding ‘from single fields to a larger portion of territory,’ to be ‘excessive;’ and it is proposed to make this settlement perpetual,—leaving the waste land, which is also to be classed and valued at the survey, to be taken into cultivation, at the discretion of Ryots tilling the adjacent fields, as a stock for the future enhancement of the revenue. Further, the tax being fixed, not upon the Ryot, but on the land, and upon that, not on the aggregate, but on every separate plot, he is left at liberty to retain or abandon as much as he may think expedient.

Now, regarding it upon paper, and leaving out of sight, for the moment, one or two circumstances to which we shall presently refer, there is much in the details of this scheme which seems to demand unmixed commendation. There can be no question of Sir Thomas Munro’s general philanthropy, nor of his attachment to the natives of the province for whose benefit he first struck out his system; and it is but doing him bare justice to acknowledge, that he strove most earnestly to obtain the sanction of the existing government for the conclusion of the settlement upon terms very advantageous to the poor cultivators, whose cause he so zealously espoused. Still, we cannot but think that the general principle of his plan, when considered as a system urging claims of universal fitness,* is objectionable to a degree

* We do no wrong to the advocates of the Ryotwar System in assuming that such are their views. The author of the ‘Sketch’ says, ‘Happily there is a vast mass of petty owners in the ceded and conquered provinces of Bengal to whom relief may still be extended. They have a claim upon us for a fixed assessment of their lands, and upon them those benefits which Sir Thomas Munro was anxious, thirty years ago, to confer upon the ryots of Madras, may still be conferred.’ Pp. 23, 24.

more than sufficient to countervail those elements of good which it unquestionably contains ; and further, that the scheme itself, when dissected and examined in all its bearings,—with reference more particularly to its necessary machinery and collateral supports,—loses very much of that superiority which, on the first blush, it may seem to possess over other modes of revenue administration. That we may be as clear as possible, we shall endeavour to keep these two heads of objection separate.

To address ourselves, in the first instance, to the justice of the system, apart from all considerations of policy, we would enquire how it is to be carried into effect, where there are two or more concurrent liens upon the soil ? The author of the ‘ Sketch ’ gives us two applications of the principles of the plan, which can hardly, we think, be reconciled, when regarded in the point of view which the above question suggests. He tells us (p. 43,) that ‘ the system meddles not with rights, with tenures, or with ‘ occupancy. Its leading principle is, a recognition of proprietary right, with an accurate definition and enregisterment of ‘ the public demand upon each portion of the land.’ This seems plausible enough ; except that to those who are well aware that in many parts of India there are other rightful claims upon the produce of the land, besides those enjoyed by the cultivator, the appellation given to the system must appear rather a misnomer. Afterwards, we are informed, (p. 53,) that ‘ the question of amount ‘ in the assessment is distinct from that of the principle of the ‘ Ryotwar system, which, as has been already stated, is, that the ‘ public revenue should be collected from each individual Ryot, ‘ without the intervention of middlemen.’ We are not told how it is proposed to dispose of any unaccommodating landholder, who, without disputing the hereditary title and specific rights of the cultivating husbandman, may bring forward stubborn facts to prove, that his forefathers have held uninterrupted possession of a money or corn rent, for some two or three centuries. Nor, in the event of the settlement being formed with a party substantiating such a right, are we apprised in what degree the hereditary cultivator will be better protected and more independent under such a landlord, than if he held from a Zemindar of Lord Cornwallis’s recognition.

It is easy to prove that our position is not merely hypothetical. There are now lying before us, in manuscript, Extracts from a Report presented to the Supreme Government in November 1827, by Mr Hugh Christian, a revenue officer of great intelligence and experience ; especially in those ‘ ceded and conquered provinces,’ to which the author of the ‘ Sketch ’ is anxious to extend the Ryotwar system. ‘ I recollect,’ says he, ‘ making some enquiries respecting the rights of the Ryots in the

‘ district of Etawah, but I was unable to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion from the want of precise information. In some estates, the cultivators had been frequently driven off their lands by the Zemindars; in others, they had been uniformly well treated, enjoying undisturbed occupancy. It appeared to be the general opinion, that all classes of the village community were more or less dependent on the *Managing Owner*, whose immediate relations had some deference paid to them, in regard to the terms on which they cultivated, the rate of rent being comparatively low; that both the resident and non-resident Ryots were, in fact, tenants at will; neither the one nor the other having the power of transferring the right of property, without the sanction of the proprietor.—On an examination of the official records of the Canongoes* for years antecedent to the British Government, I have observed on several occasions, that the names of persons have been inserted as ‘Zemindars’ in the occupancy of villages, without further specification or reservation of the rights of others; but in the same accounts the word ‘Mokudum’ (head-man) has been made use of in succeeding years, without any alteration of names. Thus, there was an evident confusion in the designation, the terms being indiscriminately applied; although the title to hold the lands remained unimpaired, and was acknowledged by the village community; the members of which had been accustomed, *from time immemorial*, to offer presents in token of subjection, or as a mark of respect, on particular festivals. The recorded Zemindars appear to have possessed a right to the land different from, and superior to that of any other hereditary occupant, and the term implied something more than a mere agent of government.’ Here is a state of agricultural relations, obtaining very extensively throughout those provinces under the government of Bengal, where the assessment is not yet fixed in perpetuity, which must render the introduction of the Ryotwar System either an act of spoliation, or a nullity; according as the settlement may be formed in favour of one or the other party possessing liens upon the soil. A similar dilemma must present itself in those provinces of Madras where the ‘Meerassy’ right exists, whenever the persons possessing the privilege implied by that term have underlet a part of their villages in perpetuity.†

* The record-keepers of each Pergunnah, or subdivision of a District or Zillah.

† ‘Meerassy rights exist chiefly in the district of Chingleput, in the country of Tanjore, in the province of Arcot, and generally in all the southern districts; and here the inhabitants enjoy the privilege of trans-

This objection may be deemed local ; but we will now meet the question upon broader grounds. Mr Elphinstone is by no means singular in declaring, that ‘ it is generally the effect of our ‘ institutions to break down the upper classes of native society, ‘ and to level all ranks.’* His opinion is corroborated by the testimony of every man of intelligence who has been led to reflect on the drift of our policy ; and no one has expressed a more decided opinion than Sir Thomas Munro. ‘ Mr Græme,’ he observes, ‘ has taken a liberal and judicious view of the subject.’ He says, ‘ that by leaving a rent to the landlord, a class ‘ will then be formed of men, whose ideas not being exclusively ‘ confined to the tillage of the ground, or to original occupations, ‘ will become possessed of education to qualify them to be intelligent arbitrators in disputes, and able revenue and public officers ‘ of government. It is by means of such men alone that any general improvement in knowledge, in morals, and religion, can be ‘ brought about.†’ Again, at a later period of his long experience, he observes, that ‘ one of the greatest disadvantages of our ‘ government in India, is its tendency to lower or destroy the ‘ higher ranks of society, to bring them all too much to one level, ‘ and, by depriving them of their former weight and influence, ‘ to render them less useful instruments in the internal administration of the country.’ Strange that this should be the language of a statesman whose *beau idéal* of land taxation was a system, under which, in the district where it is supposed to be best administered, and to work most effectively, the new ‘ tenants ‘ in *capite*,’ paid each upon an average, in 1828-29, revenue to the amount of Madras rupees 19, or L.1, 13s. per annum.‡

Multiplying the revenue by three—to give every advantage to the advocates of the system—we find that the gross produce raised by each Ryot amounts on the average to 57 rupees, or L.4, 19s. After liquidating the demands of the State, there remains in his hands for the supply of every physical and moral want of himself and family,—to furnish seed corn, to maintain

ferring by gift, sale, or otherwise. In some villages, the Meerassidar has passed to Ulcudis, subordinate to him, a deed of permanent and hereditary property, after which the Meerassidar cannot remove him, or place any other person in his stead ; but such Ulcudi is still bound to acknowledge the superiority of the Meerassidar.’—*Madras Revenue Selections*, p. 835.

* Evidence. Report to the House of Lords, pp. 286 & 296.

† *Selections*, vol. iii. pp. 547 & 629.

‡ See the ‘ Sketch,’ App. No. 1, Coimbatore is the district ; and the results are held up as a triumphant vindication of the principles of the plan.

his working cattle, and to meet casualties among them, the sum of 38 rupees, or L.3, 6s;—a sum about equivalent to the wages, which, in those parts of India where they are lowest, an English resident pays to the humblest of his menial servants. With every reasonable allowance for the unassessed comforts and conveniences that they may possess, in the form of flocks and milch cattle,—for the simplicity of their habits and smallness of their wants,—it is obvious, that a people so situated must live from hand to mouth, in the most literal sense of the expression. Where will be that ‘opportunity of leisure,’ by which ‘the wisdom of a learned man cometh?’ How are such toil-worn tillers of the soil, with the hazard of starvation constantly impending, to acquire the information necessary to render them ‘useful instruments in the internal administration of the country?’ How are they to raise themselves into a capacity for even *appreciating* the advantages of ‘any general improvement in knowledge, in morals, and religion?’ *The acquisition* of such blessings must be quite out of the question. Even agriculture, though their sole employment, will be of the rudest description; and every operation calculated to extend or facilitate it, beyond the excavation of a small pit in the earth in search of water, must be carried on by the government.

But if the system be generally adopted, the Government must soon participate in the pauperism of its subjects. From the circumstances of the parties to the contract, the permanency of such a settlement of the land-tax must be all on one side. The Government is bound, in honour and justice, to adhere scrupulously to its engagements, however produce may rise in exchangeable value, or however favourable the seasons may prove for a long succession of years; whilst any considerable fall in prices, though but transitory, must utterly incapacitate the Ryots for fulfilling their contracts. We have the unexceptionable authority of Mr Hodgson for stating, that a considerable defalcation has already been experienced from this cause; indeed, we doubt ‘whether the money price for rent can stand at all.’* A deficient harvest, returning no grain that the Ryot can dispose of without famishing himself, will obviously produce the same effects in an aggravated degree; for men so needy and ignorant as such husbandmen must necessarily be, will assuredly be quite as improvident as their prototypes in Ireland. Any attempt, therefore, at restraint or coercion, whilst the immediate advantage will be trifling, will utterly destroy all

* See his Evidence before the House of Lords.—Lords’ Report.

hopes of future stability of revenue. Indeed, the author of the 'Sketch' admits, that 'to whatever extent improvement may be carried, we must never expect to realize the project of an unvarying revenue;' and apprises us, that the Ryot is entitled 'to claim a remission of the public tax, whenever, from bad seasons or other accidents, he may be disabled from paying it in full.*' The plain fact is, that whatever may be the title of the Ryot to claim such remission, or the extent of his inability, the Government *must* grant it, as often as the failure of the current harvest may incapacitate its pauper tenants *in capite* for the liquidation of the tax. Nor, under such a system, could there be an accumulation of capital in any hands, available to meet such temporary exigencies. Were the plan extended over all the provinces subject to Madras, allowing twenty years for the full developement of its elements of universal poverty, and all communication with the treasury of the Supreme Government cut off, two or three consecutive bad crops would reduce that presidency to a state of irremediable bankruptcy.

The supporters of the Ryotwar system have made it their uniform boast, that they have consulted the customs and opinions of the people with whom they had to deal, to the entire exclusion of all European theories and maxims. But where is the proof that the great body of the agricultural community, to whose guidance we are to commit ourselves, are qualified to arrive at sound conclusions with respect to their own permanent interests; or to form a correct estimate of the remote influence of measures, which may seem to promise them some immediate advantages, upon the general welfare of the society to which they belong? Besides the common disqualifica-

* Whilst making these admissions, he maintains, that the expectation of an 'unvarying revenue,' under any system, is 'in the highest degree unreasonable, because it is opposed to universal experience.' We would meet this assertion by stating, that the land-tax of Bengal has been 'unvarying,' from the date of Lord Cornwallis's settlement, 'during a period of thirty-five years, in which unfavourable seasons and deficient harvests have certainly been experienced.'—(Tucker.) And at page 913 of the *Revenue Selections*, he will find it officially recorded, 'that in the permanently settled districts subject to Madras, exclusive of Ganjam, the demand or settlement for the last twelve years, amounting to upwards of three hundred and thirty-two lacs of pagodas, had been realized to the extent of upwards of three hundred and twenty-seven lacs; leaving a balance of little more than five lacs, or somewhat less than two per cent, a large portion of which is recoverable.' This was a Zemindary settlement, on Lord Cornwallis's model.

tions of ignorance and prejudice, our calculations will be erroneous if we overlook an especial drawback upon the value of native customs or institutions as models for our imitation. We should remember that the habits and usages to which it is proposed to pay such deference, have been mostly forced upon our subjects by the unhappy circumstances in which they have been placed for centuries; and that they are the growth of periods when there was no sympathy between the people and their rulers; and when no sense of common interests bound the several classes together in any social union. In such a condition of things, the two great parties—the tax-payers and the tax-gatherers—were actuated by no motives beyond the narrowest and most benighted selfishness. Nor is it to be supposed that the people have yet recovered, in any considerable degree, from chronic disorders so inveterate. Surely, then, unless we all are humble enough to doubt, with Sir John Malcolm, whether the ‘eminence’ on which we appear to stand, be not the mere inflation of arrogance; it becomes us rather to lead than to follow a people whom we find in such a situation. Without being peculiarly self-opinionated, we may be allowed to question whether men who are practically *adscripti glebæ*,—whose information, without exception, is limited to the merest routine of their personal calling, and whose minds have been overlaid, from generation to generation, by the concurrent oppression of civil and religious tyranny,—are the fittest persons to be consulted, with regard to the concerns of a mighty empire; or to dictate a line of policy which will affect not only their remotest posterity, but every inhabitant of India. It rather behoves us to look beyond the present moment, and the bare question at issue. We are bound to make our calculations wider and deeper, and to avail ourselves of that sound and experimental philosophy which our Indian subjects have enjoyed no opportunities of acquiring. Farther, if, as honest men, we are persuaded that the permanence of our supremacy be for the general benefit of India, we must take no step that may expose it to hazard, however palatable the measure may prove, in the first instance, to a particular class of the people. For, if it be the direct tendency of the Ryotwar system to parcel out the whole superficies of the country among a vast number of petty proprietors, raising, on an average, gross produce to the amount of L.4, 19s. per annum, and, consequently, to expose the Government to a constant risk of insufficient revenue, it is impossible that such an arrangement can, in the long run, be really beneficial even to the class which is taken under the exclusive patronage of the scheme. To the community in general, it is fraught with certain and extensive mischief.

Our objections to the details of the system are many and serious. The preliminary surveys, with their involutions of checks and counter-checks, necessarily let loose upon the country whole swarms of native agents, of whom, unless watched with the most sleepless vigilance, harpies are very insufficient types. From Sir Thomas Munro's candid admission, that 'of about a hundred principal division and district servants, who had acted under him during the last seven years, there had not been more than five or six against whom peculation, to a greater or smaller extent, has not been proved,' we may form some estimate of the powers of plunder which a large body of such instruments are capable of exercising when under less energetic supervision. But, after the survey is made, and the settlement concluded—and no doubt the benefits resulting from such precise admeasurement and valuation, must in every point of view be very great—the interference of subordinate revenue officers is by no means at an end. Indeed, it is a necessary ingredient of the system; and no functionaries in any quarter of the world understand better than the natives of India how to avail themselves of what the Mahrattas call 'dipping their hands in every man's dish.' What with the collection of the revenue by monthly instalments from a vast number of small proprietors,—the investigation of claims for remission,—the resettlement of land thrown up, and the arrangements necessary to be made with such Ryots as may desire to extend cultivation over a portion of the waste,—the subordinates of the collector can never be without an excuse for constant meddling with the concerns of every village under their several jurisdictions.

The author of the 'Sketch,' though he has not failed to bring some parts of his picture into strong relief, has thrown one very striking feature of Sir Thomas Munro's plan so completely into the shade, as to pass it by altogether unnoticed. Yet it is manifest, from that officer's Report, dated the 15th of August, 1807, 'proposing a plan for permanently settling the ceded districts on the Ryotwar principle,' that he considered the clause to which we refer to form a vital element of the system. It runs thus: '7thly, no remission shall be made, on ordinary occasions, for bad crops or other accidents. Should failures occur, which cannot be made good from the property or land of the defaulters, the village in which they happen shall be liable for them to the extent of ten per cent additional on the rent of the remaining Ryots, but no farther.' This is an infliction from which no personal efforts can protect the prudent and industrious. For, an additional ten per cent, coming upon the back of a deficient harvest, as must ob-

viously be the most common case, will be quite sufficient to remand to penury the Ryot who is struggling to emerge from it; and to chill any aspirations after additional comforts on the part of those who are raised a few degrees above want. 'This, though not a Hindoo law,' says Sir Henry Strachey, 'is undoubtedly a Hindoo custom, and one of the worst of their many bad customs.' It is, in fact, a device for patching up a plan which could not otherwise work in practice (on account of the certain defalcations of revenue on every recurrence of an under average harvest), at the expense of the wealthier or more provident Ryots. The very existence of such a rule, is a tacit admission of the insecurity inherent in the system. It is scarcely a less evil, that the adjusting and realizing of such per centages will always afford a plea for the interference of the native officers of revenue with the members of the village communities, and furnish them with a field for embezzlement and extortion.

Still there is something behind. It was soon found that a mere collector had not power or influence sufficient to reduce the system to satisfactory practice; and it was therefore deemed necessary to strengthen his hands by undoing the work of Lord Cornwallis, and investing him with magisterial powers, and the sole management of the police. At or about the same time, seven or eight of the regular district courts of justice were abolished.* Thus the new collectors and magistrates became, in a great measure, independent of all judicial control. 'The revenue officers under the Madras government,' say the Court of Directors,† 'are vested with very extensive *unchecked* authority in the department of the magistracy, including a considerable part of the administration of the penal law. They alone are competent to receive criminal charges against natives in the first instance, and many of their proceedings are unrecorded, and exempt from control. Acts of great atrocity may be practised by the native officers, and the proceedings of magistrates and assistants may be arbitrary and injurious, without any probability of their authors being called to account.' Add to this, that Regulation IV. of 1821, passed by the Madras government, empowers the subordinate native collectors to impose fines, and to inflict corporal punishment to the extent of six stripes, for theft and petty misdemeanours. The fine, if unjustly imposed, may possibly be recovered; but six strokes with a

* Jan. 1821. † Judicial Letter to Madras, dated 11th April, 1826. *Selections*, vol. iv. p. 87.

rattan, well administered, are sufficient to brand ‘thief’ upon a man’s back for life, and the back in that climate is very little more covered than the face. The revenue officer who can inflict corporal punishment stands in much the same relation to the poor Ryot as the master of forty legions to the philosopher of old. It is very questionable policy in any land to intrust penal jurisdiction to the same hands which are simultaneously employed in the collection of taxes; but, in India, where a deficiency of moral courage, and a disposition to crouch to fiscal oppression, are two of the most marked characteristics of the people, such conjunction of authority is peculiarly to be deprecated. There is no calculating, indeed, to what degree of extortion a Ryot of the humble class would patiently submit, rather than hazard a breach with a subordinate collector; who, even if he be too cautious to proceed to extremities, is armed with powers to harass and degrade a recusant and his family, by a thousand ingenious abuses of authority. No official men are readier in devising such means of offence, than the natives of India; and, as false witnesses are procurable in any number, and at a price much below all European conceptions, the most absolute impunity may be reckoned upon in a vast majority of instances. Nor will a collector be too ready to listen, in his magisterial capacity, to complaints against an officer, whose services in the revenue line are, it may be, of the most valuable description. ‘Every manager of an estate in India,’ says Sir Henry Strachey, speaking of the limits to which, in his opinion, a collector under the Ryotwar system should be jealously confined, ‘has a natural inclination or tendency towards extortion. If any man, whose business it is to collect rent from the Ryots, shall persuade himself that, while so occupied, he is the fittest person in the world to defend those Ryots from the oppression which he and his dependents commit,—that his occupation supersedes the necessity of all control,—that person, in my opinion, most grossly errs.’* Under Sir Thomas Munro’s arrangements, the collector is not only magistrate, with extensive penal powers; the abolition of many regular courts of justice has rendered him almost absolute, by enhancing the difficulties of civil appeal or complaint. In such circumstances, it cannot be matter of surprise to those who are acquainted with the native character, that when the seasons are tolerably favourable, the revenue is realised with punctuality, and that the files

* *Selections*, vol. ii. p. 65.

of the courts that have been spared, are not overburdened with suits against the collectors.

We have exhibited the elements of the Ryotwar System in considerable detail, because great exertions have been made to win favour for it in public estimation, at the expense of Lord Cornwallis's institutions. The comparison has not always been attempted by writers duly qualified to institute it. Even the biographer of Sir Thomas Munro, to whom India is an absolute *terra incognita*, indulges in a fling at the noble governor-general. Again, the ascription of the customs, tenures, and social peculiarities of this or the other province, to the whole continent of India, has been an *ignis fatuus* to many who ought to have been proof against such delusions. Until this inveterate habit be broken, the English public must be constantly and grossly misled. The extract that we have given from Mr Christian's Report proves, that in the same district, the appellations assumed by the higher orders of the agricultural class, were frequently interchanged; and it is still more remarkable, that, whilst in Bengal the Zemindar is invariably the paramount proprietor, under whom the Jalookdor holds, in the upper, or north-western provinces, subject to the same presidency, the state of things, as regards the appropriation of these particular titles, is directly reversed. Between Hindostan Proper, the Carnatic and Guzerat—to choose distant points—discrepancies of this nature are, doubtless, still wider and more numerous. If we are to legislate for India, these vague impressions, with regard to the parties connected with the soil, must be exchanged for more definite information; and we must get rid, at the same time, of that extreme passion for uniformity, which some minds are apt to consider a vital principle of sound policy. India is no more an integral country than Europe. The Patan or Rajpoot of Hindostan differs as essentially in mind and body from the native of Bengal or the Deccan, as the Spaniard from the Greek, or the Gascon from the German; and agricultural relations, and economy in general, are equally various and discordant.*

* 'You consider, then, that the same circumstances, affecting the gradations of society, do not apply in the same degree to the different parts of India? I do not conceive that they do.

'Supposing it was thought expedient to form a new code, or system, of legal regulations for the natives, would it be necessary, in your opinion, to have a different code, or system, in the different parts of India, owing to the variety of laws and usages which prevail? Yes, I conceive it certainly would.

Sir Thomas Munro knew his ground too well, and had too much sense to fall into so vulgar an error, though not a few of his disciples, outgoing their master, have plunged into it. 'I wish,' he says, 'to see the usages of each country or province adopted as the basis of our revenue system; to protect landed property as we find it, whether in small portions, or large masses;' and this, doubtless, ought to be our invariable rule of procedure. Lord Cornwallis has been most unjustly taxed with creating Zemindars. The fact is, that whatever may be their origin, and the consequent validity of their pretensions, in an antiquarian point of view, he found them ready made to his hand; and importunate in urging claims, which could not have been disposed of in any second way, without great embarrassment. For many of the Hindoo Zemindars were the ancient princes of the land, and had held their property, by uninterrupted succession, through all the chances and changes of Mahomedan conquest and domination. The Zemindary of Burdwan still remains entire in the possession of the descendant of its ancient Rajahs; and its extent and value may be estimated from the fact, that the present Rajah pays an annual revenue to government of L.400,000. In other parts of India, where no persons of this class exist, and where there is only a single substantial lien upon the soil, it would, of course, be equally absurd and unjust to attempt to force landed property out of its natural arrangement, and to interpose a body of factitious Zemindars, manufactured for the occasion, between the real owners and the government. Under such circumstances, the intrinsic evils of the Ryotwar System must be submitted to, as less than those which any abrupt and unskilful interference with ancient relations could not fail to occasion.

If we make financial results the criterion by which to estimate the relative merits of the two Systems, experience is

'Do you think it would be found quite impracticable to apply one common code to the whole of the Indian territories? I think it would. There might be a general correspondence, such as may be found in countries in Europe, the laws of which are founded on the Roman law; but there must also be very great points of difference.

'Subject to those differences, do you think that such a regulation might be attended with advantages? Perhaps at some remote period it might; but in the present state of our knowledge of India, I think it is desirable to abstain from all attempts to introduce uniformity.'—*The Honourable Mr Elphinstone's Evidence.—Lords' Report*, p. 310—11.

strongly in favour of that upon which the Supreme Government has acted. We give the following statements on the authority of the late 'Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords.'

	BENGAL.		MADRAS.
	Total revenue of ceded and conquered provinces.		Total revenue of Tanjore, of provinces ceded and conquered in Mysore, and ceded by the Nizam.
1809-10	£3,349,289	.	£2,698,818
1817-18	3,916,877	.	2,163,164
1822-23	4,217,555	.	2,249,232
1826-27	4,292,082	.	2,181,143

The ceded and conquered provinces acquired from Mysore, which were so long under the management of Sir Thomas Munro, have yielded as under :

1809-10	£1,571,393
1817-18	1,101,166
1822-23	1,120,988
1826-27	1,137,541

During the same period, the total revenues of the two presidencies have severally varied as follows :

	BENGAL.	MADRAS.
1809-10	£10,263,656	£5,515,187
1817-18	11,621,513	5,381,307
1827-28	14,695,468	5,488,208
Deduct the proceeds of new territories on the Nerbuddah river,	646,468	
	£14,049,000	

Per centage at which the land revenue has been collected, on an average, of the several provinces :

	BENGAL.	MADRAS.
1809-10	£5,966	£ 6,379
1827-28	8,194	14,909

Economy of collection, therefore, is not one of the recommendations of the Ryotwar System. We think it clear, indeed, that in its best form, an assessment upon this basis is an evil only to be tolerated when circumstances are such as to allow of no just or feasible alternative.

We shall be acquitted of having dwelt at unnecessary length

upon subjects connected with the land tax, when it is known that, of the magnificent revenue supplied by our Eastern Empire, amounting, in 1827-28, to L.22,864,308, no less than L.16,383,963 were derived immediately from the source in question. There is, in fact, no other direct taxation of any importance; for the salt and opium monopolies furnish nearly two-thirds of the difference. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance, both to the Rulers of India and the People whom they govern, that the subject should be discussed in all its bearings; and that the different modes in which so heavy an impost has been apportioned and levied, should be thoroughly explained and investigated. For discussions upon questions of this nature cannot be conducted with any degree of intelligence or fairness of spirit, without eliciting at least as much light as may serve to guide us in our future course, if not to teach us how to rectify past errors. If the wants of the state forbid our reducing the aggregate of taxation, still a more correct equalisation of the burden may be attainable; or it may be found possible to render it generally less galling. However light or heavy the weight may be, there are a hundred different methods of placing it upon the back that is to bear it; and it is the part of wisdom to spare no pains to ascertain the best. But moderation is the most certain mean of realizing all the ends in view; and if it be habitually lost sight of, it is not only immaterial what mode of collection is employed, and what name is affixed to our system of extortion;—all philanthropical plans for educating the people, improving their morals, and raising them in the scale of civilisation, will be absolutely futile. To set up schools for the instruction of children whose fathers you are plundering, and who are growing up but to be plundered in their generation, is to ‘fill their bellies with the east wind.’ Nor, under such circumstances, will they place any confidence in your protestations of good will. Napoleon has recorded his experimental conviction, that ‘you cannot at one and the same moment rob people, and ‘persuade them that you are their friends.’ Assuredly, while your practice is of the nature indicated, it will prove amply sufficient to countervail the benevolent exertions of a hundred Martyns and Careys. Humanly speaking, the heroic self-devotion of those great and good men, who, like the missionary Swartz, may almost be called the Apostles of the East, will be utterly lost upon our heathen fellow-subjects, if the Christian government under which they live shall, in that branch of administration which comes most closely home ‘to every man’s business and ‘bosoms,’ seem to tread precisely in the hateful footsteps of the former race of foreign masters, who, eight hundred years ago,

first offered to the Hindoos the blessed alternative of conversion, tribute, or death.

We point out this fatal rock with some anxiety, because all experience of mankind and government assures us, that it is a danger which lies immediately in the course of those rulers who have not an entire community of interests with their subjects. Even if the strictness of responsibility, and the force of public opinion, concur in obviating ministerial plunder and oppression—as is doubtless the case in British India—there is always a tendency in expenditure towards extension; and the most conscientious men who are placed in power under the supposed circumstances, easily delude themselves into a persuasion, that they can lay out the money of the people better than the people can do it for themselves. In India, where the submission of the people is absolute, as long as extortion keeps the high road of prescription, and where, from long misgovernment, public spirit is almost extinct, the temptation to deviate from sound principle in this respect is peculiarly great. Let us not be misunderstood, however. The *tendency* of a government which is placed above all responsibility to the people, is unquestionably towards excessive taxation; and therefore a jealous guard should be maintained over the fiscal policy of our Indian administration. All unreasonable cravings after surplus revenue should be suppressed at home; and collectors should not be caressed abroad for screwing up the assessment at every resettlement; until it be at least proved by the test of time, that they have not racked the country into complete prostration of agricultural energy. But, at the same time, we should be guilty of great injustice towards those who have presided over the counsels of our Indian Empire of late years, if we did not avow our strong conviction that the general tenor of their conduct in this respect has been eminently laudable. The valuable *Selections*, to which we have so often referred, abound with proofs that, in the great majority of instances, the bias above noticed has been successfully counteracted; and no intelligent reader of those very instructive Records will fail to observe, that the anxiety manifested on this subject by no means evaporates in the mere enunciation of noble sentiments, nor is confined to the breasts of those who fill the more elevated situations; but, on the contrary, exhibits itself in the most unsuspecting forms, and colours and characterises the whole warp and woof of Official Correspondence. We observe, from his Evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, that even Mr Rickards has yielded his intelligent assent to the powerful testimony which the volumes in question bear to the enlarged and liberal views upon which the delegated

sovereigns of India have administered the revenue.* Another fact, also, of great importance—the enhancement which has taken place in the value of landed property, under the Permanent Settlement formed by Lord Cornwallis—is established by the data which those Records supply. The basis of that arrangement was the assignment to the Zemindars of an immediate income, calculated at ten per cent upon the government's share of the produce of the soil, and of an absolute right of property in all lands then waste, within the limits of their respective estates, free from all farther demands on the part of the state. Now, we find that, upon an average of years from 1814 to 1820 inclusive, there were annually sold in the provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, for realizing arrears of public revenue, lands assessed at 66,916 rupees. The average proceeds of sale were 358,813 rupees; more than five times the whole annual land-tax; and more than fifty-four years' purchase of the original interest of the Zemindars, whose lien alone is disposed of by the process in question. But we learn from the Evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords, that in some districts the value of landed property has more recently reached a far higher ratio. Mr Mangles is asked—'Can you state the number of years' purchase at which lands have lately been sold in the lower provinces?' He replies—'It varies very considerably in different parts of the country; but in the district I had charge of, I sold six estates during the year and nine months that I held it, and the average proceeds of sale were six and thirty times the whole government revenue of those estates.' The rights originally attached to the Zemindarship had become, therefore, in those instances, worth three hundred and sixty years' purchase.

The gross proceeds of the salt monopoly have exceeded L.2,300,000, upon an average of late years. The expenses of manufacture and management have averaged something more than L.700,000; leaving a net revenue of L.1,600,000. Now, though

* 'I avail myself with pleasure of the opportunity which the question affords me of adding my unreserved belief, from a careful examination of the Records of the India Company, which have been printed and circulated in four large folio volumes—for the use, I believe, of their servants abroad—from the ability displayed in those Records, and the anxious disposition uniformly expressed to promote the welfare of their territorial possessions, that the East India Company will be found to be far the best organ or instrument that his Majesty's government can employ for the future political administration of that country.'

there can be no doubt that, abstractedly considered, all monopolies are vicious in principle, and burdensome in practice; yet as every speculation upon taxation, however disguised or sweetened, resolves itself into a question of more or less evil, it is very possible to conceive circumstances under which a State monopoly may be the least objectionable plan for realizing a particular tax. It is possible, we say; though the presumption is certainly against the immediate interference of the government with the production of a prime necessary of life, and the adjustment of the supply to the demands of the people. But if we desire to arrive at a just conclusion upon the point at issue, we must strike out of the problem—as equal quantities of mistatement and absurdity—all that has been urged by one party regarding the compulsory labour of the manufacturers, their sufferings from drought, pestilence, and famine, and the attacks of alligators and tigers; as well as the arguments by which the monopoly has been defended, on the score of the invincible prejudice of the Hindoos against the use of foreign salt. For, as Dr Adam Smith has truly remarked with respect to the hazards of speculation, such is the confidence of every individual in his personal good fortune, that in no country in the world does the unwholesome or dangerous nature of an employment deter men from engaging in it. The assumption, therefore, in the face of positive evidence to the contrary, that salt-makers in Bengal must needs labour upon compulsion, because the business has its risks, is utterly worthless. The world never has wanted, and never will want, its chamois-hunters, and its samphire-gatherers. The manufacturers; again, being almost without exception natives of the districts in which they work, are not only inured to a climate which is certainly noxious to strangers, but would assuredly dwell on or near the same spots if morbid humanity were to cut off their chief or sole source of maintenance by interfering with their free agency. They are, in fact, as much free agents as is compatible with the necessity which constrains them, like the poor in other lands, to work or starve. The perils arising from wild beasts have been ludicrously exaggerated; and are only incurred, in any degree, by a very small proportion of the whole class in question. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the Hindoos, like other reasonable beings, will eat the salt that is best and cheapest, through whatever hands it may have passed. They now use that which is manufactured by some of the most unclean and contemned of their own race; by Mahomedans, and the worshippers of Buddha in Arracan; indeed, we are informed that the salt produced in that province, which was ceded to us at the close of the Burmese war,

commands already the highest price at the public sales. So completely has prejudice yielded to the dictates of self-interest, as soon as the superior quality of the imported article was recognised. We see no reason to question, that salt from Great Britain, or any other part of the world, would be used with equal relish by ninety-nine hundredths of the natives of India, if it came recommended as better or cheaper than the more orthodox condiment, with which, at the present day, they generally season their food.

The whole question, as we said before, is one of more or less burden and vexation. Will a rigid system of excise be, upon the whole, less onerous than the present plan of monopoly? Under existing circumstances, a salt-tax, in one shape or another, cannot be dispensed with; but it is an object of peculiar importance to render an impost, which falls, from its very nature, with disproportionate severity upon the humble orders, as little painful as possible. We have no means at hand of ascertaining what part of the L.700,000 is the actual cost of the salt; to what extent the absence of competition has raised that item above its natural level; nor how much is expended upon the machinery of the monopoly. The establishments necessary for realizing an adequate revenue under a system of free manufacture and importation would, probably, be less costly; although the expense has been very greatly underrated at five per cent upon the net collections. For though, as ports are few, the duties upon sea-borne salt might, doubtless, be collected with care and economy; yet the aggregate of the tracts fitted by nature for the home manufacture are enormous; and these, in many instances, are widely scattered over a still greater extent of country. It would require a standing army of excisemen to watch all the pans, tide-creeks, and marshes, so as to guard against illicit manufacture even on a large scale. The expense would be proportionally heavy; but that would be only a small part of the evil. An exciseman is a disagreeable visitor in all lands, and millions in every quarter of the globe have agreed with our great lexicographer in denouncing his vocation as 'hateful.' But with reference to the moral characteristics of our Indian fellow-subjects, a scheme of taxation involving the necessity of such agency is peculiarly objectionable; not only because domiciliary visits and search-warrants would be extremely grating to their habits and feelings; but because no possible excellence of system, or practical vigilance on the part of the superior administrators of the department, could suffice to prevent either the gross abuse of power, or the malversations of their subordinate instruments. This is the grand difficulty which

has hampered us in every branch of our Indian government, more especially in the management of the Police. 'In employing the natives of India,' says Mr Mill, 'the government can never reckon upon good conduct, except when it has made provision for the immediate detection and punishment of the offender.' The apathy, or patient endurance with which the great mass of the people submit to extortion and wrong at the hands of official underlings, is no less remarkable. There is no reason why the myrmidons of Excise should be more conscientious or forbearing than officers of police; but in one point of view the new scourge would be far more intolerable than the old. For a police establishment, albeit corrupt and rapacious, is a necessary evil, between which and a state of lawless anarchy and violence,—the nightly atrocities of the gang-robber, and the noonday activity of the highway murderer,—no man in his sober senses would dream of instituting a comparison. But it is quite another matter when the question proposed to our native subjects is simply this: 'The necessities of government render a net revenue of L.1,600,000 indispensable, and the present system draws from you, in the process of realizing it, some L.100,000 or L.200,000 more than might possibly be necessary under another mode of administration; will you continue to disburse this overplus, or take your chance of a plan, which must let loose upon you, at its very developement, a whole host of inquisitive and hungry tax-gatherers? The monopoly gives you no trouble or vexation, but the salt that it furnishes is dear, and before it comes to the hands of the humble consumer, it is, doubtless, somewhat adulterated. If the proposed alteration be carried into effect, you will, perhaps, get your salt one-third or one-half of a farthing per pound cheaper, and possibly a little purer; but the whole face of the land will be covered with the small fry of Excise, and you have already some experimental acquaintance with the official habits of your countrymen. Is the contingent saving large and probable enough to reconcile you to the evils of the alternative?' If the answer should be in the negative, ought a mere attachment to abstract principles to induce us to pick a quarrel with our subjects respecting the particular form in which they are disposed to supply our pecuniary wants?

The Accounts appended to the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords, contain no distinct specification of the taxes levied upon the pilgrims who visit the temples at Juggernaut and Gyah, and resort to bathe in the Ganges at Allahabad. It is certain, however, that such a poll-tax is collected; and though, perhaps, the greater portion of it is expended in maintaining the guards and police which are necessary to pre-

vent a multitude of heated fanatics from quarrelling among themselves, as well as to protect them from the plunderers who naturally hang upon the skirts of such periodical assemblages; it is still, we think, to be sincerely lamented, that the Christian rulers of an idolatrous people should descend to any participation in the gains of imposture, or derive profit from the unhappy delusions of their subjects. We are bound to abstain from all direct and authoritative interference with the religion of the Hindoos; but if that worship leads them to immolate themselves under the chariot wheels of their idols—in the name of all that is pure, and lovely, and of good report, let us keep our hands unpoluted by such enormities. Those who have resided in India of late years, must have read the signs of the times to little purpose, if they have not perceived that Hindooism is sinking rapidly. Individual exertions may, doubtless, accelerate its fall; but a steady course of non-interference is as much the duty, as it is the unquestionable policy, of the government. Still, we are under no obligation to give the slightest sanction to the obscene or bloody rites of our benighted subjects; and they will not only love our rule better, but will respect us more highly, as the consistent professors of a different faith, if we uniformly abstain from all officious intermeddling. No good can come of volunteering to accompany our heathen subjects into the ‘house of Rimmon.’

We have no space to spare for even a cursory examination of the general results of the Accounts. They occupy many hundred pages; but those who will take the trouble to look them over, will find that they are very easily comprehensible, especially if advantage be taken of the light which the evidence of Messrs Lloyd and Melvill is calculated to throw upon them. The statements manifest, that our Merchant-Princes, like other sovereigns, have lived beyond their income; and that they owe about L.15,000,000 more than at the last renewal of their charter seventeen years ago. But they have raised money on far more advantageous terms than formerly, and have adopted other beneficial measures of finance; so that the actual burden has not increased *pari passu* with the principal of their debt. In 1809, the Company paid, on the average, interest at the rate of eight per cent. In 1814, it was reduced to six, and it is now five per cent. The Burmese war is answerable for a large proportion of the recent debt; but establishments, civil and military, have also grown with even greater rapidity than our Empire; and the enhancement which has taken place in the percentage at which almost every branch of the revenue is collected,—and that, too, in some of our oldest provinces,—shows that the vigi-

lance which ought to guard against the tendency to increased expenditure, so natural to a government irresponsible to its subjects, has nodded a little at its post. In 1828, the latest period to which the Accounts are brought down, there appears a very considerable excess of expenditure. Such a deficit, during peace, in a country that certainly at present possesses no means to supply the increased demands which war would generate, calls loudly for economy. Still, however clear the propriety of retrenchment, we would earnestly deprecate that paltry policy which contemplates the moral interests of a mighty empire, held by the sole tenure of opinion, and governed by very peculiar instrumentality, entirely through the gross medium of pounds sterling. Reductions do not always result in saving, even in an accountant's sense of the term; but when we take into our calculation the effect of such measures upon numerous agents of government, whose zealous exertions—the service of the heart and will—are absolutely indispensable for the efficient administration of our noble dependency, the problem assumes quite another character. Let it be resolved, in every instance, upon broad and statesmanlike grounds, with constant reference to the strong collateral considerations which we have hinted at. But, above all, let us be careful to prove, that, having inherited such a possession, we are not so much inferior in wisdom to those who acquired it, as to find the management of an annual revenue of twenty-three millions a losing bargain.

ART. VI.—*Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence, of JAMES CURRIE, M.D. F.R.S.* Edited by his Son, William Wallace Currie. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1831.

THE west of England has considerably the advantage over the eastern side of the island. One way or another nature did much more for it. It is true, that the eastern side was civilized much earlier; yet human ingenuity and industry have of late years been much more successfully employed in turning the gifts of nature to the best possible account. Ireland and America are customers, for whom, though they were long in coming, it was worth while to wait. After all, Lancashire is the most remarkable and characteristic feature in the comparison. From being among the most backward parts of England, this county has *worked* its way into the front rank. The contrast between its condition up to the middle of the last century, and the astonishing spectacle which it exhibits at present, belongs to the

transformation which a hundred years create in a newly settled country like America, far more than to the gradual improvements and changes of an old English county.

It would be curious to analyse the concurrent causes, and marshal the successive steps, by which Lancashire has advanced;—not only succeeding in appropriating to itself a leading interest in the creative inventions of Watt and Arkwright, but connecting its name in honourable alliance with literature and science. The very circumstances from which a contrary presumption would originally have been drawn, have (singularly enough) principally contributed to its extraordinary progress. Lancashire owes the canals, by which the commercial thoroughfare of that end of England has been turned from the Humber to the Mersey, to the enterprize of a *Peer*. It owes the docks, which have about them almost a Roman presentiment of future greatness, to the spirit of a *Corporation*. It owes the taste and accomplishments, by which the character of its wealth has been raised above the drudgery and fanaticism of money-getting, almost entirely to the zeal of a few *Dissenters*. The name of Governor Clinton is not so pre-eminently united with the canal policy of America, as is the name of the Duke of Bridgewater with the canals of England. He staked his last shilling on the chance of thus cutting out an inland north-west passage to the Atlantic. The corporation of Liverpool, by an enlightened application of their vast resources, have accelerated, consolidated, and secured the realization of every expectation and contingency which fortune threw in their way. They have hastened, not to say, anticipated, events. There can be as little doubt of the effect which the light radiating from the assemblage of Priestley, Wakefield, Aikin, &c. at Warrington; from the presence of Percival, Henry, Ferriar, and Dalton, at Manchester; and from that of Roscoe and Currie at Liverpool, spread over their circle. The literary attainments and cultivation of the manufacturers and merchants of Lancashire, as a body, seem otherwise likely long to have lagged behind their general powers of understanding, and their real station in society. In England, a traditional feeling still subsists that the clergy is the appointed reservoir in which the learning of the kingdom is collected, and the channels by which it is most naturally conveyed to the other classes. The defence of pluralities, of disproportionate benefices, and of a hierarchical establishment, usually proceeds upon the hypothesis that they furnish for scholarship its appropriate rewards. Both these questions are questions of fact. The first, thank God, is far from being only a tradition. The body of the clergy, during the last fifty years, is every way infinitely improved. But lit-

the thanks for this to their constituted patrons; who have contrived to earn as insignificant a share as possible in the change which the force of public opinion and a conscientious emulation has happily brought about. Casting our eyes over the cathedrals of England, what do we see? Subject to a few exceptions, (some real and some colourable only,) merit has had to look for its reward to that portion of church preferment which was not worth offering to a protégé or to a relation. Whilst a knot of intelligent and public-minded schismatics in great measure changed the literary tone and feeling of their neighbourhood,—how have the cathedral dignitaries passed their time? Have they discharged the office of even tolerably well-conducted monasteries? Durham, we rejoice to see, is at last awaking; and York has begun to rub its eyes. Otherwise, what can their residentiaries, or those of Lincoln, Peterborough, or Norwich, show that they have hitherto ever done, or raised even a finger in the attempt, towards a resolute warfare against the ignorance, high and low, by which their stalls are surrounded, and indeed too frequently have been filled?

We set a high value on exertions of this description. A great deal beyond mere cleverness is implied in the undertaking; and a great deal more will be accomplished by it than can be ever returned in figures, and brought ostensibly into account. Concerning the rank which such missionaries of general civilisation are entitled to take among public benefactors, there can be no dispute. A man who raises the scale of arts and comforts in those about him, does much; a man who raises the scale in sentiments and opinion, does infinitely more. In this point of view we feel very indulgent to Robert Bloomfields and John Joneses;—to the great men of little places—the ornaments and oracles of ten miles round. Their merit and services are so much added to by their situation, that when calculating their height we always take in, of course, the pedestal on which they stand. Sufficient allowance can be scarcely ever made for the concealed labour, by which alone natural obstacles are overcome. The look of, and the slightest acquaintance with, most of our country towns, will enable us to form something of a guess of the effort which will be required. In fact, they are for the most part not town nor country; but possess the disadvantages of both, without the advantages of either. It is not to be wondered at, that they are deserted by the enterprising and the fastidious. In this manner, however, the need that somebody a little better than common should make up his mind to stay behind and exert himself for their improvement, becomes more urgent; and there is more solid merit in so doing.

It is one of the evils of large states, that their centre of movement and of interest is thrown to too great a distance. The heart risks becoming swoln, and the extremities risk becoming torpid. In this point of view it is desirable to equalize the circulation, and put as much local spirit and independent character as possible into the several divisions of a kingdom. The concentric circles through which the most cosmopolite humanity, (if it is to be more than a fine mist) must pass, cannot begin too near home. The rivalry among the different counties of the British empire, as among so many federal states, might take the shape of a more praiseworthy competition than that of squabbling about additional members under the Reform Bill. Under the influence of familiar associations, so natural and so intelligible, patriotism would grow up the stronger, and bring along with it more than one attendant virtue in its train. Now, no sympathies are so elevating as those with genius and with virtue. A citizen, of striking qualities, honoured with the public confidence, communicates something of his enthusiasm and liberality of pursuit to all around him. He helps to lift their standard of human nature higher than it otherwise would have ranged. His position gives him the interest and authority of a relation. His character, example, and reputation become a part of the property of the place, and are henceforward one of its best possessions. The pride which the people take in their townsman; the way in which they identify themselves with his actions and his fame; the pleasure with which his dwelling-house is pointed out to the enquiring stranger,—are an evidence of the extent, and a security for the value of the impression. Although our county towns may never be made so many Genevas to the surrounding district, yet a considerable improvement on the insipidity of their present newsroom existence is surely within the limits of sober calculation. The chief practical difficulty is in finding volunteers for the forlorn-hope—spirits with the courage to ‘bell the cat’ in the first instance. For, all that is required is the residence of a few superior men who shall have sense enough to resist the London mania, and vivacity of purpose enough to keep awake and active at their posts. In considering the lives of Mr Roscoe and Dr Currie, we feel the greater satisfaction in holding them up as examples, because their career, whilst eminently useful, has in it neither mystery nor miracle. The best parts of it are such as many of those who are content to pay it the cowardly compliment of a barren homage, might, if they added a little more energy and honesty to their praise, themselves enter upon, with the assu-

rance of similar, however unequal, credit and success. It is one of the advantages of practical virtue, that, though in its course there may be first and last, yet nobody who ran it fairly ever failed.

It is the nature of prosperous communities, and the fashion of modern times, to centralize too much their numbers and their powers. But the question of distribution and proportion is almost as important in politics as that of production itself. Money and manure are not the only things which are the better for being spread. London and the country would both be gainers by transplanting bodily, a hundred miles off, some dozens of its streets—inhabitants and all. There are whole counties which we should like to colonize with the surplus talent of the metropolis. That surplus talent comprises scores of men, waiting on Providence, feeding on foolish speculations, hanging on the skirts of some frivolous circle, doing nothing there, or worse than nothing, spoiling and wasting daily, who, planted out into a sphere of more favourable opportunities, are capable of being a blessing to a neighbourhood. However, it is not a case for violent measures. We do not propose that London should be compressed into *London proper*,—within the bills of mortality; or that its clubs should be called out on country service. Patriots, philosophers, and diners out, rusticated by royal proclamation, and under the *surveillance* of the police, would not come with a temper very suitable to our purpose. An experiment of that sort was made under more likely circumstances, and failed;—as all experiments must, which seek to remove the symptoms, instead of trying to act upon the cause. It was in vain that James I. pulled down the new houses as fast as they were built; and that Charles I. ordered home the country gentlemen.

Although there seems something artificial, and almost monstrous, in the actual size of London, the means which have led to this result are altogether natural. Indeed, whatever forcing has been at any time used, or prejudice fostered, has told the other way. Nothing has existed which can be called a court or courtiers for the last two hundred years; and a sort of feudal feeling still keeps our squires faithful to their halls. Two exceptions only can be set down to our institutions. The distinction of local courts obliges the English Bar to reside near Westminster; and the duration of a modern session substitutes a house for the family of a Member of Parliament, in the place of lodgings for himself. Under these circumstances, as 'the wen' has not been produced, so is it not likely to be dispersed by any direct legislative application. To say the truth,

the grievance, in our opinion, is not in the *absolute*, but in the *relative* amount of the wealth, intelligence, and virtue, squeezed together on those marvellous square miles upon which the capital stands. We do not grudge it the pretty country which is hid under its basement stories, any more than the social activity and happiness which live along its crowded streets. We serve ejectments upon nobody. The only question is, whether some would not do well to move of themselves. Among the hopes and objects by whose influence 1,200,000 human beings are collected on the same spot, a certain proportion will be found, which have not been at all,—and more still, which have not been very judiciously or magnanimously, considered. There are many in the higher classes of its inhabitants especially, who, we suspect, on examining into their principles and habits, will have some difficulty in satisfying themselves that they have not chosen ill for their real happiness; and, for all real usefulness, a great deal worse. But the mistaken notion which most strips the country of its natural guardians, and which an example like Dr Currie's ought effectually to remove, is the fallacy, on the part of young and sanguine dispositions, of believing that the motives and sphere of individual action rise in proportion to the apparent magnitude of the scene. These are the absentees most to be regretted. In the single line of professional practice, and in its most successful instances, that may be the case. But in taking ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and in every other of the varied departments of social duty, the sphere of useful action, however nominally extended, will be found to be strictly and substantially reduced. Settled in London, Dr Currie might have made more money as a doctor. It is just possible that he might have left a little higher name behind him as an author; whilst, for the great purposes of life,—for all that makes it 'good for us' to be, or to have been here,—for the degree to which his sentiments, opinions, and conduct, have taken hold of the hearts of a portion of his contemporaries, and left them better and wiser than he found them—there can be no comparison.

There can be as little fear that London will ever want any of the elements of an enlightened and well-constituted community, as that it will not be large enough. It is very different with the provinces. The capital offers so many real, and still more, so many plausible attractions to all that is active and refined, as well as to all that is idle and selfish in human nature, that a long list of supernumeraries and expectants is sure, in every case, always to be at hand. It is the lottery into which the credulous are eager to put in;—it is the theatre on whose stage ambition

and vanity are impatient to appear;—it is the land of Cockayne, in whose crowded mazes the selfish escape from every duty, and reduce their intercourse with their fellow-creatures to the sympathies of visiting and of shopping. It is the seat also of liberal society, and independent existence, among the friends and occupations of one's choice. Lord Falkland, the love of his age, admitted, that quitting London was the only thing which he was not sufficiently master of himself ever to manage without a struggle. In this state of things, it is plain that nobody can be of such consequence there but that he is easily spared. The death of a town wit is handsomely celebrated, if it furnishes five minutes' conversation for the table where he dined the day before. He is replaced with the same regularity and indifference as fresh snuff is put into a snuff-box, or fresh flowers are set out upon the epergne. Nobody misses him. The machine goes on without perceiving that the blue-bottle or the guat has fallen from its wheel.

The vastness and multiplicity and complexity of the organization by which the movements of the capital proceed, as it were mechanically, do not act merely by diminishing the general importance of individuals to the system. Except in the case of very happy, and universal, and flowing natures, or under the influence of accidental counteractions, a personal risk, between extreme vagueness and extreme narrowness of character, is incurred by the individual himself. In respect of employment, the division of intellectual labour is so complete, that most persons in such a situation are tempted to do their own piece of work, and no more;—to rest satisfied with manufacturing the pin's head which happens to have fallen to their share. For example, the contributions to literature by the last generation of London physicians will make a sorry figure alongside the writings of Currie, Aikin, Percival, and Darwin. Does a London life tend to quicken the moral pulse and expand the heart? The forms of society are thrown into too large a scale, and its pace is too rapid, to afford an opportunity for the sort of intercourse by which alone a real acquaintance with, understanding of, and affection for, each other can be obtained. No means exist of getting there at any thing further than talents in men, and beauty or accomplishments in women. Qualities which can be exhibited as a show are discovered and appreciated accordingly. But wisdom and virtue, which are to the mind what breath is to the body, have no part assigned or assignable to them on such a stage. A man may pass a life in London without an occasion arising by which his neighbours can learn whether he is an honest fellow or a rogue. The consequence is,

that a good deal of such a man's moral nature gets imperfectly developed, and dies away. The appropriate object is not brought sufficiently close and home to him to stimulate and call forth his latent powers. Charity is perhaps better off than most. By a satisfactory compromise, it falls into the hands of a mendicancy society. But there are other virtues which do not admit of being compounded for, and their burden transferred to a committee, for two guineas a-year. In these cases the moral tax is too often evaded altogether. We are well aware that men of pleasure are far from being the only persons who have turned into a maxim of life the sentence which the Duke of Buckingham passed upon the dog which barked after him,—‘Would to God you were married and settled in the country!’ It is evident that the word *provincial* is often felt, by characters of a higher strain and object, to imply an imputation or admission of mediocrity. Now, greatly as nations differ, it is generally admitted that all capitals are pretty much alike. It follows therefore, that the characteristic spirit and principle of a nation do not appear there to most advantage. Enow worthy representatives of that spirit and principle are doubtless there; but they are there too much as though they were not. It is an atmosphere which no individual powers can penetrate, and where it needs more than an ordinary sun to make itself felt or seen. We are satisfied that, on a just estimate of the whole case, the provinces, as distinguished from the metropolis, would be found in many instances, perhaps in most, to be the home which a wise lover of himself, and a sincere lover of his kind, would do well to fix in;—not indeed as the scene of a brilliant or sybarite existence, but as the post of that salutary influence which sinks deepest; and of that usefulness and happiness which last the longest; as most visibly incorporated with, and represented by, our fellow-beings.

The life of Dr Currie, lately published by his son, has led us into this train of observations. It will, we think, justify them. His life was one the like of which ought to satisfy any rational ambition in well-doing. Its leading facts are soon told. He was born in Annandale, where his father was minister, in 1756. In consequence of promises, none of which appear afterwards to have been performed, he went out, at the age of fifteen, to Cabin Point, Virginia, apprentice to a merchant, who had been a pupil of his father's. His father died when he was eighteen, and left a large family of daughters, ill-provided; in favour of whom young Currie instantly wrote home to renounce his patrimony. The troubles in America broke out about the same time. As the disturbances increased, they soon made his residence there worse than useless; and his attachment to his native country

began to make it dangerous. After two years of suspense, irritation, and indignity, he was too happy to return home himself; which he had some difficulty in doing. In this manner, he found himself, at twenty, under the necessity of beginning the world afresh. He immediately fixed upon medicine, which had been his original destination. Setting resolutely to work as a student at Edinburgh, his ardour was kept up through the severe privations of hard study and rigid economy, next to his own spirit, by the flattering notice of Dr Cullen. By the time he was twenty-six, he had, in point of education, redeemed the years, which, in his case, indeed, were by no means thrown away, considering the effect which they had on his character. In his anxiety to relieve his friends from all charge on his account, his first object, on entering upon practice, was an army appointment in a medical staff then forming at Jamaica. Disappointed in this expectation, he looked round, to take his chance for what is called an opening at home. Accidental circumstances, as fortunate for the place as for himself, led him to seat himself at Liverpool, without being at the time personally acquainted with a single individual. He came there in 1780, and resided in it, with short absences, till 1805; that is, till the illness which speedily terminated in his death. His persevering industry, varied accomplishments, and fearless humanity, stood him in stead of letters of introduction. He became in time the Dissenters' Physician; and his name (there could be no higher compliment) became, whenever Liverpool was mentioned, linked with that of Mr Roscoe. Their co-operation ended only with his life. The memory of that honourable union, in which they were, for twenty years and more, the spirit of the place, first and last—the alpha and omega—in every undertaking of literature, charity, and public principle, will long survive.

There must be something particularly humanizing in the study and practice of medicine. No profession is so distinguished for its taste in general literature, for liberality in matters of religion, and for that every-day benevolence which turns out in all weathers, and answers to all claims. In almost every town throughout the kingdom, the physician is the person in whom the stranger, if a scholar, would have the best chance of finding a congenial companion for the evening; or, in case he came on an errand of philanthropy, would be most likely to meet with the compassion and encouragement of an ally. Unfortunately, few situations are more precarious and more subject to caprice. The first sitting down of a young physician at a strange place must be very trying. The criticisms and speculations upon the new-comer,—the ennui of solitary walks,

the fatal consequences of unpopular peculiarities and supposed opinions, the sense of desolation before one understands others or is understood one's self, the misery of the attentions of stupid people, the wretched list of petty etiquettes and jealousies, the forms to be endured, the arts to be submitted to, and last, but not least, the obstinacy with which the old established *Æsculapius* lingers on, and wears out his successor under that hope deferred which makes the heart sick, in the absence of all other sickness;—all these ought to have been described for us by Crabbe. A doctor's first patient should be as interesting as a 'barrister's first brief,' and might easily be made much more so. Dr Currie's probation seems to have been of a mitigated and of a manly sort. Besides, he had already been broken in, by a severe rough-rider, to the exigencies of life. After having served a commercial apprenticeship in Virginia, and been kicked about with a most republican contempt for forms (even those of justice) at the opening of the American Revolution, the difficulties and discipline of his new career could not seriously alarm him. He began by sacrificing to the graces of the place; and, in order to make himself known, paid cheerfully the necessary penalties; and became (such in that day was the classical Liverpool of Mr Canning and Mr Huskisson) a member of two card-clubs, and a bowling-club. In his second year, a prudent and happy marriage extended his personal connexions. By assiduous labour in his profession, he took care to counteract the suspicion of ignorance in, or indifference about it;—a suspicion which is, in every profession, the inevitable consequence of other attainments and pursuits. One thing he neither did, nor could have done;—seek for favour by compromising the integrity of his mind. Making the most charitable constructions for the prejudices of others, he felt the duty, and therefore insisted on the right, (according to his own discretion, as to time, place, and manner,) of attempting frankly to remove them. Thrown upon evil times and evil tongues, he was never intimidated by professional considerations from honestly avowing his opinions, however invidious the occasion, and at whatever risk. He trusted to his character for living down calumnies; and so it did. But, had the event been otherwise, and had he suffered for thinking better of his countrymen than they deserved, the fountain at which he had drunk in his love of liberty and truth, was not of the sort which dries up in the season when the need for it is most severe.

Almost every chance for naturalness is destroyed by the mere act of sitting for one's picture. The chance is not improved by sitting to one's self—generally the most improper artist we could

choose for such a purpose. The chief advantage of such an operation is, that it will make tolerably sure of preserving our mannerisms and conceits. Autobiography can present us with a natural likeness, only when it fortunately takes the unconscious form of familiar correspondence. The second of the volumes before us consists of letters upon a great variety of subjects; most agreeably written, and containing just the kind of picture we desire. They show a great constitutional tenderness of disposition in their writer. It amounted in him as a boy to a sensitiveness which appears to have raised in his family the apprehension that he was 'too sentimental to be clever.' He early resolved to convince them of their mistake, and kept his word. The two last years of his residence in America, and the necessity of acting on his own entire responsibility in such a crisis, made a man of him at once; and that, too, a man of decision. Put betimes on his mettle, he learned his power; and the success with which he extricated himself gave him confidence. His nature would never have condescended to push, any more than crawl; but the early warfare and scramble in which he had been engaged, enabled him, without the sense or appearance of effort, to take and keep his place. Hence came that contrast of opposite tendencies, which so seldom meet together; but which, when duly reconciled, add a hundred-fold to the strength and beauty of each other. A more frequent interchange between the exclusive qualities of private and public life would be to the benefit of both. Indulgent fathers of families often make very bad public men; and incorruptible politicians are sometimes not over amiable at home. Human nature is not really driven to take its choice of these alternatives. Examples exist, as in the case of Dr Currie, which establish the possibility of combining the severe with the gentle virtues,—as also a contemplative turn of mind with a capacity for, and a pleasure in, affairs.

Nothing is more striking than the heart which Dr Currie put into, and kept paramount over his busy life. Whilst idleness can yield nothing but weeds, constant occupation may be said to leave few of its drudges 'leisure to be good.' Restlessness of temperament and fever of business become in some persons a disease. Carried beyond a certain point, they seem practically to be dangerous to principle, and incompatible with any exercise and consciousness of the affections. The feelings of Dr Currie were too deeply mixed up with all he did, and all he was, to leave him liable to such a risk. No emergency ever found him unable or unwilling to devote to it whatever time, or labour, or health, it might require. Always vibrating on the edge of the hereditary consumption of which he died, his life might have

challenged the apology of being a long disease. Nobody could have questioned the fairness of the excuse. But his energy kept him up; and he contrived always to put on, as it were, the additional steam necessary for the occasion. The detail, day by day, of an extensive practice, was, in his case, something very different from a string of gossiping calls in an easy carriage. In the ordinary avocations of his profession, he had to ride the country round. For a considerable period, the fatigue exhausted him so, that, in order not to fall asleep the moment he got upon his sofa, he was obliged regularly to dose himself with coffee. Between October and May, in one year, we find him losing 200 ounces of blood by venesection, and taking twelve ounces of digitalis. Yet he never thought of giving in. Then comes a stirring question of public interest, which wants to be clearly and powerfully put forward: he not only borrows for the purpose from his jaded night, but steals the whole of it. Under circumstances in which few persons would have added to their cares by the responsibility of superintending the proof-sheets of a pamphlet,—from an admiration for the genius of Burns, and from a generous desire to assist the family, he became, at their earnest request, the biographer of the poet, and editor of his works;—a painful, and, at last, probably a thankless office. For the alacrity with which he answered the calls of private friendship, he suffered more severely. He was just beginning to feel his way at Liverpool, when the exposure and anxiety of an attendance on his friend, Dr Bell of Manchester, brought on an attack of consumption, which compelled him to go to Clifton for a time, and from which he very narrowly escaped. A similar attendance on Dr Percival brought on the illness of which he died. When the circumstances of the broken health and unrelenting engagements, under which, as under a harrow, Dr Currie laboured, are duly weighed, it is impossible to admire too highly the pertinacity of purpose, and the ‘courage never to submit and yield,’ which are so strongly marked in his defiance of bodily disease, and of that moral languor, so often the worst part of it. The whole of his life was ‘the good fight,’ which he fought and won as from a litter. He died at last, as he had foreseen, and as he himself expressed it, ‘like the camel in the wilderness, with his burden on his back.’ What might not a man have accomplished, with command of means, and in the vigour of health, who, by mere strength of will, and resoluteness of horsemanship, brought up so gallantly to the post, a steed which, in most other hands, must have broken down in the middle of the course, or would probably never at all have started? Valetudinarianism is generally so degrading, that thus to rob sickness

of its sting and victory is among the greatest of all triumphs. There are abundance of valetudinarians who would find their advantage in it as a prescription, if, instead of their morning dialogue with their apothecary, they would read a few pages (or rather, would take a leaf) out of the life of Dr Currie.

The affectionateness of his nature left a very favourable impression of his early advantages upon his mind. ‘In my father’s house (he says) we had very good society : after a pretty extensive acquaintance with the world, I scarcely found any domestic circle better calculated to cultivate the affections, and not many where the powers of the understanding had fairer play.’ He always acknowledged, with unbounded gratitude, their especial obligation to an excellent specimen of a maiden aunt. These lay sisters of charity are the comfort and salvation of so many families, that every home appears to us imperfect which has not the good fortune to have one of them appended to it. On the whole, however, his early instruction was but summary. The subjects to which the important years of his apprenticeship in a Virginia Store must have been devoted, would not connect very happily with intellectual improvement. His general attainments, therefore, have in a great measure the merit of *self-education*, under unfavourable circumstances. He became a great proficient in many branches of knowledge ; such as history, morals, metaphysics, and political economy. He also made himself an excellent classical scholar in the Latin and English languages ; and acquired a degree of literary taste, as well as a power of style, very uncommon in one who had not the advantages of a regular education. Of these accomplishments, his ‘Jasper Wilson,’ and ‘Life of Burns,’ (both of which were written very hastily, and amidst the hourly demands of professional avocations,) are striking proofs. The return which, in some form or other, every intelligent practitioner is to make towards the honour and advancement of the art by which he lives, he paid in several ingenious publications ; especially in his ‘Medical Reports,’ on the use of cold ablution in the early stages of fever. His powers of conversation, his enlarged views, and general acquaintance with all that was passing in the literary, scientific, and political world, were put in constant requisition. It is not only since its rail-road that Liverpool has been an object of great interest and curiosity. Nobody could be better qualified to do, or more prompt in doing, the honours of the place to all liberal and well-informed strangers. He was thus rendered personally known to a considerable extent, independently of his provincial celebrity ; and he may be said to have, to a very unusual degree,

engrafted on a private station the character and duties of public life.

When a man's services are in his daily habits, their importance is weakened by selecting for specific mention and approbation any collateral incidents ; since, even if they should appear more curious and piquant, they are, after all, only side dishes. To write a clever Report on an infirmary or asylum, or, after five years' opposition, to carry through, by the votes of the 'honest 'democracy' of the parish, the establishment of a fever hospital, can be no peculiar merit. That, shortly after his arrival, he revived the 'Literary Society' at Liverpool ; that he became a member of the 'Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society ;' that he co-operated with Mr Roscoe in founding the 'Athenæum, and Botanic Garden,' and in making the 'Liverpool press' classically known in England, will convey a very imperfect notion of the state in which they found the literary cultivation of Liverpool, and of the degree of credit they are entitled to for the state in which they left it. Dr Currie writes, in 1789, how heartily he was sick at times, 'of its pounds, shillings, and pence society ;' and used to mention how his heart had warmed towards the person from whose lips he first heard there the phenomenon of a line of Shakspeare.

We were struck by one of the occasions on which his pen was put in requisition. It is conclusive of the impression which the general ability of their doctor had by this time made upon his townsmen. In 1792, the merchants of Liverpool deputed him to draw up resolutions and a petition for opening the trade to India. The statement was thought sufficiently important to be republished in 1812. In 1803, a task still more flattering was proposed to him, that of commanding a corps of volunteers. His health and practice obliged him in this case to decline. All this, however, to a spirited and able person, was comparatively straight sailing. Other members of the medical profession, distinguished as it is beyond any other for its liberal temper and general information, may have done as much. But the qualities for which Dr Currie was chiefly remarkable, were those seldom practised ; and indeed not much called for or expected in medical life—political courage and independence. These are virtues indeed of the highest order ; and they derived in the present instance a peculiar lustre from the circumstances of the times. Dr Currie lived at a place and in a period when they were above all praise. Two or three the most solemn of human subjects became matters of daily discussion around him, and of intense national anxiety. Immense interests were at stake ; bound-

less passions were let loose. It was impossible for any intelligent man to be really neuter: but to many it must be ruin to speak what they might believe to be the words of truth. Shrinking from terms like these, mere good sort of people withdraw into retirement, or remain to swell the crowd. Mere talent stays to excite or to betray. What is wanted at such a crisis—but what it is so difficult to find in it—is the example of a man, who to acknowledged goodness and talents unites unbending principle;—who although threatened with destitution and contumely of every kind, unless he will desist or turn aside, consecrates for the more arduous path of civil duty, the watchword which Cæsar and Cæsar's followers have made familiar in the path of a much more tinsel glory:—‘It is necessary for me to go; it is not necessary for me to live.’

Somewhere about the year 1787, Englishmen seem to have asked themselves seriously for the first time, whether it was a Christian or a human thing to buy their fellow-creatures like cattle, and to use them worse. It was a startling question to the town of Liverpool, the principal part of whose means were invested in that long-established traffic. It was one in which an evasive or neutral answer might have borne the varnish of an excuse, from men, dependent as were Mr Roscoe and Dr Currie, on public opinion by their professions, and whose children's bread might turn on their reply. They were, however, not content with even honestly returning the mere juror's verdict of guilty. They put themselves in the front rank,—the avowed advocates of abolition; and were the prominent supporters of petitions prepared for that object in the very mart and head-quarters of the slave trade. The inevitable unpopularity of such a course was soon afterwards aggravated, according to the ordinary tactics of self-interest when in danger, by political imputations. ‘The merchants engaged in the trade uniformly combined their own cause with that of established government: and represented the abolitionists as the same class of men with the Jacobins of France.’ Whilst Dr Currie was not deterred by these or similar apprehensions from doing justice to the negro, it is an instance of (what the violence even of philanthropical polemics obliges us to consider as) a more than usual self-command, that he would not allow himself to be provoked to retaliate their injustice upon his opponents. On the contrary, he was deeply touched with the fearfulness of the dilemma, in which parties, whose fortunes had been innocently or inconsiderately committed to the trade, found themselves on a sudden placed, by what in fact amounted to a new discovery in morals. On this point, he came forward earnestly

and generously to bear witness in their behalf, against the indiscriminate censures of his more impetuous friends. He delighted in the enthusiasm of the public, and hailed it 'as by far the finest feature of the present age.' The claim to have a property in man, he felt to be a blasphemy towards God. On the duty of denouncing the claim, and abolishing the property, nobody felt more strongly. But his candour prevented him from joining in a proscription which was not satisfied with taking away from individuals their property, without depriving them of their character also. The following observations made in 1787, in a private letter to Mr Wilberforce, are as true, and almost as important in all their bearings, as in the year when they were written. For slavery is just as indefensible in principle as the slave trade. The interests in it, and the particular excuses—as well those which are made by, as those which can be made for individuals—are in both instances about the same. The only difference is in the accompanying precautions, under which our remedy must, in the latter instance, be applied.

'I seldom hear the justice or morality of the trade seriously defended. Very frequently, indeed, it is asserted, that the condition of the negroes in the West Indies is happier and better than in their own country; and therefore that those transported to our sugar colonies can really sustain no injury. Whence then, I have asked, arises the waste of life in the West Indies, which occasions the necessity of so large a supply to keep up the number there; and whence the increase of life in Africa which affords this supply, without the numbers there being diminished? This I have ever found an *argumentum crucis*, and I verily believe it unanswerable. Ten millions of negroes have been carried across the ocean to support a population which, it is said, at present does not amount to more than 800,000 souls. Ten families planted in those islands 300 years ago, when the slave trade commenced,—under the auspices of freedom and of nature, with the advantages of a fertile soil, and a climate congenial to their constitutions, might by this time have produced a greater number. Who can doubt it? Within half this time, a handful of Englishmen have spread themselves over an immense continent—have converted a wilderness into a fertile country—have given battle to the most powerful people of Europe—and, through a sea of toils and troubles, have risen to the rank of thirteen independent states. The English were free men: the unhappy Africans were slaves.'

A question surrounded by so many passions is too much beyond the reach of argument. But the temper of *personal* charity with which Dr Currie interceded for those whose practice he most condemned, must have prevented all animosity but what was absolutely unavoidable. It is too often forgotten how much the softening influence of conciliation helps to keep

open the way for conviction,—wherever and as long as the possibility of it exists.

‘ When the advocates for the abolition of negro slavery attack the general character of the merchants and planters concerned in it, they discover an ignorance of human life ; and they advance out of their stronghold to take a ground, on which I am persuaded they will often be repulsed by their adversaries. It is a truth, that in those of my acquaintance who are and have been masters of Guineamen, a great majority are men of general fair character—that some of them are men of considerable improvement of mind—and that I could point out amongst them more than one instance of uncommon integrity and kindness of heart. The same may be said of the body of the merchants concerned in the slave trade ; who are, some of them, men of liberal education and enlightened understandings ; and for spirit and enterprise in commerce very much distinguished. Men of candour, whatever their opinions of this traffic may be, will see that this fact is supported by reason and probability, when the combined influence of custom, education, and interest is fully considered. A sailor is seldom a nice casuist. He takes a trip to Guinea, because the wages are good ; and, if he lives, rises perhaps first to be a mate, afterwards a master : in this station a few voyages more enable him to live at home, and to take shares in vessels commanded by younger adventurers. His children inherit his fortune, his commerce, and his opinions of the slave trade : in which perhaps they are deeply engaged before they have ever heard that a doubt is entertained of its lawfulness.’

It is a consolation to think, if men usually seem better than they are, that, nevertheless, in some of their worst proceedings, a good many of them are, after all, really better than they seem.

The Dissenters, in their unbounded attachment to the cause of the Revolution and to the stability of the House of Hanover, thought little or nothing, for a century, of their civil and religious disabilities. They had learned to look upon them in the light of privations made necessary by circumstances, or perceived that if they were bonds of restraint, they were also bonds of union—things which, whilst they were worn for conscience’ sake, and were associated with the recollection of former sufferings, might be prided in, like the fetters of Columbus. This romance must expire by time. In 1790, the Dissenters began to ask—*all*, whether chains of this kind were a suitable return to their attachment ; and some *few*, whether chains at all, and upon any one, were longer wanting in order to secure the freedom of the rest ? Woke to a sense of their true condition, they saw themselves ‘ naked, and were ashamed.’ Dr Currie composed the Resolutions, which were at this time passed at Liverpool, for a

repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. It is evident by his disapprobation the following year, of the revival of the motion, at a season when religious fanaticism was seething in so many heads, that his advice would have been to postpone the attack on this particular prejudice, until the principles of general liberty (the diffusion of which was beginning to be so apparent) had sunk deeper into the minds of his countrymen, and really prepared them for the broad statement of universal toleration. The difficulty of his co-operation was increased, on this occasion, by the narrow views of their object which too many of the petitioners entertained. He cared too little for the doctrines of any sect, and had the great principle of toleration too near his heart, to be the possible advocate of Protestant Dissenters only. Accordingly, he could do himself little good with the body, among whom his connexion principally lay, by his reproof of those selfish Liberals, who wished to have their own hands untied, but at the same time to keep tied the hands of others—‘for the Catholics, they say, are not to be trusted. Now this I despise.’ The degree to which dissent on general principles acts unfavourably on the character at large, the obstinacy of individuals, and their frequent preference of a part over the whole, made him very sensible to practical difficulties in government; for which, a sufficient allowance is seldom made, either in theories or declamations. No slight matter would have extorted from him, in a letter written to Mr Roscoe, this melancholy and almost morbid expostulation on the folly of reasoning with mankind: ‘How clearly do the records of our times prove that human reason is a most imperfect instrument, and the human heart touched by self-interest, pride, or bigotry, a most callous and impenetrable thing! There are exceptions; but on my conscience I do not think they amount to one in a thousand, and therefore they scarcely ever direct or even influence public bodies of men. The sectarian spirit is in my judgment uniformly selfish, proud, and unfeeling; whether it be denominated Quakerism, or any of the other *isms* by which philosophy has been abused and hooted, and even Christianity vilified and disgraced.’

It is true that we have now thrown out of our Statute-book the folly of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the last remnant of the wickedness of the Catholic Penal Code. But unfortunately the corresponding amendment has by no means taken place in our sentiments and opinions; nor does it appear that we have obtained any proportionately improved security for the removal of dissensions by the removal of disabilities. From the narrowness of the assumptions, and of the only line of argument on which Sir Robert Peel chose to ground and to conduct the

case on the part of himself and of the Government, he reduced this chance within the narrowest limits consistent with the letter of the boon. It was a splendid opportunity for impressing on the understandings and on the consciences of men, the great truths of toleration, and of laying deep the foundations of a generous confidence in the hearts of a long alienated people. But the assertion of any such germinating principle was cautiously avoided. To make his measure as barren and as ungracious as possible, it was represented from the first to the last as a concession to *necessity*,—as a forced retreat before a triumphant adversary. So far from consecrating the right, as a sun set up in the heavens, the maxim of disability and exclusion, (as long as disability and exclusion are feasible,) was preserved entire and erect as ever. The form of exorcism—thus read backwards—instead of laying the fiend of civil and religious jealousy low as plummet could never reach, merely drove it from the tombs where it long had lodged, to rave and rove at large. A truce was hardly gained for the time it might take, on dispossession from the subject in which it had been before incorporated, to pass over into some other, or to resume its lodgings, ‘swept and ‘garnished’ with fresh diabolical recruits. Dr Currie would not have left either extreme of Irish faction under the delusion, that the grant of toleration was the surrender of a lawful authority. The Roman Catholics would, on his statement, have had no pretext for suspicion that the heart and the hand had not gone together, and that they could any longer honestly or wisely stand aloof in divided counsels. Indeed, however we may regret the poverty and coldness of spirit which debated liberty of conscience as a local specialty, it is no excuse for the individual and national attitude since attempted to be resumed. No characteristic of a party sect is so utterly unworthy of men who aspire to the office and the name of patriots, as the base ambition which prefers being connected together, as a band of sectaries, by a sense of mutual ‘wrongs, to the uniting a whole ‘nation in the bonds of equal freedom and universal love.’ On the other hand, Dr Currie would have taught the Irish ascendancy that it was not more visionary than impolitic and unjust, to dream of reviving their past pretensions; and that, should a miracle present them with an opportunity of releasing themselves from the necessity, (the only supposition, however, on which their cause had been abandoned by Sir Robert Peel,) it would be alike contrary to their interest and their duty to avail themselves of it. If toleration is the policy of every church establishment, it must be especially the policy of such an anomaly as the church establishment of Ireland. In their ignorance of

that prudential maxim, the apostles of exclusive Protestantism are accumulating an hourly increasing danger against the object of their fanatical devotion ; and the steps by which the plot to some dreadful national catastrophe advances, seem gradually darkening and closing in. Those who imagine that they are too humane to burn their fellow-citizens for difference of opinion, nevertheless proceed talking and acting upon principles which can have only one possible termination—that of substituting for a judicial massacre, by the conquering faction in a religious Smithfield, the mutual slaughter of each other on the battlefield. The cause is the same ; so is the spirit ; the only difference is in the means. Bishops and deans would find in the sedative prescribed by Dr Currie the best specific for the fever of dissent. ‘ Fiery zeal cannot exist without opposition ; it is by the ‘ *collision* of bigots that bigotry chiefly is kept up.’ Protestants, like Captain Gordon, have plainly too much in their own hands the power of falsifying every prophecy of peace, which the Catholic Relief bill could inspire. We will leave them—not to Dr Currie’s reasoning—they are past that—but to his prayer. ‘ Heaven ‘ forbid that a question that can only be discussed by argument ‘ and reason, should be decided by the *opposition* of mad enthusiasts ; or that those shameful times should return, when for ‘ the sake of articles of faith that are beyond human comprehension, beings of a day imbrued their hands in each other’s blood, ‘ and men reduced themselves below infernal spirits in wickedness, and below the brutes in folly ! Such days are, I hope, for ‘ ever passed.’

The English Revolution of 1688 passed off like a family quarrel among an odd set of people, which excited nothing more than a slight personal and temporary interest in the adjoining street. A hundred years afterwards, the American Revolution found Europe ready to receive an impulse from the distant forests where its victory was achieved. Besides, it was established upon a declaration of the rights, not merely of Englishmen, but of men ; and on propositions which, however far from being of universal application, are pretty sure in some form or other, and sooner or later, to be universally applied. No court ever more completely overreached itself by its intrigues and selfishness, than did the Court of France on this occasion. French assistance brought to a speedy termination the civil war between the mother country and her colonies ; in which the resources, and the honour, and the spirit of England, might otherwise have been for years irretrievably involved. Republican principles were necessarily disseminated ; a sympathy with successful revolt was openly encouraged ; and writers and actors were sent as if expressly to

learn and rehearse a lesson which they might afterwards repeat at home. George the Third had been so deeply offended by the perfidy which marked the interference, that his personal estrangement from the Bourbons enabled Mr Pitt to remain neuter for a longer period after the French Revolution had alarmed the kings of Europe, and its crimes had compelled its most sanguine admirers to view it only as the least of two evils, than would have been otherwise in his power. Those who hailed the opening of that Revolution with the greatest pleasure, so hated its anarchy, and so sickened at its atrocities, that, occasionally, they almost wished the Germans to succeed. Dr Currie's letters strikingly represent the oscillations of even his direct and powerful mind. Writing soon after to Dr Moore, the author of *Zeluco*, then lately returned from Paris, he says, 'The transactions of the 10th of August last shook me much; and the bloody proscriptions which followed, detached me entirely. The flight of Lafayette, Liancourt, and Lameth; the massacre of the prisoners; and, above all, the murder of Rochefoucauld, whose bloody tomb (to use an expression of the emigrant Bourbons) I yet bathe with my tears, shook me at the time with the strongest horror; and I never expected that any thing out of my own family and country could have so deeply disturbed my peace. But the rapid and momentous events which followed (for we live at a time when weeks are years) have again called me to the scene of action; and, like many other good Feuillans, being unable to go over to the Prussians, I find myself again in the ranks of France.' The subjugation of twenty-four millions of men by foreign bayonets, and the precedent of betrayed and dismembered Poland, were consequences which the friends of freedom could not face. 'That the attempt is as foolish as it is wicked, I am still obstinate enough to believe, and perhaps I shall be of the same opinion when Paris is razed to the ground.' In the early part of 1793, the offer of negotiation by the Brissotines revived for the moment the possibility of peace. It was an awful crisis for men who hated all war, and more especially the most brutalizing of all wars—one for opinions; who believed that the fate of the human race depended 'on the independence of France being preserved, frantic and guilty though she be;' and who saw at home 'no danger from the revolution-spirit, which indeed the horrible excesses in France were enough completely to extinguish, but much from the opposite extreme.' The popularity of the war was in this point of view an undeniable answer to its necessity. Pitt might have kept peace with safety; and, it is now known, was most anxious to keep it; but he was overruled by a commanding influence which it was impossible to resist.

This fatal concession on the part of the Prime Minister, was a signal for the commencement of 'the English reign of terror.' Government at once adopted a policy not less cowardly than cruel. It took advantage of the horror at wholesale crimes, and of the panic at the revolutionary auction-hammer and guillotine, to overwhelm the Jacobin traders in blood, and the English friends of humanity and order, who were at the same time friends of peace and popular opinions, in one undistinguishing accusation. The supplicant for peace was represented as the advocate of French principles. The suspicion of French principles put an end to the courtesies and the confidence of life, as completely as the conjecture of a plague-spot during the panic of a plague. This was the moment when 'Jasper Wilson' took the field against the war. This celebrated pamphlet grew out of a private letter; and the corrections of the rough draught were made on the proof-sheets, so rapidly was it executed. An anonymous signature was adopted from motives of prudence. But there was so little concern about concealment, that the author was, according to the system of the times, immediately unmasked, by Mr George Chalmers, chief Clerk of the Office of Trade and Plantations, of which Lord Hawkesbury was President, and denounced for professional destruction. Dr Currie had prepared the fourth edition for the press with his own name, 'tempted to utter a 'warning voice that would save no man, and would ruin himself;' and had already printed the preface, when the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, the extraordinary restrictions on the press, and the increasing irritability of the public mind, induced him reluctantly to relinquish his design.

This publication was an act of great moral courage; much greater than those who are acquainted only with the dangers of the present day can easily imagine. It is true, that we are now living in times of considerable party violence. But the two periods admit of no comparison: and perhaps one of our greatest present risks is the recoil against the heated and squandered loyalty of that season. The *Liberals* have now the government on their side, together with all the middle ranks. The common people are of no party, but are ready for any thing generally, as scarce any thing can make them worse; and the upper classes are much divided; whilst at the period alluded to, not only 'the nobility, gentry, and clergy,' but the public at large, were against Reformers. Those who were engaged in professions found to their cost that the great mass of clients and patients were of the *aristocratical* party. The fate of Priestley's library, offered up to popular indignation, is a perpetual memorial of the contemporary temper of the then Political Union of Bir-

mingham. Dr Currie writes in 1793, 'I was called to Wigan the other day, and saw two or three thousand men burning Tom Paine, and shouting, Church and King. Of the whole of this number, I was well informed, there were not ten who knew the alphabet.' The successful cry of Jacobinism made a whisper in behalf of France, or against our own government, little short of treason. Spies were organized on system. Private correspondence was no longer sacred. Harmless societies for literary purposes, by whose standing rules politics had been always excluded, suspended their meetings. The Attorney-General commenced a crusade all over England against the press. One instance will serve as an example of the spirit. 'The printer of the Manchester Herald had *seven* different indictments preferred against him for paragraphs in his paper; and *six* different indictments for selling or disposing of six different copies of Paine, all previous to the trial of Paine. The man was opulent; supposed worth L.20,000; but these different actions will ruin him, as they were intended to do." Constitutional associations were formed, as if for the purpose of throwing the scandal of sedition on obnoxious neighbours, and of propagating alarm. The feelings of moderate men were outraged by the committal of Muir and Palmer to the hulks; and by the ferocious sentence which consigned Gilbert Wakefield to the jail of Dorchester. Lord Melville did not think it beneath him to admonish Burns for the freedom of a poet's thoughts, and to threaten to deprive him of his place. Priestley took the hint, and transported himself, to save government the trouble. Dr Currie, and also Dr Aikin, entertained serious thoughts, at one time, of quitting the country. Dr Currie went so far as to write to his relation in Virginia to make the preliminary enquiries. Men of popular principles, both individuals and bodies, were again disposed to seek refuge across the Atlantic, against oppression, as in the time of the Stuarts. 'The poor persecuted and abused Presbyterians are universally broken-hearted, and have prepared themselves for emigration to America in great numbers.' The domestic scene, as Dr Currie himself described it, certainly could possess no great attractions. 'The wretched effusions of Tatham, Cooper, &c., with 30th of January sermons, red hot with divine right, and royal martyrdom, and bloody Presbyterians, &c., are the only things which suit the land I live in and the present hour. I turn from such poor contemptible bigots with pity and disgust. On the other hand, I dread the silent indignation of a body of men, powerful and united, and fretted by continual insults—a small minority indeed, but formidable by talents, industry, and virtue—bigots, however,

‘as all sectarians are, and every day becoming less fit for the ‘possession of power.’ Perhaps the most mortifying instance of the inhumanizing extent to which political acrimony can be carried, was exemplified in the reception given to Dr Currie’s application in 1801, contained in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, for an increase of food to the French prisoners. The investigation fully justified his interference; which the commissioners nevertheless resented as *jacobinical*. And this, although, in 1798, he had been on the committee for arming, and had subscribed for the equipment of ten men ! *

It is dreadful to think, that at so short a distance from our own times, the sort of suicide, which, on the part of a professional

* It appears, that from the moral causes which occasion depression of spirits, persons in prison require more food than persons at liberty. Lord St Vincent, when at Liverpool two years afterwards, mentioned, of his own accord, the affair of the French prisoners to Dr Currie, and thanked him for his interposition. He complained that he had had the greatest difficulty in getting at the truth; and stated, that on a subsequent occasion, he had dismissed for misconduct one of the persons employed in that enquiry. What a warning to men in office of the encouragement and perseverance necessary in the hunting out abuses! We are sorry to observe that the Board of Sick and Hurt, and Sir J. Banks himself, began by censuring the complaint, in the first instance, as an ebullition of party prejudice, and an unwarrantable reflection on the government.—Dr Currie was not fortunate in his correspondence with Sir Joseph. On the alarm concerning the “Hessian Fly,” the subject had been referred by the Privy Council to the Royal Society. Their committee (Sir Joseph and Dr Blagden) mistook the insect, which is of the caterpillar tribe, and feeds on the green leaves, for the “flying weevil,” which feeds exclusively on the ripe grain. They reported accordingly; and government, acting upon their opinion, prohibited the importation of American corn, and ordered the cargoes which had arrived to be stored. Dr Currie wrote to Sir Joseph Banks a letter, in which he pointed out the error. Sir Joseph, on receiving this information, corrected his Report, but made no alteration in the opinion of the danger, which he had given in. Many months afterwards, a statement came from America, exactly agreeing with that made by Dr Currie. Government immediately reversed its order, and took upon itself the expense to which it had put the parties by its mistake. The pertinacity with which Sir Joseph adhered to the consequences deduced from erroneous premises, after the premises were abandoned, is only less discreditable than the false shame, or whatever else might be the feeling, which led him, whilst Reports from various quarters were printed in the Privy Council papers, to suppress all notice of Dr Currie’s letter. The effect of the obstinacy was as injurious to the public, as that of the vanity was unjust towards Dr Currie.

person especially, is implied in voluntary exile, should ever have been forced on the mind of such a man as Dr Currie for a moment. His veneration for the English constitution was fortunately too strong to be overcome by temporary provocations from any government. The justness with which he formed his general opinions was not more remarkable than the moderation with which he maintained and applied them in particular discussions; as well as the fairness with which he adjusted them to practice, when called upon to act. Thus, his conviction of the truth of Paine's principles of Government, (that the general good is the object, and the general will the rule,) did not prevent him from exposing the error of the application which was made of them to this country by their author. Whilst smarting under unmerited reproaches, he did not lose an atom of his attachment to the constitution. He would not allow its merits to be depreciated; the danger of changes to be understated; the circumstances of England to be confounded with those of America; or that the example of France should be held out in the light of an example to us, whatever it might be to other nations. He had no communion with Paine and his disciples, who classed the institutions of England 'with the monarchy of Spain and the 'despotism of Turkey, as a fabric which knowledge cannot reform, and reason must finally overthrow.' The plan of Reform which he submitted to Sir W. Maxwell was as temperate as our present measure. It suggests that the laws of property ought to be first opened, and that the franchise ought to be confined to masters of families; with some such double security for property and knowledge as being rated to the window-tax, and being able to read. He adopted from Lord Lansdowne the conduct of Franklin, as a model for all reformers—'Firm, resolute, and cool, advancing a little, and but a little, before the 'public in his opinions.' Few things are more to be regretted than that the management of the public mind has been generally so ill understood by the friends of freedom over Europe. They would certainly, by this time, have advanced much farther, if they had not attempted to advance too fast.

There is one point of view in which the political series of Dr Currie's correspondence is particularly interesting. He was an ardent admirer of Mr Pitt at the outset of that minister's career, and continued so, until Mr Pitt submitted to German politics at the French Revolution. 'The nation,' he exclaims in 1786, 'sick of the perfidy and profligacy of its older politicians, has 'ranged itself under the banners of this illustrious young man, 'in perfect reliance, not on his abilities only, but on his unspotted probity and honour.' At that time, he sums up an elo-

quent recital of his services by the observation, that ‘this wonderful man is now in his twenty-eighth year, an honour and a blessing to his country, and the first orator and statesman of this age.’ But a change was destined ‘to come o’er the spirit of his dream.’ These letters are, in this respect, a valuable *historical* document. They show the changes of opinions which took place in men of liberal minds during that period; and the principles upon which those changes were founded. ‘Who can doubt,’ he asks, in 1793, ‘that Pitt, who wields in one hand the crown, and in the other the democracy of England, would rejoice to extend his power to every corner of the earth?’ However, the abuse with which this power had been exercised, did not blind him to the successive necessities of the times. ‘All calamities,’ he writes in 1798, ‘are light to a Norman conquest with which we are threatened. Pitt is indeed a great evil; but a French invasion is still greater. It is a hard and bitter draught that we have to swallow when we act with the men who have brought us where we are. But what can be done? I would rather be any thing than a pitiful Cisalpine. Pitt, we shall get clear of sooner or later; but a foreign enemy will not be so easily expelled. I am, therefore, for every man declaring for the defence of the nation, and especially those who have hitherto declared against the war.’ In 1803, he renews the same appeal: ‘*Of us*, more especially (who originally disapproved of the war), this awful crisis demands every exertion, if we would not that the power of the bayonet should be established all over the earth. The old alarmists can do comparatively little; they degraded their characters and wasted their means before the real danger arrived—before our cause was the cause of the human race.’ The terms on which he transferred his political allegiance to Fox, and the sort of lover’s feelings with which he trembles over the amiable and splendid weaknesses of the object of his passion, are very naturally described in a letter to Mr Creevey. Certainly never was any character more unlike to that of his great rival. ‘I rejoice that you have Fox, that first of animals, still in your front. He is a noble creature, but has been eternally sacrificed, by his own goodness of heart, to the selfishness and folly of those around him. To think of faculties so superior being devoted to a little purpose; to think of a man fit to make England and Europe listen and obey, being asked to lead the drunken mob of Sir Francis Burdett, or to fight election squabbles in a committee, that are as unimportant, and that must waste his talents and consume his time; and then the culpable indiscretion with which people abuse his confidence, and open sincerity

‘ of heart ! I vow to God I was sick on hearing an anecdote
‘ of the indiscreet and despairing way in which he spoke of
‘ English liberty ; but now (1802), when I see the manner in
‘ which he speaks and acts in the House,—see him so prudent,
‘ so moderate, and so wise, I recognise him still as the first of
‘ Englishmen ; and believe the story to have arisen from some
‘ mere ejaculation of sensibility and of melancholy, to which,
‘ God knows, circumstances might easily give rise. How foolish
‘ it is to report such things, which, when reported, his enemies
‘ must hear, and which are more precious to them than “ hidden
‘ treasure ! ” ’

The disappointed prophecies of the ablest men respecting public affairs, would make a curious volume. The proof which it would afford of how small a fraction of the future is in our power, or within our view, must be humiliation enough ; and it might help too much to encourage the tendency of the mere practical administrators of a state, to content themselves with getting over the difficulties of the moment. The storms of public life come on from such unexpected quarters, and so often appear to be mastered, more by the sturdy resolution of the crew, than by the help of chronometers and charts ! But men who, like ourselves, live in an age full of apprehensions, ought to derive great comfort from the experience, that the gloomiest and most logical anticipations do not always come to pass. Dr Currie’s predictions were more than verified in the triumphs of the young enthusiasm of France over the old superstitions of the continent. But the violence and confusion of which he had been an eyewitness in the early part of the American Revolution ; the acts of demoralizing injustice between debtor and creditor by which American legislation was subsequently stained ; and the moral as well as physical inferiority which he thought he had observed in the American population, led him to overlook for a time the invigorating nature of their institutions, and the elasticity belonging to their peculiar position. In 1787, he earnestly recommended his American kinsman to purchase in the English funds. The author of ‘ Jasper Wilson ’ fell, in 1793, into a similar error in the prospect which he foresaw for English commerce in a continuance of the war. Writing amid the crash and ruin of the principal establishments by which he was surrounded, he did not make sufficient allowance for the impossibility of excluding commerce, for the new channels which enterprise can open, and for the length of time to which the genius of our inventors and the industry of our operatives may stave off the evil day. Considering the point of view from which he contemplated the scene, it may be regarded as a proof

of his moderation in a common error, that the only difference between himself and Mr Pitt on this part of the case, turned on the following distinction: Mr Pitt acknowledged that war would arrest our progress; Dr Currie insisted that peace was indispensable to enable us to remain at the point which we had already reached. Mr Windham's admired antithesis, 'Perish commerce, but let the constitution live!' admitted the truth of the alternative, to which it was supposed we were reduced.

Our commerce, it is true, found out means—which had never occurred before, and which may never occur again—of flourishing among cannon balls. But experience, since the peace, has brought us acquainted with the fact, that we have suffered to an extent as disastrous as the worst predictions, by the accumulation and gangrene at the heart's core, of those neglected grievances from which all attention, public and private, was comparatively withdrawn, during the pressure and excitement of the most terrible of recorded wars. The conciliation of Ireland was deferred till it had become a measure to be expressly settled as one, not of justice, but of safety. We have nothing left for it at present, but to watch the fearful working out of the melancholy problem—Whether, when a question has once assumed that form, the supposition that any such alternative remains, is not a political contradiction? If Dr Currie's appeal in 1789 had been listened to, what miseries—past, and perhaps future—might have been spared! 'Go and visit the banks of the Boyne, and bring me an account of the field of that famous battle, which gave Ireland fetters, and England liberty and fame. Ye English Irishmen! the time is come when you may be just with safety; the time is fast advancing when there will be no longer safety in your being unjust. The lapse of a hundred years has secured your property;—why will you enforce a monopoly of rights?' Bigots resolved to pick a quarrel cannot long be in want of an opportunity. They could not have selected one much more to their dishonour than that of Irish Education; especially in the religious quibble on which they have chosen to shape their issue. Dr Currie had recorded his opinion on the importance of National Education to the character of a people, in his observations on the Scottish Peasantry, prefixed to the Life of Burns. He had felt therefore more than ordinary indignation at the alienation to other purposes of the fund which the Irish Parliament had voted for the instruction of the Irish poor; and was anxious that, without delay, the injury should be redressed. If the advice tendered in the following passage, written at the time of the Irish Union,

had been followed, and the interests of the poor had been attended to, instead of the revenues of the Protestant clergy, Ireland might by this time have wanted an addition to its school-masters, instead of more troops and more constabulary police.

‘Two countries have already been incorporated with England—Wales and Scotland; and the effect of the union on the one and the other has been very different. Wales was united to England in the barbarous ages. Her own institutions, of whatever rude nature, were beaten down, and no other substituted. No means were used to instruct the people in the common language of the island, or to improve their habits in any respect. Hence the peasantry of Wales are essentially different from the English, unfit to enter into competition with them, and in fact an inferior race. They are destitute, in general, of the first elements of knowledge, and in their habits and turn of mind the same in a great many respects as they were 300 years ago. During the period that Wales has been represented in the imperial Parliament, not a single step has been taken for the civilisation of the people.

‘It happened that the Scottish Parliament established a system for the education of all classes of society, particularly of the poor, during the days of the Solemn League and Covenant. The restoration of the Stuarts overturned this system, as well as the present Church establishment. Both were recovered on the Revolution, at least in 1696. In consequence, *both were incorporated into the Union*, though neither was formed in contemplation of it. Had it not been for this circumstance, can it be supposed that Scotland would now possess a school-establishment? Never. The High Church prejudices of the English Hierarchy would have prevented it. Yet it is by this institution that the Scotch have been civilized—by this, in a great measure, have they been enabled to receive any *positive* advantage from the Union.

‘Now you see what I would be at. Propose, for God’s sake, some system of education for your poor in the first instance; and let it be incorporated with your Union. You are going to incorporate your Church establishment, which will entail many curses on the country. For mercy’s sake, think of incorporating some system of instruction! You must have an immense emigration, because you have a morbid population. If you send out *men*, they will live and flourish, and strike root again in their native soil. If *beasts*, they will die in misery, and manure foreign lands.’

The singularity of our position during, and consequent upon, the war, has scarcely left reason an open course upon any single subject connected with the great domestic interests of finance and population. It was an answer to every thing, that we were in an artificial state. The necessity which first brought on a Paper Currency, and an overissue, admitted of no calculation concerning the difficulties under which we might be afterwards required to retrace our steps. High prices, and mismanaged poor laws,

produced an over issue in the weekly allowances under the poor rates, which now cannot be contracted without great suffering and still greater discontent. The worst over issue of all, however, has been that of the population itself; which is going on, whilst, and almost in proportion as, the means of comfort and of employment have decreased. There can be no happiness, and indeed no security, for the country, till the present proportion is reversed; and until a more equal relation between the supply of labour and the demand for it is restored. We see no probability of this being accomplished in any other way than by a vigorous and regulated Emigration in the first instance. This would give us room to act. In that event, if a saving faith in the great law of population were intelligibly preached to them, there might be some chance that it would be received and practised to a sensible degree by the several classes in the community. The stupid incredulity of so many people, who have the means of knowing better, and their consequent indifference concerning all measures relating to the subject, it must be admitted, are very discouraging symptoms. Such a course of proceeding is, at present, in perfect harmony with the recklessness of the great body of the lower orders; which would apparently prevent them, in their actual temper, from being held in check by the doctrine, supposing them to understand it. Unless nature has in reserve some unknown resources—a new tuck, as it were, which she can let out on the occasion—we have evidently outgrown our former clothing. The whole principle of the doctrine of population is contained in the facts mentioned by Dr Currie, in his letter to Mr Wilberforce in 1787, where he compares the increase of the New Englanders with the decrease of the slaves in the West Indies. But, like a hundred other writers, he was not in the least aware of the consequences of the principle, until the philosophical developement and application of it by Mr Malthus. The expression of his astonishment and anxiety on first reading ‘the ‘Essay on Population,’ is an instance of the deep interest he took in the fortunes of mankind. However, as we must choose between the letters, our readers are likely to take greater interest in the description of the conclusive effect which its perusal had upon one of his patients.

‘A gentleman of a liberal education had, according to the fashion of the times, indulged himself, some years ago, in speculations on the improvement of the human race, and the perfectibility of man. By long, deep, and solitary meditation on these subjects, his mind became unsettled, and his reason gave way. He seemed to himself to want nothing but power to make mankind happy; and at length he became convinced that he had *a right to that power*. The consequence of this

rendered it necessary to confine him; and about two years afterwards he was removed by his friends from the situation in which he was originally fixed, and placed under my care. At the time of which I speak he was become perfectly calm; he was on general subjects rational, and on every subject acute, but the original hallucinations were as fixed as ever. In occasional discussions of his visionary projects, I had urged, of my own suggestion, the objection, that when men became so happy as he proposed to make them, they would increase too fast for the limits of the earth. He felt the force of this, and, after much meditation, proposed a scheme for enlarging the surface of the globe, and the project of an act of Parliament for this purpose, in a letter addressed to Mr Pitt, very well expressed, and seriously meant, but which, if published, would appear satirical and ludicrous in a high degree. Having had occasion to mention his situation to his brother, a man of letters, he proposed that an experiment should be made of putting Malthus's Essay into his hands; to which I assented. It was given to him last autumn, and he read it with the utmost avidity and seeming attention. In my visits I did not mention the subject to him, but desired the keeper to watch him narrowly. After finishing the perusal, he got pen, ink, and paper, and sat down, seemingly with an intention to answer it, or to write notes upon it. But he did not finish a single sentence, though he began many. He then sat down to read the book again, aloud, and finished this second perusal in a few days, not omitting a single word, but stopping at times, and apparently bewildered. I now spoke to him, and introduced the subject, but he was sullen and impatient. He became very thoughtful, walked at a great pace in the airing ground, and stopped occasionally to write, if I may so speak, words, but more frequently numbers, with a switch in the sand. These he obliterated as I approached him. This continued some days, and he appeared to grow less thoughtful; but his mind had taken a melancholy turn. One afternoon he retired into his room on the pretence of drowsiness. The keeper called him in a few hours, but he did not answer. He entered, and found the sleep he had fallen into was the sleep of death. He had 'shuffled off this mortal coil.' At the moment that I write this, his copy of Malthus is in my sight, and I cannot look at it but with extreme emotion. I have no doubt that he perceived sufficiently the force of Malthus's argument, to see the wreck of all his castle-building, and that this produced the melancholy catastrophe.

Dr Currie had paid much attention to insanity, and had intended to publish upon it. The following anecdote concerning Cowper, is mentioned in a letter from Clifton to Mr Roscoe. It is melancholy, as, alas! every thing must be, regarding the mental state of that most interesting of a not uninteresting family—the race of poets. They are the singing birds of our species—a class, by the way, which exists apart in men only and birds. What is the proportion of both that are in confinement?

‘ Johnny of Norfolk, *alias* the Rev. Dr Johnson, is a creature of extraordinary simplicity. He is not unlike Dalton the lecturer. He is, I believe, a man of great kindness and worth, and even of learning. We talked much of Cowper. The truth respecting that extraordinary genius is, that he was a lunatic of the melancholy kind, with occasional lucid intervals. Johnny said, that Cowper firmly believed that good and evil spirits haunted his couch every night, and that the influence of the last generally prevailed. For the last five years of his life a perpetual gloom hung over him—he was never observed to smile. I asked Johnny, whether he suspected the people about him of bad intentions (which seems to me the Shibboleth of insanity)? and he said that he very often did. ‘ For instance,’ observed he, ‘ he ‘ said there were two Johnnies; one the real man, the other an evil ‘ spirit in his shape; and when he came out of his room in the morn- ‘ ing, he used to look me full in the face, enquiringly, and turn off ‘ with a look of benevolence or of anguish as he thought me a man or ‘ a devil!’ He had dreadful stomach complaints, and drank immense quantities of tea. He was indulged in every thing, even in his wildest imaginations. It would have been better if he had been regulated in all respects.’

If the spirit of song does not appear to be ordinarily the spirit of happiness to its inspired possessors, it is nevertheless a glorious privilege to be the source of so much happiness to others. Poetry does all, and more, for man than wine has ever been said to do. It is the best and noblest of drams. It brightens his countenance and makes glad his heart. It gives him wings, and lifts him out of the dirt; and leads him into green valleys; and carries him up to high places, and shows him at his feet the earth and all its glories. The man read Homer as Homer ought to be read, who said, that every body afterwards looked to him to be a foot higher. What could Euripides mean, by complaining that poetry and music (a part, and the humblest part of it) were only used of old to make festivity more festive? What nurse makes half so smooth the bed of sickness? What moralist can so lay, as with a charm, the storm of human passions? Or what companionship can better relieve the cares, and throw a purer grace and dignity over the retirement, of the statesman and the hero? The Marquis de Chastellux, travelling through North America, staid one night only with Jefferson at Monticello. They passed great part of it in pointing out to each other their favourite passages in Ossian; and their hearts grew warm in passing from breast to breast the high-souled melancholy of the Celtic bard. No wonder that Dr Currie was pleased in contemplating this picture—the French noble, and the American democrat-leader, pledging at the foot of the Alleghany, in the cup of song from Morven. One of the last books which Fox took pleasure in,

during his last illness, was Crabbe's Poems. So much for statesmen. Now for a hero. It seems that General Wolfe kept his intention of attacking Quebec a profound secret. As they were dropping down the St Lawrence, Professor Robison, then a midshipman in command of an adjoining boat, overheard a gentleman repeating to him Gray's Elegy. Wolfe's remark upon it was their first notice, that the attack would take place next day. The remark was the noblest of its panegyrics, and one as honourable to the soldier as to the poet. 'I would rather,' he said, 'have been the author of that piece than beat the French to-morrow.' What a scene! and what a moment! How splendid is the compliment paid by it to poetry! and how sweet the satisfaction to have diffused such intense enjoyment over the last evening that Wolfe was destined to enjoy! By the comparison we may judge of the enjoyment; for we know that the morrow's victory was a thing which he was well content to purchase with his life.

Dr Currie had the true feeling of a poet. The enthusiasm with which 'he had *crooned*, in his solitary journeyings,' over the ballads of the Bards of Scotland, well qualified him to be the historian of Burns, the greatest of them all. The correspondence, in the first of the present volumes, proves how reluctantly he undertook the office; what great personal inconvenience he underwent in the discharge of it; the admiration for the poet, and compassion for his family, by which alone he was induced to listen to the application; the singular good faith to the public, and delicacy of feeling towards the individual, with which he approached the painful parts of the subject; and, lastly, the entire satisfaction which Dugald Stewart, Mr Syme, Lord Woodhouselee, and Gilbert Burns, the brother, expressed at the time with the execution. It is rather late, after Dr Currie is in his grave, and when living evidence is perishing, to raise a cry of exaggeration and misrepresentation against his view of the indiscretions of his favourite minstrel; and to expect that, in the teeth of such testimony, any counter impression can be made upon a reasonable mind. Dr Currie had too much pride in tracing 'the life and progress of this daring peasant,' to lift the veil from poor Burns's infirmities, except with reluctance and in sorrow. 'This part of the subject,' he observed, before he began his labours, 'must be touched with great tenderness; but it must be touched. If his friends do not touch it, his enemies will. To speak my mind to you freely, it appears to me that his misfortunes arose chiefly from his errors.' After publication, Dr Currie was anxious about nothing so much as about the prudence and propriety of this

part of his delineation. His question is—‘Have I touched the ‘bard with a rough or a lenient hand?’ and his own suspicion evidently leaned to the apprehension, that, in case he had exposed himself to either imputation, it was to the last. ‘If I ‘have softened somewhat the deep shade of his errors, you will ‘not find, I trust, that I have compromised the interests of virtue.’ Surely society is entitled, on occasions like the life of Burns and Byron—if to any thing—to the *truth*; and to that most solemn of all warnings which the errors of genius convey.

Dr Currie was perhaps less exclusively national than some of his countrymen have the credit or discredit of being. Yet he had strong upon him those early domestic associations, out of which the love of country most naturally springs. A passion for scenery—the gratification from the arts and from the most favoured intellectual or social intercourse—the traditionary pride of great historical recollections—or even the glowing sense of political pre-eminence and rights, do not leave behind so permanent an impression. Whether the cause is in the cloth or in the dye, Scotch family impressions have the merit of standing the wear and tear of life better than those of almost any other country, and of seldom wearing out but with the web into which they are ingrained. Wilkie’s memory could scarcely furnish him with prettier scenes than the following sketches. The first is an invitation sent across the Atlantic to his American relative.

‘You are now almost a stranger in your native land. Twenty-three years form a large portion of life; and so long you have been absent from Britain, and suffering the scorching beams and the numbing colds of the atmosphere of Virginia. Do not you think you should relish a sight of your old friends, and of the scenes of your infancy? About eighteen months ago I visited your father and mother; both, as our phrase is, rather frail, but preserving nearly the same appearance, and displaying the same kind hospitality as formerly. I was entertained in the far room where we used to sleep, and sat on the very same bed that held us together six-and-twenty years ago. The ideas were recalled to my mind as fresh as if they had happened yesterday; and I could not but suppose I saw you lying under the clothes with your head bare, and a Jew’s harp in your mouth, playing your favourite air. I joked with your mother about your old tricks, and drank drams with your father till we fell a-kissing each other, and we could have both cried heartily. I looked into Mean Water to see if there were any minnows, and there they lay under the banks just as when we left them.’

The second was a cordial for that dear old maiden aunt, to whom his youth had owed so much; and the obligations to whom it was such a pleasure to feel and to acknowledge.

‘I do not know any one that flatters me more agreeably than my

good and kind aunt. I can declare to her, with great truth, that I am very sensible to her praise, and much gratified by any expression of her approbation. We are now very old acquaintance. We have seen many changes, and participated in many sorrows, and I hope the mutual sympathy and affection between us will continue while we are sensible of pleasure or sorrow. * * * * * My obligations to you are now nearly of thirty-four years' standing; and though they are not all fresh on my memory, yet many of them are; and instances of your kindness mingle themselves with the earliest impressions that remain on my mind. I can remember that you gave me a halfpenny to put in the first breeches' pocket I ever had. I can remember too, that once, when we were walking from Gretney together, and a shower of rain came on, you took off your own scarlet cardinal, and put it round me, leaving yourself exposed. Truth to say, I neither understood the kindness, nor received it as I ought. We had to come past Kirkpatrick school, and the boys were playing on the green, never minding the rain; and as we came by, they a' cried oot, "Ae! look at the little manny i' the reed cardinal!" Oh! I was sadly mortified, and hard I struggled to get clear of the incumbrance; but, as I could not do this, I jumped into the burn as we crossed it, out of mere spite. It was many years before I saw this business in a proper light. Well, I hope, you will not deny any of this. If you do, I will send you twenty times more of the same kind.'

It was impossible, with such recollections of the heart as well as others of the head, (how comes it that there is no such English word as *souvenirs*?) that he should not love the country of his youthful home. It seems, however, because, in his rational attachment, he did not love its faults, more indiscriminate idolaters were disposed to question the acceptableness of his worship. If Dr Currie's life had been prolonged, and he could revisit the Scotland of the present day, he would find that its national character has undergone in this respect a considerable change and marked improvement. It would be no longer necessary to qualify his praise by criticisms on its servile indifference in the cause of constitutional freedom, or its barbarous indifference to war, whether right or wrong. There can be no doubt but that under an improved form of representation, its political character will equally improve.

'For my part, I assure you, I love Scotland dearly:—I like her green vales, her clear streams, her bleak mountains; as I travel north, I always watch the moment, and mark the spot (a little beyond Penrith,) where Burnswark rises above the English horizon, and presenting itself the first object in Scotland, recalls at the same time the idea of my native country, and of the scenes of my early life. Considering that I have lived but little in Scotland, and that I left it early, there is no man retains more of the partialities of a Scotchman than I do. Men, whose connexions in infancy deserved and possessed a large portion

of their affection, always, I observe, love their country. But though I love my country and my countrymen, when I examine their claims to esteem rationally, I am obliged to abate for the moment some part of my regard. Whatever trouble an ambitious and unprincipled statesman has with Englishmen, with Scotland he has little or no difficulty. You are always ready to give your confidence to the minister for the time being. You supported to a man the mad American war, and even now, (1794,) I am told, in spite of bloody experience, you are to a man supporters of this war, unexampled in the annals of Britain for expense, disgrace, and carnage.'

We must conclude, and leave with the reader the agreeable task of looking through the correspondence for the evidence of those virtues and affections which made Dr Currie as delightful in his family as he was admired and respected out of it. Such a person well deserved a place in the biographical annals of his country. He was as remarkable as virtuous; and as useful a man as we ever knew of in a private station. He loved truth intensely. It may be said of him, as was said of Priestley—he followed truth, as a man who hawks follows his sport—at full speed, straight forward, looking only upward, and regardless into what difficulties the chase may lead him. He loved literature for its own sake, and for its influence on the civilisation and happiness of mankind. In its vineyard he laboured anxiously and successfully; desirous of extending its sphere, and of bringing it into closer contact with the hearts and bosoms of men. His fellow-creatures he loved with that true humanity, which begins indeed at home, but the circle of which is not lost in spreading; though it stops not until it has the whole world inclosed in it as kin. In their cause all labours and all sacrifices were light. We have chiefly dwelt on the moral courage which, though his profession would have made neutrality in the eyes of most a duty and a merit, he uniformly volunteered in behalf of humanity and truth. The occasions were in themselves important; but the value of such examples is not occasional;—it is beyond all price, and is lasting as mankind. It has been a painful pre-eminence at times, to live a century too soon, even in science;—to discover and maintain unpopular truths, whether about chemistry or the stars. But to be beforehand with your age in political knowledge and intrepidity, implies always a far greater risk, and is, in this light, therefore, a far greater honour; and shame be to the generations that come after, if, in times when liberality of sentiment has ceased to be a transportable offence, they cherish not the memory of men, the fruits of whose perils and of whose virtues they enjoy!

ART. VII.—*Four Essays on Colonial Slavery.* By JOHN JEREMIE, Esq. late First President of the Royal Court of St Lucia. 8vo. London: 1831.

AN order of the King in Council, for ameliorating the condition of the slaves in the Crown Colonies, was issued on the 2d of November, 1831, and has been transmitted as law to the governors of those colonies, viz. the united colonies of Demerara and Berbice, Trinidad, St Lucia, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Mauritius. This order was accompanied by a circular despatch of Lord Goderich, the Colonial Secretary, addressed to the governors of the Colonies. In this despatch his Lordship explains most perspicuously the views with which the Government at home drew up the order, that the agents to whom the administration of it is intrusted may not be induced by any local influence to fall short of the full execution of it. The contumacious resistance with which the order has been received in Trinidad and St Lucia, especially the latter island, and the efforts of the inhabitants to make the governor suspend its operation, have shown that his lordship's precaution was not unnecessary.

There is one passage of this well-weighed, sound-reasoning, and temperate document, to which we would earnestly call the attention of all who are in any way connected with any of our Colonies:—‘The exigency of the occasion is such, as to demand from the King’s government decision and firmness—from yourself the utmost exertion of your authority and influence—and from all ‘classes of the King’s subjects in the colonies, a calm and deliberate review of the position in which the great question of Negro Slavery stands. It would be a fatal illusion to suppose, that the progress of ameliorating measures, tending to the ultimate extinction of slavery by cautious and gradual means, can be averted. No man who has watched the progress of public opinion in Europe, can avoid this conclusion. It is in no unfriendly spirit, but, on the contrary, with feelings of the deepest anxiety for the welfare of the proprietary body, that I would most earnestly and respectfully urge this fact on their attention. To embark in a contest upon this subject, of which the result could not but be unfavourable, and might be most disastrous to those who should provoke it, would be but to add to the amount of that distress which no men more freely acknowledge, or more deeply deplore, than the official advisers of the Crown.’ His lordship speaks, as a Minister of the Crown should speak, decidedly but cautiously, not going beyond the matter immediately before him,

not committing the government of which he is a member ;—a government which has indicated its disposition, but which has not yet taken its final resolution upon the momentous question of slavery. But we, whose attention is directed, not to one particular measure, but to the whole of this great subject—we would most earnestly and respectfully urge on the attention of Colonial proprietors and Colonial merchants, of Members of Parliament, and of the official advisers of the Crown themselves, this fact—that the great bulk of that part of the people of this country, who have the means of receiving information, and who are able to form an opinion upon this matter, who have the feelings and the consciences of free men and of Christians, and whose moral judgment is not perverted by a notion of their private interest in the question, are now looking most anxiously, not merely for the ultimate extinction of negro slavery by a gradual process of amelioration, but for the utter and speedy removal of this huge evil from the face of the earth. Such are the numbers, the intelligence, and the political power of those by whom this earnest hope, or rather we may say this settled purpose, is entertained—such, above all, is their weight of character and moral influence in the community, that, in the words of Lord Goderich, it will be a fatal illusion to suppose that the abolition of slavery can be long averted. To prolong a contest, of which the result cannot but be unfavourable, will only add to the final amount of that distress, which the West India proprietors have already brought upon themselves by their obstinate adherence to their own vicious policy.

The reasons which have wrought this determination in the minds of so large and so powerful a portion of the people, are no idle fancies, no transitory feelings ; but a conviction of the real state of the case, impressed by an overpowering strength of evidence ; and a deep and abiding sense of the personal guilt contracted by every individual who in any way tolerates the evil.

A reflecting mind, and a well informed conscience, might indeed have arrived at the same conclusion antecedently to any evidence of the peculiar facts of the case. To such a mind it is manifest that personal slavery, upheld for the benefit of the slave-owner, is in itself an unlawful state ; except when it is inflicted as a punishment for crime, or imposed for the purpose of working off a debt. We presume that even West Indian advocates will not have the hardihood, at this stage of the controversy, to assert that negro slavery is maintained for the benefit of the negroes themselves, like the subjection and discipline of children and apprentices. Such a plea may serve as an

apology for the slavery of the patriarchal ages; but the West Indian Colonies are not the scene of this state of simplicity and innocence. In our own country we are acquainted only with penal slavery,—the slavery of our prisons, hulks, and dock-yards; and it is a slavery which the field-negro has good reason to envy.* If we witnessed the state under any other circumstances, our common humanity would instinctively rise up against it. When the slavery of Christians existed at Algiers, our fleet went forth to break their bonds, and the heart of the whole country went with it. But merely because we are used to hear of the slavery of the negro, the hearts of many are hardened to it; and some who are unwilling even to see a criminal on the tread-mill, can think without pity or remorse of the perpetual bondage of hundreds of thousands of their unoffending fellow-creatures.

But if personal slavery be in itself unjustifiable, surely *hereditary* slavery is a still more palpable wickedness,—a more flagrant violation of the laws of God,—a more presumptuous contradiction of his purposes. That a moral agent, a reasonable and responsible being, should be born into the world, only to suffer for the sufferings of its parents,—to be throughout its whole existence upon earth the mere property of another,—to labour on till death without a hope or aim of its own,—is a monstrous anomaly, of which the unreasonableness can be equalled only by the sin. Yet this is the state which our Colonial countrymen claim a right to perpetuate as an inalienable patrimony. This is a state tolerated by a legislature, which indignantly swept away, as a relic of barbarous legislation, the taint attached to the blood of a traitor.

But though such general arguments would suffice for thinking and feeling minds, applying themselves impartially to the consideration of the question; yet by those whom interest and habit have engaged in the support of slavery, they would be set down as vague theories and sentimental speculations; and they would not have wrought in the active and practical part of the community the thorough conviction of the evil of slavery, and the conscientious determination to remove it; of which we solemnly warn the upholders of the Colonial system, and to the existence and the strength of which we humbly call the attention of the

* Mr Stephen has shown, in his second volume on the *Practice of Slavery*, pp. 316-319, that an English convict kept at hard labour, works about half the time of a common negro, and receives an allowance of food double in quantity, and more than double in nutritious quality.

legislature and of the executive government. Sound-judging, practical, business-like Englishmen have been forced to this conclusion by the most minute and particular evidence of the actual working of the slave system ; and if we go over the heads of the argument in the very briefest manner, and state the outline of the case which is established by legislative acts of the Colonial Assemblies, by official documents, and by the confessions and assumptions of the Colonists themselves, and of their friends, the wonder will be, not that sentence is passed upon negro slavery, but that it has been suffered to endure so long.

A person ignorant of the system of Colonial slavery might, perhaps, imagine that a slave was accounted a human being, and possessed in general of the rights of humanity ; and that the circumstances in which his slavery consisted were particular exceptions, enacted and defined by positive law. The truth of the case is the exact contrary. The slave system of the Colonies was originally comprehended in the simple principle, every where received as the custom of the country and as common law, that a slave had no human rights whatever, and was merely the property of his master ;—as absolutely his property as any beast of the field. Whatsoever protection against despotic power has anywhere been granted to the negro slave ; whatsoever rights, in relation either to his master or to the community at large, have anywhere been allowed to him, have been enacted by statute law ; and these are the exceptions to the general rule ;—these are the alterations of his original, and, as the Colonists would term it, his natural condition.

To enumerate all the negatives implied in an universal negation of human rights, and to specify all the grievances to which the negro was thereby subjected, would be a task that could never be fully accomplished. Mr Stephen (in his first volume on the *Legal State of Slavery*,) has pointed out the most prominent features of the condition, in three most perspicuous chapters, on its incidents, 1. As they respect the relation between the slave and his master ; 2. as they respect the relation of the slave to free individuals, other than the master and his delegates ; and, 3. as they respect his relation to the civil government of the country : and to these chapters we would refer the student who wishes to gain a clear idea both of the theory of slavery in the good old times, before the efforts of emancipators and the voice of an indignant mother country had compelled the Colonists to derange the uniformity and impair the consistency of their simple ideal ; and also of the amount of improvement which had been extorted from them up to 1824, by the unremitting contest of six-and-thirty years. We are careful to in-

form our readers to what date Mr Stephen's statements are to be referred ; but the progress of Colonial legislation in restoring the rights of humanity to the slave is not so rapid, but that his book, with a very small appendix, may still serve as a manual of the law of slavery. Upon the third head of his division we would observe, that long before the laws interposed in any way in behalf of the slave, they subjected him to a penal code of atrocious severity, peculiar to the slave, and not applicable to the freeman, and deprived him of those safeguards of innocence which are furnished by the usual forms of criminal jurisdiction.

When we come to examine what has been done to better the condition of the unhappy negro, we must remark, in the first place, that all improvement is comparatively recent. The earliest Colonial act upon the subject is the consolidated slave act of Jamaica of 1788. In the next place, all improvement has been forced upon the colonies from without. Whatsoever has been done, has been done 'grudgingly, and of necessity;' in consequence of the exposure of the deformities of their system ; and with the hope of appeasing or diverting the indignation of the British people, and of preventing the real and effectual reformation of slavery by the government at home. It is the characteristic peculiarity of by far the greater number of the meliorating acts of the West Indian legislatures, that they were passed, not from any sincere sense of the evils which they profess to correct,—not even with a perception of their evil nature, and far less with an honest desire to remove them ; but with the design of making out a specious case, of imposing upon the credulity of the mother country, and of obviating measures which could not be openly resisted. Some of the legislatures have ventured to avow these motives ; but that such was the impulse under which they all acted, cannot be questioned by any one who has the slightest knowledge of the facts.

Their first ostentatious improvements were made in the hope of averting the abolition of the slave trade. When the white-wash began to wear off the sepulchre, when a Parliamentary address was presented to the Crown, when the executive government called upon the Colonial Assemblies for a more substantial reformation, they reluctantly set to work again ; but not till the cogent argument had been again urged by the longer-sighted West Indian Committee in London, that if the slave laws were not reformed, the slave trade was likely to be abolished. When the abolition really took place, and in the repose of success public discussion was suspended in England, the Colonial Assemblies remained inactive ; though this was the very time when they ought to have accommodated their institutions to the

change of their circumstances ; if they had had any design to be less lavish in the expenditure of human life, or any desire to mitigate the severities, which they had hitherto justified by the plea of necessity on account of the perpetual importation of African savages. They did not set to work again till Mr Wilberforce's Register Bill threatened not only to make the abolition of the slave trade effectual, and to cut off every chance of its clandestine restoration ; but also to lay open, by the light of documentary evidence, the secrets of the West Indian prison-house, and to enable the British Parliament and Public finally to determine, whether Colonial slavery was a source of comfort and happiness to the slaves, such as the Colonists had boldly affirmed it to be, or a system of slow but wholesale murder. Then, indeed, the Colonial Societies were thrown into an agony of apprehension ; and, by their obstreperous outcries, and by a mock show of reformation, they succeeded in averting the dreaded evil, and in persuading the British nation to forfeit its character, not only for justice and humanity, but for consistency and steadiness of purpose,—to repent of its repentance of the accursed slave trade, and to intrust the completion of its measures for ceasing to do evil, and the commencement of its measures for doing well, to the very perpetrators of the wrong ;—to the men who had fought obstinately and desperately in defence of the traffic in human blood, and all the crimes which it engendered. The registration of slaves, and the other reformations connected with that measure, were left to the local legislatures ; and for once, the friends of the slave in England, and his masters in Jamaica, were pretty well agreed ; when, a year or two afterwards, the Jamaica Assembly declared its own Registration Act to be a vexatious and useless grievance. In May, 1823, Mr Canning moved the celebrated resolutions in the House of Commons, of which the first was, ‘ That it is expedient to adopt effectual ‘ and decisive measures for meliorating the condition of the ‘ slave population in his Majesty's Colonies ; ’ and thus this country was again pledged, even more solemnly than before, to the reformation and ultimate extinction of slavery. The ultimate object of the proposed meliorations was expressly declared to be the extinction of slavery ; a consummation which the Colonists had always professed to regard as a violation of the sacred laws of property, and every approach to which they stigmatized as barefaced wrong and robbery ; and yet the eloquent and ingenious statesman who moved the resolutions, was so far deluded by the habitual representations of his Colonial friends, as to suppose that it was an effectual and decisive measure to recommend meliorating measures to the West Indian legislatures. The success of the

experiment corresponded with the fears and predictions of the experienced opponents of slavery, and not with the benevolent purposes of the government. Some of the Colonial Assemblies seemed to think, that they had pushed the farce of mock reformation, as far as it could go with safety; and that if it were carried further, there would be a danger of its becoming a reality. They were emboldened by the success of their resistance to the Register Bill; and they treated the recommendations of the Parliament and the Crown with the most presumptuous contumacy. Never was the supreme authority of a country more grossly insulted, than by the answers which the legislative bodies of Jamaica and Barbadoes, and some other islands, returned to the recommendations addressed to them by their governors in the name of his Majesty. It would have been well, perhaps, if this contumacy had been universal and unbending. The matter might have been brought to a quicker decision. But in other Colonies they went again to their unwilling work; legislating with an ostentatious profession of improvement, but with a secret purpose of defeating their own legislation. From this period, however, their ingenuity began to be more severely taxed than in former days, before experience had made our statesmen at home somewhat less credulous of Colonial philanthropy. The government recommended, not only improvement, but specific measures of improvement. To those Colonies which are happily exempted from a local legislature of slave-owners, Orders in Council were issued, which, though in many respects they fell short of the wishes of the advocates of safe emancipation, went far beyond any meliorations ever contemplated by Colonial law-givers; and these orders were proposed as models for the imitation of the chartered Colonies. Under this novel compulsion different measures in different quarters have been slowly and reluctantly adopted. But of the spirit of this forced legislation, it will be a sufficient specimen, if we point out, that for the office of Protector of slaves, who was to be the receiver of complaints, the enquirer into grievances, the patron and the advocate of injured slaves, and whom the government most properly required to be entirely unconnected with slave property, the favourite Colonial substitute has been a Council of Protection, composed of the ordinary magistrates; that is, of the chief slave-holders of the district, who are supposed to sit solemnly to receive complaints against themselves, or at least against their fellow slave-holders, with whom they are connected by the strongest corporate spirit, and the most deeply-rooted notion of their common interest in all the abuses of the slave system. These councils possess no more power than the members of

them possessed before as justices. It is observable that the Colonial legislatures, in assigning the duties of their councils of protection, have been most careful to award punishments for all such complaints as may be pronounced to be groundless; and have taken no measures for rescuing the slave from the dominion of his master, however well-founded his tale of oppression or cruelty may be. When the government at home proceeded a step further, and transmitted to the Colonial Assemblies eight bills, in which the proposed reforms were distinctly embodied in language which admitted of no evasion, they were all every where contumeliously rejected. It is manifest from the very nature of the case, without any further examples, that legislative acts, for the mitigation or reformation of slavery, passed by assemblies of slave-owners, in avowed contradiction to their own wishes and notions of their own interests, and adopted only to obviate measures of melioration from a superior power, must be delusive and inefficient;—specious in words, but inoperative as rules of practice. Such, almost all the meliorating acts of the Colonial legislatures have been shown to be;—mere rags to cover the blotches and ulcers of the system; not skilful applications for their thorough cure. In the words of Mr Jeremie (p. 21.) they are ‘well-sounding to the ear, worse than useless in effect. They had no executory principle. Either the regulation was too vague, or there was no penalty, or it was committed to hands adverse to its enforcement; and, if these failed, next came the judicatories, hampered with every possible rule that could tend to render the ascertainment of the truth impracticable.’

In the last words, Mr Jeremie alludes more particularly to the practice which, of all others, is most efficacious in making the pretended meliorating acts a dead letter,—the general rejection of slave evidence against white men. In most of the colonies the planter, or the planter’s deputy, has only to take care that no white is within sight or hearing, and he may perpetrate what enormity he pleases, without any fear of legal consequences. One of the Colonial Assemblies gravely enacted that a slave should be capable of giving testimony, if he had been baptized by a clergyman of the Church of England; as if there were danger in allowing a West Indian jury to give what credit they pleased to the testimony of a negro baptized by a

* We cannot enter into the minute examinations which prove that such is the fact; but we refer our readers to the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, Nos. 11, 28, 29, 31, 34, 38, 43, 52, 65.

Moravian or Methodist missionary, or even a heathen who had eyes and ears. Even where the evidence of slaves has been admitted in other cases, it is excluded where the accused is the master or manager; that is, in the cases in which it is most wanted. Only two of the chartered colonies, Grenada and Tobago, have earned for themselves an honourable exception from the general character which has been given of Colonial legislation, by *freely admitting slave evidence in all cases, and against all persons.*

It appears, therefore, that the original assumption of the system of West Indian slavery was, that the slave is the mere property of his master, and is to be left in all respects to his mercy and discretion. And, though the enactments which the Colonial legislatures have been induced to make from motives of policy, have destroyed this terribly simple theory, yet in their effect they leave the practice but very little altered. If any thing has bettered the practice of the West Indies, it has been a consciousness that many eyes are turned to that quarter, and a wholesome fear lest flagrant cases of cruelty should bring a scandal upon the whole system, and aid the friends of emancipation in their efforts for its destruction.

It was a favourite artifice of the Colonists, especially in the earlier stages of the controversy, to represent that the apparent defects or enormities of the slave codes, and the legal disabilities of the slave, were more than compensated by the liberal and benevolent tone of feeling among the white inhabitants. It had never been thought worth while to protect the negro from excessive and cruel punishment, or even from mutilation and maiming, to secure him from being overworked, or to provide for him an adequate supply of food and clothing, because the humanity of the master, to say nothing of his self-interest, prevented any grievance from being practically felt in consequence of these omissions. The manners and sentiments of a community may often be more just and more humane than their positive laws; as would appear, in our own country, from a comparison of the verdicts of juries for the last thirty years with the enactments of the statute-book. But where the barbarity of a code consisted in its silence, and its positive enactments were on the side of mitigation, it would be strange if the legislatures were habitually more humane than they cared to set down on paper. The truth is, that the very contrary is the case; and that the prejudices, and feelings, and manners, and language of the white inhabitants of the Colonies are still all fashioned upon their old notion, that a negro is a being of an inferior species, a mere working animal, the absolute property of his master. With that uneasiness

which ever attends the secret consciousness of a bad cause, they are exceedingly jealous of the slightest interference between the owner and his property; even of the interference of the supreme government of the state. 'May not a man do what he will with his own?' is a maxim infinitely more popular in the Colonies than it has lately been at home; and is an apology, not for notices to quit, but for the cart-whip, and the stocks, and red pepper in the eyes. The unwilling and deceptive legislation to which the chartered Colonies have been alternately coaxed and driven, has augmented the bulk of their statute-books; but on their tempers and feelings it has produced little effect; except, perhaps, to embitter them still more against the despised and dreaded negro.

Here justice requires us to make a distinction, and in making it we shall expose more thoroughly this mischievous sophism of the defenders of slavery. Among the non-resident proprietors of slaves, noblemen and gentlemen of high rank and consideration in this country, and among our West Indian merchants, who, by the ordinary operations of commerce, or by trusts or mortgages, are interested in the produce of slave labour, no doubt there are many upright and honourable and benevolent men;—even men sincere in the profession of a more than commonly strict religious character, whose consciences can honestly bear them witness, that they are not possessed with any malignant prejudices against the slave; that they regard his unhappy condition with humanity and charity; and that they are desirous of bestowing upon him every benefit which they believe him to need, and which they judge him capable of receiving. They feel that to them the silence of the slave codes would be no apology for injury and cruelty; that their own humanity would more than supply the defects of legislation; and that their consciences would judge of their conduct to their dependants by a standard above the law. So they judge of themselves, at a distance from the atmosphere of temptation and guilt;—at a distance from the scenes, where the heart is hardened, and the passions exasperated, and the sentiments corrupted, by the habitual exercise of despotic power. We know the deceitfulness of human nature; but God forbid that we should say of any individual, before he is tried, that he does not judge truly. But the evil is, that these upright and benevolent men form the same judgment of the inhabitants of the Colonies; and impart to them the sanction of their own high characters. They believe that their own liberal views and feelings are shared by men, the great bulk of whom are of inferior rank in society, and far inferior education;—

mortgaged planters, who are striving to save themselves from utter ruin, by getting the greatest quantity of productive labour out of their slaves with the least possible expense of sustenance ; attorneys, whose measure of self-approbation is the number of hogsheads they consign ; managers, overseers, and book-keepers, accustomed not only to depute the tyranny of the cart-whip to the drivers in the field, but daily to direct and superintend the infliction of punishments at the home stall ; and, worse than this, accustomed to indulge all the whims of despotic power in all the petty details of domestic life :—men who are nobles and princes by virtue of a white skin, to whom the degradation of the black is rank and honour ; men, who by their circumstances are shut out from all the benefits of mixed society, and free discussion, and extended views of policy ; men, who by their exchange of thoughts can only encourage one another in their common prejudices ; men, we will finally venture to add, to whom the voice of faithful religious instruction on matters connected however remotely with their duty to the slave, is seldom or never addressed. There are residents even in the West Indies, who have escaped the contagion of their moral plague ; but the great mass of the white population is fearfully corrupted by their system of slavery. Yet these men eagerly take credit to themselves for the good character of their distant and deluded friends ; and would pass themselves off upon the British public as patterns of humanity and liberality.

The pamphlet of Mr Jeremie is especially valuable as the testimony of an intelligent, observant, and unprejudiced witness to the working of the system of Colonial Slavery, and the general tone of Colonial opinions and feelings. He arrived in St Lucia, in February, 1825, in possession of the office of Chief Justice, or First President of the Royal Court ; and he continued to hold this office for about six years. The first object of his appointment was to assimilate the institutions of St Lucia, which had been originally a French settlement, to those of our own Colonies. Of the formation of his opinions on the question of slavery, we shall leave him to speak for himself :—‘ At the time
‘ the tender of an appointment was first made to him, he was un-
‘ acquainted with a single individual in the service of the Colonial
‘ department, and his political opinions were rather opposed to the
‘ then government. On the question of slavery, he was thoroughly
‘ indifferent ; indeed, it was so remote from his usual pursuits
‘ that he may fairly say he had never given it a thought. In the
‘ interval between the first proposal, and his accepting office, his
‘ professional avocations brought him to England, and on this

‘ occasion (probably owing to this proposal) his curiosity prompted him to attend an Anti-Slavery Meeting; he believes the second. The impression made on his mind at that meeting was rather unfavourable than otherwise to the abolitionists. He heard much declamation,—much angry and eloquent declamation, but, accustomed from early life to sift evidence, it struck him that there was then a deficiency of facts and of evidence on which to ground that declamation.’ ‘ With this impression the writer went to the Colonies. His duties were there, as is shown, likely to be but little connected with slavery; and the advice he received on the subject, from the only gentleman in office to whom he mentioned it, was to avoid those matters, especially as his actual duties were likely to prove sufficiently unpopular.’

Mr Jeremie states that, till his return to this country, he was not acquainted with a single member of the Anti-Slavery Society; and a reference to a note in No. 29, p. 113, of the Anti-Slavery Reporter, will prove most satisfactorily that there was no friendly league between the Chief President of St Lucia and the advocates of emancipation in England. It has been the force of truth alone which has ranged them on the same side.

Mr Jeremie had no expectation of being called upon officially to form any opinion upon slavery:—‘ But whether fortunately or otherwise, certainly very unexpectedly, the last despatch he received from government, before he left England, happened to be an official letter, from the Under Secretary of State, transmitting the whole of the papers on this point up to that period, with directions to revise and report on the slave laws then preparing for St Lucia; and thus he was at once involved in a discussion which he had wished to avoid, and called upon to attend with assiduity to the bearings of the question.’

‘ The first draft of the slave law was completed at the close of the year 1825, when he had been nearly twelve months in the colony, and had had, as he conceived, the best opportunities of forming a judgment. He had taken the most respectable colonial information, had made a tour of the island that he might ascertain, *de visù*, what was the actual condition of the slaves, and had revised carefully every enactment which appeared in the books of the colony.

‘ The opinion thus formed by himself amounted to this, that he conceived what had been alleged, of the general cruelties of slavery, was a downright misrepresentation; and this opinion was laid upon the tables of Parliament in the subsequent year. —But hitherto the slave had not enjoyed the liberty of freely communicating with his protectors; he had not enjoyed those

‘ important rights which rendered him in any degree independent of his manager.

‘ Scarcely was this opinion transmitted, and the new slave law promulgated, than a negro came before him with a collar riveted round his neck, from which projected three prongs of about ten inches each in length, and at the end of either of those prongs were inserted three smaller ones about an inch long, and these were attached to a chain, reaching to fetters joining round his ankles. His back and limbs were wealed from neck to foot, and he declared that this collar was kept on him by day and by night; that he worked with it in the field; and on his return was immured in a solitary cell; and that this course had been practised for some months in order to prevent his running away, the crime with which he was principally charged.—This might however be a solitary instance.

‘ A commission of three gentlemen of reputed humanity, namely, an officer holding the situation of Procureur du Roi, or official protector of slaves, together with the commandant of the quarter in which the plantation was situated, and the commandant of the neighbouring quarter, were sent out to investigate the affair. These gentlemen returned with a written report, wherein not a word of the negro’s statement was shaken. They admitted that there were three other men at the time on the estate, with collars of the same description, and that those collars were in use in the country. The Procureur du Roi added, that the collars in use were not quite so heavy; but the commissioners, apparently with a view of settling that point, had weighed the collar, and affirmed that it was not heavier than usual. The report also stated, that there was a woman covered with sores, who was found in chains, and who had been so chained for near two years; and yet the commissioners reported, that the estate was well managed, and that the arrangements were good!—This was not at a remote period, but in the year 1826.

‘ As may be supposed, the report was not quite so satisfactory to others, as to those gentlemen. But no sooner was it known that the law was to be rigorously adhered to, than reports of insubordination among the negroes, and of the necessity of a militia, or some other armed protecting force, to keep them in order, were universally circulated; all which not only surprised me, but was at that time incomprehensible. A proclamation was, however, issued against these collars. What followed? Scarcely two months afterwards, other reports were spread of discontent and actual mutiny of so serious a nature having broken out on the same estate, that the principal offi-

‘cers of government were directed to investigate the matter anew. The result was, that in lieu of the collar, the following punishment had been used. The women were hung by the arms to a peg, raised so high above their heads, that the toes alone touched the ground, the whole weight of the body resting on the wrists of the arms or the tips of the toes. The report of a mutiny was mere invention.

‘This torture was put down, one of the offenders fined, and the other imprisoned. But what was the third expedient adopted? The field-stocks,—an invention forwarded from Trinidad, and which was actually legalized by the regulations drawn up by myself—so little aware was I of the severity of the punishment; indeed my attention was first drawn to it by a planter himself. The field-stocks are in short, or at least may be rendered, nothing less than the most cruel picketing. They are in the shape of a pillory, the hands of the slave are inserted in grooves, which may be raised to any height above the head, and the feet are inserted in other grooves at the bottom of the instrument, the toes alone being made to touch the ground: the body is thus suspended in mid-air, its whole weight resting on the wrists and toes.

‘In Trinidad they fix leaden weights to the wrists, which of course add considerably to the torture. It is a legalized substitute for the whip, and even pregnant women are not exempted from it.—What has humanity gained?” pp. 5-7.

The next lesson in Mr Jeremie’s experience is still more instructive as to the general tone of Colonial feeling. It is the *property* theory in full practice:—

‘About the time that the negro presented himself with the collar, the writer was presiding in court, when a case came on in appeal, which had commenced some years before. It was a demand by a manager against a proprietor for wages.

‘The proprietor pleaded, as a set-off, the value of two slaves killed by the over-flogging of the manager. The account ran thus: After several items of very trifling amount, for soap, candles, money advanced on account, &c., were the two following, by far the largest:—

‘“No. 19. For the value of John the cooper, flogged to death by you, and then buried in the cane piece, 400 dollars!”

‘“No. 21. For the price of the negress, Mary Clare, who died by bruises received from you, 300 dollars!”

‘The manner in which the presumed murderer treated this, was as follows—being extracted from the judicial proceedings:—

‘ “ The observation on one of these claims will do for both. And we tell the defendant that the plaintiff might have expected objections, as this would cause a delay in the payment (of his wages) ; but he was far from anticipating a payment in *this* coin. It is not the manager that is to bear the loss of negroes employed by the defendant. If the latter had rights to exercise in this respect, he could long since have made use of them. This kind of speculation is new, but it will not take. The two articles we therefore object to, still more decidedly than to the rest : they amount jointly to 700 dollars.”

‘ The pleadings on the other side, which were also produced in the cause, were in the same strain of disgusting levity. The proprietor reminded the manager that the coin was not so bad, for the latter seemed to have forgotten his note of hand for 300 dollars given to indemnify him for the loss of the woman. This he produced, undertaking at the same time to prove the other case ; and among the papers was an affidavit from the overseer of the estate, who, in the most distinct manner, corroborated both the charges. With these papers before him, the judge of first instance discussed the proofs as mere matter of account ; he admitted that in which the note had been produced, but stated that the other was not satisfactorily made out, and the 300 dollars only were deducted from the wages.

‘ The case was re-argued and re-heard on appeal, in the same indifferent manner, and the manager and the first judge dying in the course of the proceedings, it was deemed too late to push the point further.

‘ That two men should venture thus to traffic in murder, is in itself an awful circumstance ; but even this is outdone by the calm indifference with which the pleadings, the account itself, the very judgments, prove the case to have been contemplated. Then, who was this proprietor ? He was the writer’s predecessor in office ; Chief-Justice of the colony ; who held a seat in the Royal Court, on the first trial ; and, in the interval, had attained the Presidency ; and in this office had been permitted to continue for thirteen years, during which this cause was under public discussion. Nor was he at length removed, except on a subsequent application of the first President, for other offences connected with slavery.’—pp. 7, 8.

Mr Jeremie then mentions some circumstances of a case which came before him, in which a planter was charged with having murdered six or eight of his slaves in as many years. The information against him proceeded at last, not from a sense of justice or humanity, but from a private dispute. The very attempt to investigate the matter produced a general alarm and

resistance. Enough was proved, on some of the charges, to produce in Mr Jeremie a thorough conviction of their truth ; but, in consequence of the restrictions upon slave evidence, and other formalities, with which such criminal proceedings in the island were then clogged, the prisoner escaped punishment.

Some of the details of this prosecution are highly instructive. The whole is recorded in writing : and indeed Mr Jeremie states only such facts as can be verified by documentary evidence.

‘ It appears, on the proceedings, that when one of these imputed murders was committed, the informer, publicly and officially, for he was then Lieutenant-Commandant of his Quarter, made it known to the Commandant of the Quarter, to the public prosecutor, and to the criminal judge ; and they not only refrained from proceeding, but the judge, especially, endeavoured to conceal the offence, and to dissuade him from following it up, “ as it might cause much mischief in England.” ’

‘ It further appears that the prisoner, not content with escaping punishment, actually made a charge on the public treasury for the value of one of the slaves he had killed, on the plea that he had been killed by a duly authorized detachment as a runaway ; and that this claim had been allowed. When this last fact became known, on inspecting the public accounts, several planters remonstrated with the treasurer, who replied, “ It is better to keep those things quiet.” Thus they, one and all, public officers included, not only allowed a murderer to escape punishment, and dissuaded from the prosecution of his recent murder, but actually rewarded and indemnified him for committing the crime.’—pp. 12, 13.

But a still more characteristic touch remains behind. Upon this person’s petition, setting forth his claim upon the public treasury for the value of his killed negro, Mr Jeremie found an endorsement, an official memorandum, that it was to be explained, that, if runaways were not denounced to the civil commissaries, if killed, they were not to be paid for.

‘ Not a word appears of the natural conclusion in such a case, that the murderer should be executed. Such a consummation never seems to have been dreamed of. So far from this, it would seem that a bare certificate from a commissary (who is not on oath), that a human being was returned to him as absent from his plantation before he was actually shot, was sufficient, not only to exempt his murderer from punishment, but to warrant a claim for his value on the public fund ; and this is confirmed by a vote of the council of government.

‘ Thus, then, if an owner killed his negro, without having

‘ returned him as a deserter, he lost his value ; if after, he recovered even this value. Thus, in either case, was it the value alone, and not the life, that was considered. After such proof of the light in which the slave was viewed, the mode in which he was destroyed dwindles into insignificance ; nor is it a little singular, that this endorsement should appear in papers which leave scarcely a doubt that the man was murdered.’—p. 14.

Such were some of the examples which at length opened the eyes of Mr Jeremie to the true nature of Colonial slavery, and to the Colonial standard of right and wrong. And when he looks about him, he sees that, in these examples, there is nothing peculiar to St Lucia. Amongst other instances, he refers to the case of Mr and Mrs Moss, in the Bahamas, who were convicted of causing the death of a young female slave by repeated floggings, by confinement in the stocks, and by the torture of rubbing the capsicum pepper in her eyes. For this offence they suffered, not capital punishment, but a short imprisonment ; they were made the subjects of a petition to the crown for pardon, on the ground of their high character ; they were ostentatiously visited in prison by the most respectable white inhabitants ; and on their release they were honoured with a public dinner. He refers to the case of Mr Walley, in the island of Nevis, under whose management the negroes, on an estate of Lord Combermere, decreased in four years from 249 to 190. In 1827, this person was indicted for murder, and the bill was thrown out by the grand jury. In 1830, his conduct was investigated by a board of magistrates, and six indictments were preferred against him ; one for murder, two for manslaughter, and three for maltreatment ; but they were either ignored by the grand jury, or failed from the inadmissibility of slave evidence. The depositions passed under the eyes of Lord Goderich ; and it appears from his lordship’s remarks, that such indictments, with such results, were not a solitary example in Nevis.

‘ The rejection, by the grand jury of Nevis, of the bills of indictment preferred, in some cases of alleged cruelty against slaves, on different plantations, when viewed with reference to the previous depositions, has unavoidably produced, in my mind, the painful conviction, that the gentlemen of the colony have not correctly understood their duty as grand jurors. I cannot permit myself to believe that persons, in their station of life, would be insensible to the sacred obligation of the oath they have taken ; and though I am not disposed to attribute to them such prejudices as would prevent the dispassionate exercise of their judgments in questions of such serious moment,

‘ I cannot but feel that the course they have pursued in this matter is calculated to produce a very painful and unsatisfactory impression in this country.’*

Aristotle observed long ago that the strongest oligarchies were those which within themselves were democratical. Mr Jeremie has arrived at the same conclusion; and his remarks upon the effect of setting up the institutions of a free community, where a small portion of the population hold the rest in bondage, are exceedingly forcible; and will throw great light upon our enquiry, how far we can expect the state of slavery to be mitigated under the legislation and jurisdiction of slave-owners. ‘ Why are Houses of Assembly, why are Juries, Grand or Petty, so highly esteemed by Englishmen? Because they are strong barriers against oppression. Selected from among the community, the jurors, the representatives, are imbued with its sentiments: its interests are theirs. Thus, if West Indian communities are still to be viewed as consisting of some few white proprietors exclusively, then are these institutions well adapted to protect their privileges; but if of some hundred thousand human beings, equal in the eyes of their Creator, equal in the eye of the law, then are such institutions (limited as they are in their constituency) only calculated more deeply to humble, more effectually to crush, the oppressed;—then are they the most powerful barrier, not against tyranny, but against liberty; not against encroachment, but amendment; exercising their power, not for detection and punishment, but for impunity and concealment.’—p. 24.

Of the concealment and suppression of evidence which is to be expected from the most respectable bodies in the Colonies, so long as they are the organs of a party, upholding an iniquitous mastery, Mr Jeremie gives the following example; which rests upon the authority of the Rev. Mr Trew, the Rector of St Thomas in the East in Jamaica. It appears from the context of Mr Trew’s statement that he himself was the witness in question.† ‘ In Jamaica, the House of Assembly were engaged in an enquiry as to the propriety of admitting slave evidence. A clergyman was asked—Have you ever known any instance where public justice was defeated through the inadmissibility of slave evidence? He related the following case of a white man, the owner of a small plantation, who tried to seduce from the

* Despatch to Governor Maxwell, 4th December, 1830.

† See the Anti-Slavery Reporter. No. 76.

‘ path of virtue the natural child of his own father by a slave. The girl, taught by her mother, who had been instructed by the missionaries in the great truths of religion, had learned the sinfulness of the act, and refused to listen to him. She was placed in the stocks, and he renewed his entreaties. This produced no other effect on her mind than to induce her the more strenuously to resist. At last she was unmercifully flogged. But every artifice was in vain; and the girl was eventually removed to a place of confinement, and afterwards set at liberty. The first use she made of her liberty was to apply to a magistrate, who forthwith summoned the Council of Protection. The girl’s story was well authenticated, but it was the story of a slave; and, therefore, though the Council were fully persuaded of the truth of her statement, such guilt escaped unpunished. This is shocking; but yet it is not on that account that it is now quoted.’—The writer continues—‘ This part of the evidence does not appear on the face of the printed Minutes of the Jamaica Assembly: the witness enquired the reason. It appeared that a discussion arose, in the committee, as to the propriety of expunging this part of the evidence; and it was expunged from the Minutes accordingly; a member at the same time observing, “are we not cutting a rod to break our own heads?” ’—pp. 25, 26.

Now, a Legislative Assembly, which can thus make itself a party to stifling the evidence of the enormities attendant upon the system of slavery, at the very time when it professed to be engaged in measures for its improvement, must not consider itself hardly treated, if its testimony on all such points is received with the suspicion which is usually attached to the defensive evidence of partners in crime. We beseech our readers to bear this anecdote in mind, if any statements of the Jamaica House of Assembly should come before them with respect to the late insurrection in that island.

No feature is so strongly marked in the general character of the West Indian residents as their deadly hatred to those self-devoted men who labour to convey religious knowledge and consolation to their miserable slaves. There is more in this hatred than the natural and general enmity of irreligious men to genuine religion. They feel, in spite of themselves, that a participation in the blessings of religion elevates the negro, whom they would fain consider as a mere property, as a working brute, into the dignity of a man. In the ignorance and depravity of his heathen state, they can look upon him as perishing like a beast of the field; and they can pride themselves to their hearts’ content in their supe-

riority of physiognomy and skin. But when he becomes a partaker of the promises of the gospel, they feel that he is made their equal; and their consciences may whisper that he is more than their equal. As the servant of Him before whom there is neither bond nor free, he is enfranchised with a sure enfranchisement. The cart-whip may hasten his complete deliverance; but it cannot make him the slave that he was before. This the pride of the master cannot brook; and he considers the minister of religion, the instrument of conversion, as robbing him of his human property. Again, the slave-owners dread and hate the missionaries who wish to labour among the negroes, because their necessary intimacy with the slaves discloses to them the secrets of plantation discipline and economy, and makes them most formidable witnesses, if ever they are called upon to deliver their testimony. The planters have no objection to the visits of a bishop or a bishop's chancellor. He cannot see enough to be dangerous to them; and if he be credulous enough to believe all he hears, or lively enough to be pleased with all he sees, and incautious enough to record his first impressions, he may be a very serviceable witness to them; like the admirals and generals of former days, who gave them such good characters before the House of Commons, at a time when all the atrocities of the slave-trade were in full vigour,—a time which every planter now repudiates as the iron age of slavery in comparison with this golden period of melioration. But a missionary who should collect the negroes around him on their fragment of a Sunday, who should visit them in their huts on their return from labour, who should be admitted to instruct and comfort the sick and dying in the plantation hospital, would not be so easily imposed upon; and, therefore, most of the planters strenuously endeavour to prevent the religious instruction of their slaves. In Jamaica, for example, they are very willing to make their book-keepers catechists; but a genuine missionary they regard with abhorrence. Nor is their enmity confined to dissenting teachers. A clergyman of the Established Church, who should honestly devote himself to the instruction of the negroes, would encounter the same bitter hostility, and would eventually be excluded from the plantations. Indeed, he would be more sure to give offence than his dissenting brother, as he would probably speak unpalatable truths in the ears of the whites themselves. In proof of these positions, we need refer only to the case of Mr Harte of Barbadoes, who at length drew down upon himself the persecution of his parishioners, by the unpardonable offence of administering the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to white and

black communicants at different ends of the same table. He was so utterly proscribed, that the only planter who continued to admit him to his estate was himself, for that reason, excluded from society.* To this general state of Colonial feeling there are some honourable exceptions. Mr Wildeman, in Jamaica, deserves grateful mention. In the Island of Antigua, the missionaries of the United Brethren and the Methodists commenced their labours when Colonial suspicion was less awake than it is now ; and the experience of the benefit of their instructions secures to them facilities for continuing them. But in most of the Colonies, the religious instruction of the slaves is as little cared for by their masters and managers as the religious instruction of the mules and oxen.

The great and crying evil which prevents, and ever will prevent, the religious instruction of our heathen fellow-subjects in the West Indies, till the mother country interposes its effectual authority, is the unhallowing of the Sabbath day. On the one hand, the masters have no religious feeling to induce them to leave this day for the instruction of their slaves ; on the other, their avarice, or their necessities, make them employ for themselves every available hour of the negro in the week ; so that he is compelled, under the penalty of starving, to labour and market for himself on the Sunday. Upon this head, the pretended Colonial reforms are more grossly deceptive perhaps than upon any other. In most of the islands, the only effect of the recommendation of the government to provide for the observance of the Sabbath has been to legalize the Sunday markets, which before were matters of custom, under pretence of limiting their duration ; and in Antigua and other islands, the Colonists have forbidden the Sunday market, and *given the slaves* no market-day in its place,—(in Antigua they have not even named another day,) and then they wonder that they are discontented and tumultuous !

With a folly and a wickedness which seem like the fruit of a judicial infatuation, the West Indian legislators have neglected to encourage marriage, and the formation of families ;—even since the abolition of the slave trade, when it was manifest that the maintenance of their property, as they call it, depended upon its native increase. The utmost which has been ordained by the legislature of Jamaica, which contains about half the total number of slaves in the British possessions, is an enactment made, for the first time in 1826, that the clergyman of the parish shall

marry, without fee, any slaves who have obtained their owner's consent, who have been baptized, and who shall appear to the clergyman to have an adequate knowledge of the obligations of matrimony. Now, to the West Indians, who, according to their notions on the subject of slavery, would as soon have thought of the marriage of a hog as the marriage of a negro, the very mention of the marriage of slaves in a public act seems a vast improvement. But to Europeans, who are accustomed to think that all men and women at least *may* marry, this enactment appears framed for the discouragement of marriage. The single facility afforded by it is, that the clergyman is to marry without fee: the rest of the clause is made up of restrictions. Two slaves cannot marry unless both parties are baptized; without the consent of the owner, (and the consent of two owners may be necessary,) and without the consent of the clergyman: nor can they be married by any one except the clergyman of their parish. To say nothing of the absurdity and iniquity of forbidding marriages by Roman Catholic or dissenting clergymen, among a population whose conversion to any kind of Christianity would be an inestimable gain, we will go at once to the root of the matter, and expose the fallacy which has been countenanced even by our religious societies. Can none but Christians marry? Did not the Jews marry? Did not the Greeks marry? Did not the Romans marry? Did not the Roman matron, before the general corruption of Roman manners, stand as high in the social scale as the English wife? Do not heathens and savages all over the world marry? Is not marriage as old as the creation? Is it not the very foundation of all human society? Has it not always had some form or ceremony, by which it is distinguished as a civil state from concubinage? Why then should even the heathen negro be considered incapable of contracting marriage? Why should he be forced, however faithfully he may be attached to one woman, to live in a state not distinguished by any record from promiscuous cohabitation? It is the manifest duty, and, if possible, the still more manifest interest of the planters, to encourage marriage among all their slaves; and, whenever a permanent connexion is formed between one man and one woman, to ascertain and register such reputed marriage. So far, however, are they from encouraging the formation of families, that nothing effectual has been done in the chartered Colonies to prevent the separation of families by sale. The utmost that has been done is to forbid their separation by judicial sales, for the payment of the master's debts. And this restriction is applicable only when all the negroes of an estate are seized together; for

if they are seized separately, they may be sold separately. We may see in this example how tender the Colonial legislators are of what they consider the perfect rights of the master in his human property. So long as the slaves have a master, he may sell the husband to one purchaser, the wife to another, and the children to others. The law steps in to forbid this unnatural disruption only when the negroes are seized, and their former master is their master no more. The true causes of the carelessness or aversion of the West Indians to the marriage of their slaves, are their unwillingness to place them in any respect on the common level of humanity, and a miserably short-sighted fear lest the despotic power of the master should be impaired. They foresee that at least partial exemptions from labour must be granted to wives and mothers, and that when families are once lawfully recognised, it will soon cease to be lawful to separate them by an arbitrary sale; but they do not foresee that, by encouraging the rearing of families, they will have an increasing body of labourers, instead of decreasing gangs, which it daily becomes more ruinous to fill up by purchases.

But all the economy of a West Indian plantation is short-sighted; or such are the necessities of the planters, that they cannot venture to sacrifice the smallest present gain for the certain prospect of the greatest benefits. For the petty gains and the petty savings that can be made by over-working their negroes and under-feeding them, by clothing them scantily and lodging them badly, they are content to waste their perishable capital; in other words, to shorten the lives of their slaves, and prevent their natural increase. Sugar-planting is not a very slow species of murder. Mr Buxton stated to the House of Commons, in April 1831, the consumption of human life which it occasioned. His calculations are verified by the Registry Returns from the parish of St Thomas in the East in Jamaica; an abstract of which may be found in the 89th number of the Anti-Slavery Reporter. From these it appears, that on the sugar estates, the slave population of which, in 1817, amounted to 4972, the deaths in twelve years exceeded the births by 560; while on the coffee estates in the same district, in a population of 1554, the births exceeded the deaths by 11; and the free Maroons increased at the rate of nearly 30 per cent. Again, in the island of Tobago, the slave population which, in 1819, consisted of 7633 males, and 7837 females, was reduced, in 1829, to 5872 males, and 6684 females; and even when the number of manumissions is deducted, there remains an actual decrease by death, in ten years, of 2752. Mr Stephen, in his *Delineation of Practical Slavery*,

has thought it sufficient to expose the miseries which the slaves endure from over-working and insufficient sustenance, and has passed over all the other oppressions under which they labour. Nor can any reader think that he has judged amiss, when he finds that he has proved, out of the mouths of the advocates of the Colonial system, that the average amount of the work of the field negroes throughout the year is nearly sixteen hours a-day; and that in the islands where the master gives out rations to his slaves, the amount of food for a week, which is to hold soul and body together under this enormous labour in a tropical climate, is, by law, six pints of flour, or eight of pulse, with six or seven salt herrings! No wonder that Dr Collins, an experienced West Indian planter and physician, who addressed to his brother planters *Practical Rules for the Management of their Negroes*, could state boldly, upon his own observation, ‘that a great number of negroes perished annually by diseases produced by inanition.’*

That the reader may know upon what kind of evidence Mr Stephen’s case rests, we will just briefly state, that, by the slave act of Jamaica, the master legally exacts from the negro in the field eleven hours and a half a day, out of crop; and this is exclusive of the time spent in going and returning, and of the daily labour of grass-picking. In crop time, that is for about five months of the year, the time of labour is unlimited by law; and, in practice, is confessed to be eighteen hours.

Upon this subject, Mr Jeremie supplies us with some evidence of the practice of St Lucia; and his account contains a good lesson as to the value of the assertions of the planters about their own system. Mr Jeremie had inserted in the second draft of the St Lucia Slave Law, a clause, that negroes should, under any and every circumstance, be allowed eight hours consecutive rest within the twenty-four hours:—‘When this clause was read in Court, it was warmly objected to by the Colonial members. One of them in particular observed, that their indignation was not levelled so much at the regulation itself; but because the fact of its being introduced

* See *Practical Rules*, pp. 87—91, the greater part of which are cited by Mr Stephen, vol. ii. pp. 258—260. Dr Collins’s book, though written in honest good-will to the planters, is a more complete exposure of the evils of slavery, than all the labours of the Anti-Slavery Society.

‘ would lead strangers to believe, that planters could have had
‘ the cruelty to work negroes upwards of sixteen hours ; which
‘ he, as a proprietor, declared was a slanderous accusation. The
‘ reply was, that such instances were possible, and had been
‘ mentioned ; but it was not supposed that they were common.
‘ However, the Court persisted in remonstrating ; and their re-
‘ monstrance appears on the table of Parliament, couched in the
‘ terms used by that gentleman.

‘ The solemn manner, in which the fact of overworking was
‘ denied, could not but make an impression ; and I came to the
‘ conclusion, that if any practice of the kind existed, it must be
‘ very rare, and could only have taken place on estates of inferior
‘ note ; so that, even in May 1829, having been then upwards of
‘ four years in the country, I, in a report to government, stated it
‘ as my opinion that freemen, in Europe, sometimes submitted
‘ cheerfully “ to toils and privations unknown to the West Indian
‘ slave.” But, not six months afterwards, the attention of go-
‘ vernment was called to an estate, the attorney of which was a
‘ member of the Privy Council, and the manager, looked up to
‘ as one of the leading men of his class, a frequent guest in the
‘ highest society. The complaint, as usual, was of ill treatment
‘ on one side, met by a charge of insubordination on the other ;
‘ and it then was proved, and, indeed, admitted (the number of
‘ times only being in dispute) that the gang had, in the course of
‘ the preceding crop, been divided and worked as follows :
‘ they worked twenty-four hours each spell, rested six, worked
‘ twelve ; rested twelve, worked twelve ; rested six, then again
‘ worked twenty-four and rested six, and so on ;—there being
‘ three spells or watches, two in the field, and one in the boil-
‘ ing-house ; and the latter working twenty-four hours in suc-
‘ cession, and resuming their labour in the field next morning.

‘ Now, deduct from these six hours the time necessary to
‘ cook their victuals (for no time was allowed them for meals),
‘ to clean themselves, to take their meals, to undress and dress
‘ themselves, and families, if they had any ; and what remained
‘ for rest ?

‘ When the fact was thus placed beyond question, other estates
‘ were at once mentioned where the same practice was adopted ;
‘ and so little was it thought of, that, in an enquiry to which the
‘ attorney of the estate was a party, this very manager was ex-
‘ amined, and expressed his surprise at being charged with
‘ cruelty, since, as he says on oath, this happened but seldom ;
‘ and when it did occur, he had always allowed his slaves to
‘ take six hours’ rest in the course of two days. In other words,

‘ his management was lenient, as he never had worked his gang
‘ more than forty-two hours together !’—pp. 18, 19.

Such are the exertions which the cupidity of the planter may exact in the crop season from his ill-fed slaves. If this system were not enforced, a negro or two might escape being worked to death ; but the master could not make so many hogsheads, and his sugar would not be of so good a quality ; and in the low state of the market, and his own embarrassed circumstances, he cannot afford the sacrifice : so the negro must suffer. For the starving scantiness of the allowances in the foreign-fed colonies, and the inadequacy of the time allowed to the negroes for cultivating their own provision grounds in the home-fed islands, (in Jamaica, twenty-six days in the year, besides the Sundays, which the Colonists would fain persuade us are seasons of rest,) we are willing to admit the plea in extenuation, that the vast majority of the planters, overwhelmed by debt and mortgage, and scrambling in a competition in which almost all are sure to lose, cannot give more without ruin to themselves. The legislative acts of the Leeward Islands have solemnly admitted that this was the truth in very many instances ; and we will allow that this melancholy condition of the masters is some palliation of their moral guilt ; though even their friend Dr Collins indignantly rejected the excuse, and appealed to them whether it were not better to submit to the loss of their estates at once, than prolong the struggle for a few years, at the cost of the blood of their fellow-creatures. But if it palliate their moral guilt, does it not furnish an irresistible argument against leaving their fellow-men a day longer in their power ? Does it not scatter to the winds the flimsy pretext of the necessity of making all reforms by the agency of the Colonists themselves ? What reform can we expect from them if they cannot remedy the most crying grievances of the negro,—his excess of labour, and his scanty supply of food,—without bringing ruin upon themselves ? It is plain, that when their obstinate adherence to their own short-sighted system of agricultural and mercantile gambling has brought them to this predicament, it is the duty of a superior power to step in, and prevent the murderous game from being carried farther.

The Colonial party are much in the habit of charging all their distress upon the advocates of the abolition of the slave-trade, and of the emancipation of slaves. Now, to say nothing, at present, of the oppressive monopoly which restricts their imports, we should like to ask them some plain questions about their internal management.—Are the abolitionists answerable for their system of agri-

culture, by which they persist in raising the same crop from the same ground year after year, and then wonder that the soil is exhausted? Did the abolitionists compel them to use human labour for operations which might be better performed by the labour of cattle, and thus deprive themselves of the manure which is wanted for their worn-out cane pieces? Did the abolitionists prevent them, when they had capital to spare, from laying it out on machinery or the improvement of their agricultural implements? Did the abolitionists teach them their old maxim, that it was cheaper to use up slaves, and buy them as they were wanted, than be at the trouble of rearing them? In the prosecution of this principle, was not the African slave-market notoriously and proverbially the grave of West Indian solvency? Had not embarrassment and distress begun to prevail in the Colonies, before the question of abolition was stirred? In the interval between the first proposal of the measure and its final enactment, had not a very large proportion of West Indian estates changed masters by foreclosures and executions? Who are the authors of the system, which makes it common for a planter to take possession of an estate upon payment of an eighth or a tenth part of the price, and mortgage the estate itself for the remainder? Can the complainants name three West Indian properties for which the full price has been paid at the time of purchase? Did the abolitionists create the spirit of desperate speculation, which tempts the merchant to offer and the planter to accept advances upon his consignments, at a rate which would be thought madness in any other traffic? Have they encouraged the sugar-growing mania, which engrosses every inch of fertile soil in the islands with an article for exportation, and leaves the Colonists to import every article of consumption at an enormous cost? Have they encouraged the neglect of all internal trade and manufactures, which is such that, in St Lucia for example, which produces abundantly the most valuable woods, Mr Jeremie could get his chairs and tables cheaper from England? When the abolition act was passed, did its advocates induce the planters to discountenance the marriage of slaves and the formation of families? Did they teach the Colonists to cling to all the peculiarities of a forced and unnatural system, when its unnatural supply was cut off? Did they use their interest as a body, to promote the settling and cultivation of new sugar colonies on the South American Continent, with the certainty of underselling the produce of the old and exhausted islands? Was it their speculation to make a temporary profit, by exporting from the old colonies the labourers, without

whom the cultivation of the new lands in Demerara and Berbice could not have been undertaken? Did they thus, in fact, renew the slave trade, not with the pretext of benefit to the old settlements, but with the certainty of raising up to them young and vigorous rivals?—Not to prolong this interminable catechism of errors,—do the friends of the slave encourage his master, if he can escape from the pressure of necessity, to come to reside in England, and trust the administration of his property to attorneys and managers? Do they encourage merchants in London to accept and foreclose mortgages, and thus become absentee proprietors, and burden themselves with all the risks of a property which they never can administer in person, and which, they know well, has ruined its former holders?

It cannot be doubted, that the non-residence of proprietors is destructive to their property. If it were not so, the result would be contrary to all experience. Transfer the hypothesis from one ingredient of our breakfast to another. What would be thought of the prudence of a merchant in this country, who should vest his capital in a tea estate in China, and trust to the management of an attorney for procuring him adequate returns? The fiscal morality of the West Indies is well known. Southey's *Life of Nelson* will give some notion of the speculation and abuse which was practised in government contracts, and which our great admiral succeeded in exposing. Are non-resident proprietors sure that no similar frauds are practised by their private agents? At all events, the attorneys and managers, besides receiving their regular remuneration, live at free cost upon the estates, raising what produce they please for their own consumption, and employing the labour of the slaves as they think fit. All this expense is a needless deduction from the profits, which the foreign planters spare themselves by residing on their own properties; and yet the English absentees complain that sugar is raised more cheaply in Cuba and Brazil!

But, however non-residence may ultimately affect the proprietors, there can be no doubt how it immediately affects their unhappy slaves. It is evident, that a proprietor might be withheld from murderous cruelties, by motives of self-interest, which do not influence a hireling manager. The documents of Mr Jeremie supply evidence which is worth the serious attention of all humane proprietors in this country; and we should be truly sorry if the unacceptable character of our remarks were to induce them to close our pages before they have reached this extract. He is describing the ascertained results of the operation of the new Slave Code in St Lucia. 'It remains finally to

‘ examine the punishments. Now it will appear that as births
‘ are increasing, and deaths diminishing, so punishments have
‘ diminished by one half ; and on comparing the six estates where
‘ the largest number of punishments have been inflicted, with the
‘ six where there has been the smallest number, it appears that,
‘ in the first six, 820 punishments have been called for in two
‘ years and a half on 831 slaves, whilst, in the last six, 253 pu-
‘ nishments have sufficed for 1332 slaves ; *that among the former*
‘ *masters, there are five managers and a proprietor, and among the*
‘ *latter, five proprietors and a manager ;* that among the former
‘ estates, four are among the worst, and two (Canelle and Nou-
‘ macé) are well managed ; but that of the latter, five are among
‘ the best, and one is doubtfully managed ; that both among the
‘ best and the worst are Englishmen, Frenchmen, English
‘ Creoles, and French Creoles ; that where there have been the
‘ largest number of punishments, the deaths are to the births in
‘ the proportion of 90 to 43, and where there have been the
‘ fewest, the births are to the deaths as 106 to 92.’

We must return, however, from this digression. Our main purpose has been to exhibit the true character of Colonial slavery, and the oppressions which have wrought, in the minds of so large and powerful a portion of the people of England, the determination to abolish it. For this end our extracts have been made (with the exception of the last) from the first essay of Mr Jeremie, ‘ On the General Features of Slave Communities.’ If our limits allowed us, we would willingly follow him through the remainder of his pamphlet. His second essay, which is chiefly on Free Labour, and on the effects of the Colonial Monopoly, contains many useful observations. But his third and fourth essays are the most valuable portion of his work. They contain an account, which has all the weight of an official report, of the effects of the melioration of the slave laws in the Crown Colony of St Lucia during Mr Jeremie’s presidency in the Royal Court ; and they prove most satisfactorily that not only the slaves but the masters have been benefited by the change. Many bigoted adherents of the old Colonial system opposed the improvements violently and obstinately. Serious and even melancholy as the subject is, we confess that we were not a little amused by Mr Jeremie’s detail of the artifices by which they endeavoured to frustrate his humane exertions ; and of the way in which their case at last utterly broke down. No mischief could anywhere be traced to the new regulations ; and it appeared that the negroes, being better fed and better clothed, and protected from oppression and cruelty, were

more cheerful, more orderly, and more industrious; and on every estate where the new law was faithfully observed, their numbers, from decreasing, had begun to increase. Prejudice gave way to the evidence of facts; and at last a majority of the white inhabitants forsook the small ultra-colonial party, who thought themselves their leaders, and presented an address to the Governor, Major-General Farquharson, in which they expressed their satisfaction with the reformation which had been effected in the island by the Orders in Council.

Mr Jeremie argues with great ability the necessity of introducing one general measure of similar reformation throughout all the West Indian Colonies, by the supreme authority of Parliament; and he gives the summary of a bill for that purpose.

Of the improvements which he here suggests, and which are not embodied in the Orders in Council enforced in the Crown Colonies, the most important is that which would deprive the master or manager of all power of arbitrary punishment; and intrust the infliction of chastisement for the offences of a slave only to the discretion of a magistrate. Such is slavery, that this enactment, which includes nothing more than what seems evidently the right of all persons living in civil society, would be an incalculable benefit to the slave, and absolutely inconceivable to the slave-master.

Mr Jeremie proposes that nothing of slavery should exist beyond what is determined by positive enactment; and the first clause of his proposed bill would declare that all laws and ordinances and customs having reference to slaves were every where repealed and annulled: and then slavery would continue to exist, only under the authority of the Act, and under such conditions as the Act should provide.

This, no doubt, would be the only wise and effectual method of proceeding, if the purpose of the legislature were to establish a mild but durable system of slavery, in place of the anomalous mass of iniquity and cruelty which is now verging to its fall. But in the name of a very large portion of the inhabitants of Great Britain, comprising, as we affirmed at the commencement of these remarks, the most moral and religious part of the community; in the name of all who are jealous of the honour of our common country; in the name of reason and justice; in the name of Christian charity; we protest against an Act which should thus legalize and sanction the state of slavery; which should ordain by positive enactment that violation of the common law of God, which has hitherto existed only by our culpable endurance and connivance. So long as we interfere only to meliorate slavery, let us interfere to restrain the iniquity of

others, not to ordain even a smaller measure of iniquity ourselves. A slave law, such as Mr Jeremie proposes, would indeed mitigate the sufferings of the slave, but it would perpetuate slavery for many years to come, and preclude the hope which we cherish, of witnessing its utter extinction.

With respect to the *right* of the master to the services of his slave, and a subject closely connected with this, his *right* to compensation in case of emancipation, the views of Mr Jeremie are less clear than we should have expected from so strong and penetrating a mind. He has been accustomed professionally to consider the negro as an object of legal claims, and he confounds conventional right with real or moral right. We maintain without reserve, that between the master and the slave there is no *right* whatever. The possession of the master is founded originally upon wrong and injustice; and it has not been converted into any species of right by any incidents in its exercise. He has not purchased a right to the services of the slave by his nurture, his maintenance, or his education; for, beyond a doubt, on all these points, the slaves would have been better off if they had been left to shift for themselves. To the slave, then, the master has no right; and he has no claim to compensation or indemnification from the slave. The compulsory manumission clause, which has excited such violent and contumacious opposition to the recommendations addressed by the Crown to the Colonial Assemblies;—in other words, allowing the slave to purchase his own freedom at a fair valuation;—though a great boon in his present miserable and hopeless state, is in itself an act of injustice. It is extorting from the object of injury the purchase-money for his exemption from further injury. It is not from the slave that the price of his redemption ought to come. We allow fully, that if the mother country sanctioned and encouraged the planter in the purchase and possession of slaves, under the belief that the cultivation to be carried on by slave-labour was a common benefit to the state,—then, when the mother country repents of its share in this iniquity, and calls upon the slave-master to renounce his guilty possession, the slave-master may reasonably expect, that, as the crime has been common, the sacrifice shall be common also. But we solemnly protest against the application of the sacred term of *right* to this adjustment of restitution between two partners in guilt. Nor is this a mere affectation of verbal accuracy. Upon all moral subjects confusion of terms is a fruitful source of practical evil. In this case, when we find that it has imposed upon a man like Mr Jeremie, it is surely necessary to be most scrupulously exact. As an example of the confusion of ideas

which has perplexed his reasoning on this subject, we would cite the following sentence:—‘Then the rights and duties of managers and slaves are reciprocal; and the manager can no more claim the services of the slave, without giving him sufficient time for repose, sufficient sustenance, clothing, and food, *than the slave can legally claim an exemption from all labour, without providing his master with a sufficient indemnification.*’—(p. 74.) The slave cannot *legally* claim an exemption from labour, even if he provide his master with a sufficient indemnification; for the statute law of the chartered Colonies does not allow him this option. He can *justly* claim an exemption from labour, without providing any indemnification at all; but the legislature of the mother country cannot *equitably* release him from labour, without providing indemnification to his master at its own cost.

We admit, therefore, that the slave-master has a *claim*, though not a *right*, to compensation in certain cases; and this claim we will proceed to consider. Mr Jeremie argues most justly and conclusively, that, whatever sanction the British legislature may have given to the purchase and possession of slaves, it never contemplated permitting the master to exact from them an amount of labour fatal to life; or to deny them sufficient food, decent clothing, and healthy lodging. Upon all these points of economy, therefore, the legislature may interfere to protect the slave from the avarice of the master, and compel the master to incur expenses, which, from his previous habits of oppression, he considers as making sacrifices, without being obliged to give him any compensation. If the legislature is supposed, as it fairly may be, to have formed its estimate of Colonial slavery from the representations of the Colonists themselves, in the evidence which they ostentatiously produced before Parliament, it might call upon the masters to make good their own account, and feed and lodge and clothe their negroes, as well as the best fed, best clad, best lodged of our English peasantry. Moreover, the master can claim no compensation for any change in the condition of the negro, by which he suffers no loss,—that is, by which his possession of his labour is not affected. Therefore, the slave may be put upon a level with his master in his relation to civil society; he may be made competent to bear evidence, to hold property, to make a will, &c.: he may even be delivered from the arbitrary power of his master, and made amenable only to a magistrate, according to the proposition of Mr Jeremie, so long as the master’s claim to his moderate labour is enforced; and yet the country become liable to no claim for compensation. In short, any mitigation of slavery may be exacted, which does not

involve total or partial emancipation, without any indemnification becoming due to the master.

Now, let us look at the question of emancipation. In the first place, there can be no doubt, that, even if the property were rightfully held, instead of wrongfully, the state has a right to resume it, upon paying a fair compensation. This is done in every canal-bill and railway-bill that is passed. In the next place, if we thought that an argument addressed to shame would have any effect upon the Colonists, we would submit to them, as well as to the public, that their claim to compensation is the exact measure of the iniquity of which they have been guilty. It is quite clear, that if the negro, after his emancipation, were to continue to work as an agricultural labourer, and do as much work as he did before, and cost no more in wages, however they might be paid, than he does now in his allowances of food and clothing and lodging, the planter would suffer no loss, and would claim no compensation. He claims compensation, because now he compels the negro to do more work, and live on less food, than he would be content to do if he were a free labourer. The planter puts the same case in other words. He says that he paid a certain price for his slave, or that he could sell him for a certain price; and that if his slave is made free, he has a right to this price back again. But the price of a slave is nothing more than a sum of money paid beforehand, that you may get a man into your power, in order that you may force him to do more work, and live on less food, and wear scantier clothing, than he would do voluntarily. Let, therefore, the Colonists put in their claims; but let them remember at the same time, and let the public remember, that they are putting in an estimate of their own guilt. And it must be borne in mind, that we cannot allow the whole of this claim thus modestly put in. In calculating the amount of compensation actually due, we must assume that the master exacts only reasonable and moderate labour from his slave, and provides him with necessary food and clothing. If the masters were to rid themselves of the guilt of overworking and underfeeding, which we have charged upon them; much more, if they were compelled to make good their own representations to Parliament, we suspect that they would petition for emancipation as a deliverance, instead of seeking compensation for it.

Again, the West Indians talk of their claim to compensation, as if the negroes were to be plunged into the sea, and estates could no longer be cultivated. It is necessary to remind them that the negroes will continue to exist, and will remain in the same islands; and, moreover, that after their emancipa-

tion they must work for their livelihood. No doubt, they will not work sixteen or fifteen hours a day; they will not be satisfied with a pint of meal and a salt herring as their daily wages; they will expect something more than a few yards of coarse woollen stuff twice in the year, and a hovel without furniture. But they must work; and the matter for calculation is the difference between the value of their work now and then; and the difference between the remuneration which it will be necessary to pay them then, and the expense at which they are maintained now. The Colonists will be sceptical; but we have no doubt it would, in the end, be found, that the work of a free man for eight hours a-day is worth more than the work of a slave for sixteen.

At all events, when property is resumed by the state, compensation is made for its actual and prospective value, not for what it cost some time before. Now we entreat the public and the legislature to weigh the complaints which they hear from the West Indians themselves of their actual distress, and the depreciation of their property. These complaints we know to be well founded; but they clash sorely with claims for compensation. Put the case of a West India house of business, which, after making advances to a needy and improvident planter, forecloses, and takes the estate into its own hands; and now finds that the expense of maintaining managers and overseers, and the costs of the supplies which must be sent out, exceed the profits of the consignments, so that the possession of the estate is an actual loss. We believe that if our West India merchants produced their books, such cases might be found. Some at least make no scruple to avow this extreme distress, when they are petitioning for financial relief. But, if this be their condition, make what reasonable allowance you can for the hope of better days (and they themselves say that they have none); and what compensation can they claim for an act, which would deliver them from absolute loss?

We make these observations to convince those who are fearful of the cost of justice, that compensation is not the bugbear that the Colonists would make it. To our own minds national justice is not a matter of money calculation, and be the sacrifice what it may, we should make it cheerfully. But we apprehend no sacrifice; we look for a great alleviation of our burdens. From the experience which the country now possesses of the effects of partial examples of emancipation, and of the capacity of the negro for free labour, we are convinced that a general

measure would be safe; and it would deliver us from the frightful cost in money and lives of upholding our present system of Colonial society.

His Majesty's government have done all which depended merely upon themselves. The slaves of the Crown have been emancipated in all the Colonies where such property existed; and we have the assurance of Lord Howick, that the measure has been attended with no evil consequences; and that the country has been relieved from a yearly charge of some thousands for their maintenance.

In an estimate of the safety of a general and speedy emancipation, the probable rate of wages of free labour forms an important element. There seems to us no ground for believing, that it would be so high as to allow the negro to run riot in comparative idleness. Certainly not in the old colonies. It would be highest in the new settlements of Demarara and Berbice; and here, as these are crown colonies, it would be easiest for the executive government to maintain a wholesome control over the new freemen. On the other hand, there would be an evil in a slow and partial emancipation, which has not been sufficiently observed. Now, when the field-negroes work under the fear of the lash, and in all the chartered colonies under its actual infliction, the manumitted negro is anxious to escape from agricultural labour, and the planter has no wish to employ him. He becomes a petty chapman, or works at a trade. If a process of gradual emancipation were commenced, though the cause of the dislike of the negro to field-work were removed, as it would be, yet so strong is the prejudice of the planters in favour of slave-labour, that they would generally stick to it as long as they possibly could, and the manumitted negroes would be thrown out of plantation-work, as at present. This would go on till the planter suffered very sensibly from want of hands, and the free black from want of employment. A political economist would smile at the bare supposition of such a case; but so inveterate are the prejudices and habits of the slave-masters, that they would act effectually as a check upon the natural course of events, and the evil would assuredly follow.

At the close of a long article we cannot enter into an argument on the capacity of the negro for free labour, or even refer to the abundant information within our reach. We shall content ourselves with placing before our readers the following evidence of Mr Jeremie, and so dismiss the subject. 'It happened that several slaves took refuge from Martinique, where the slave-trade is avowedly carried on to St Lucia, in 1829. This

‘ caused a discussion, the effect of which was, to make it generally known, that on a foreign slave’s reaching a British colony, he, by Dr Lushington’s bill, becomes free; and in consequence of this discussion, several, exceeding a hundred in number, came over in the year 1830.

‘ Here were persons leaving a country of unmitigated slavery; persons precisely in the condition in which our whole slave population may be supposed to have been some thirty years ago, by those who maintain that the condition of the slave has improved;—here were persons described by their government as incendiaries, idlers, and poisoners.

‘ When I left the colony in April last, some were employed for wages in the business they were best acquainted with; some as masons and carpenters; some as domestics; *others in clearing land, or as labourers on estates*; whilst about twenty-six had clubbed together, and placed themselves under the direction of a free coloured man, an African—one of the persons deported from Martinique in 1824. These last had erected a pottery at a short distance from Castries: they took a piece of land, three or four cleared it, others fished up coral and burnt lime, five or six quarried, and got the stones and performed the mason-work, the remainder felled the timber and worked it in; and the little money that was requisite was supplied, in advance, by the contractor for the church, on the tiles to be furnished for the building. This pottery was completed, a plain structure, but of great solidity, and surprising neatness. Thus had they actually introduced a new manufacture into the country, for which it was previously indebted to our foreign neighbours, or to the home market.

‘ All this had been effected simply by not interfering with them; by leaving them entirely to themselves: they were mustered once a month, to show that government had an eye on them, and then allowed full liberty. One man only was sick in the hospital, and he was supported by the contributions of his companions.’

To Mr Jeremie we offer our cordial thanks, for his candid and manly testimony, and for the communication of the results of his experience. His professional labours in the improvement and in the administration of the law in the island in which he presided, are above our praise. We trust that his efforts may be equally successful in the Mauritius, whither the Government have had the wisdom to send him; for never was there a community which stood in greater need of a judicious and resolute reformer.

After we had concluded the preceding remarks, an account reached this country of the mode in which the Order in Council of the 2d November had been received in St Lucia. The white inhabitants, it seems, had forgotten their late acknowledgment of the utility of the reformation carried into effect by Mr Jeremie, and returned to the old Colonial outcry. They held a general meeting, and declared, that 'the Order in Council was utterly destructive of their rights and property in their slaves.' This is simply because the Order, on the express ground that the slave is property, and so exposed to oppression from which he cannot protect himself, has appointed for him an official protector, and given him facilities for procuring redress of real grievances. They go on to state, that 'they are compelled to furnish their labourers daily with double the quantity of provisions supplied to the King's troops.' It so happens, that the allowance ordered (though certainly nearly three times the quantity commonly given in the Leeward Islands) is only the quantity voluntarily given by the slave-owner in the Bahamas, where, luckily for the negro, the soil is not rich enough to be engrossed with sugar cane; and, moreover, the very quantity assigned by law in Jamaica for prisoners and runaway slaves confined in jails and workhouses. The planters of St Lucia add, that the new ordinance compels them to give their slaves clothing 'such as their masters are in many instances destitute of.' That our readers may form some notion of a St Lucia wardrobe, we will cite the very words in which this unreasonable Order directs the yearly allowances of clothing, &c.—'Every owner or manager of slaves shall be bound, in each year, in the month either of January, or June, to deliver to every slave the following articles, viz. :—To every male slave of the age of 15 years or upwards, one hat of chip, straw, or felt, or other more durable material; one cloth jacket; two cotton check shirts; two pairs of Osnaburg trowsers; two pairs of shoes; one blanket; one knife; and one razor. To every female slave of the age of 13 and upwards, one chip or straw hat; two gowns or wrappers; two cotton shifts; two Osnaburg petticoats; two pairs of shoes; one blanket; and one pair of scissors. To every male slave under 15, one hat, one cloth jacket, one pair of trowsers, and one pair of shoes; and to every female slave under 13, one chip or straw hat, one gown, one shift, one petticoat, and one pair of shoes; and for the use of each family in each year, one saucepan, and one kettle, pot, or caldron, for the cooking of provisions.'

But 'it deprives the planter of the means of reaping the pro-

‘duce of his land!’ that is, it forbids him to exact from his slave, either under a tropical sun or in the atmosphere of the boiling house, more than nine hours work in the day. After reciting these enormous grievances, the meeting passed the following magnanimous resolutions:—

‘That the inhabitants, convinced of the impracticability of carrying into effect this unjust and ruinous measure, find themselves forced to oppose, by every constitutional means, the execution of these enactments:

‘That they can yield obedience only on compulsion, protesting solemnly before God and man against this most gross and shameless spoliation, and carrying with them into poverty and privation the consolation that they have not lent themselves to their own destruction.’

By such language they endeavoured to intimidate the acting governor, Lieut.-Col. Bozon, into suspending his Majesty’s Order. The governor’s firmness disappointed their hopes; and then they tried seditious action: but the unwonted consequence was, that six ‘highly respectable’ merchants were committed to prison upon a charge of high treason. Truly it seems to us, that Mr Jeremie has left some flavour of his spirit behind him in St Lucia: and we feel a confidence that, under this vigorous enforcement of the laws, the slave will not be defrauded of the mitigation of his lot mercifully designed for him.

The most amusing part of the proceedings at St Lucia is the *naïveté* with which the planters declare that they are willing to produce evidence of the good treatment of their slaves, *provided their witnesses are not cross-examined*:—

‘That the inhabitants of this colony challenge the minutest investigation into the treatment of their slaves, provided that recourse is not again had to the grossest system of intimidation, and a harassing cross-examination of witnesses, to make out a case in accordance with the views of those persons in the mother country who so unremittingly seek the destruction of these Colonies.’

No doubt, when they passed this notable resolution, they had the fear of Mr Jeremie before their eyes.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Sapphus Lesbicæ Carmina et Fragmenta, recensuit, commentario illustravit, schemata musica adjecit, et indices confecit* H. F. M. VOLGER. 8vo. Lipsiæ. 1810.
2. ——— *Fragmenta, Specimen operæ in omnibus artis Græcorum Lyricæ reliquiis, excepto Pindaro, collocandæ proposuit* C. F. NEUE. 8vo. Berol. 1827.
3. *Scriptores Græci Minores, quorum reliquias, fere omnium melioris notæ, ex editionibus variis excerpsit* J. A. GILES, A. B. 8vo. Oxon. 1831.

A RABBINICAL tradition declares, that man was at first created with a tail; but that this superfluous appendage, in the improvement of the crude design, was detached and converted into woman. Hence, say the uncourteous expounders of the legend, is derived the low and inferior nature of the sex. Neither upon this foundation, however, nor upon any other, shall we attempt to raise a psychological theory. We will only remark that, of all intellectual differences—striking enough when individuals are compared—more conspicuous when mankind are contemplated in masses—there is none more truly notable than the difference between the mental bent and energies of the one sex and the other;—a different mode of looking on the subjects of thought—a different election in the provinces of taste—a different tendency of genius. It follows that, in the *expression* of thought, taste, and genius, there must be a distinction between the fruits of the male and female intellect. Poetry, history, philosophy, have their masculine and feminine as well as grammar; and it requires no great proficiency in the art of criticism to determine the sex of style.

For the feminine graces—the characteristics of female composition—may be easily distinguished. There is, in the writings of women, a smooth and copious flow of thought, seldom diversified by marked pauses or abrupt transitions—an unbroken and unlaboured continuity, very different from the knotted and logical coherence that appears in the reasonings of men. The female mind is fond of dwelling on a subject; the female fancy loves to hover round a theme, in airy but lingering gyrations, rather than to dart from point to point in vigorous and excursive flight. The imagination of women is often full of splendour; but that splendour more resembles the lambent radiance of an arctic Aurora, than the bright, thick flashes of the ‘burning levin.’ Women are almost always eloquent; but their natural eloquence is rather that of sentiment than of passion, and their cultivated style displays more of ingenuity than force.

Their trains of argument are elegant, not original ; and the decorations of their rhetoric, like those with which they adorn their persons, are frequently more showy than substantial. There is nothing Demosthenean about them ; and we much doubt whether any woman, however accomplished in Greek scholarship, could be made to understand the beauty of Demosthenes.

But absolute excellence is a very different thing from comparative. The genuine, intrinsic charms of female literature are beyond all question ; and in inviting our readers to review a slender and a somewhat neglected part of this attractive subject, we shall but add one to a long list of admiring commentaries on the merits and graces of the sex. Since Boccaccio led the way, in 1472, with his treatise “ Of Illustrious Women,” there has been no want of learned gallantry in reference to their claims. Down to the year 1734, when Wolf published his fragments of Sappho and eight other Greek poetesses, one hundred and forty-one writers—but with only a single Englishman among them—had done homage to the genius of the fair. On female *poetry* alone there has been abundance of careful criticism, in proportion to the high antiquity and laudable perseverance of the efforts made by women in the service of the Muses. From the days of out-poured inspiration to those of hot-pressed twelves,—from Miriam the prophetess to Mrs Hemans,—for a period of at least 3300 years, these efforts have been repeated with various success. Even great *improvements* in the poetic art have been ascribed to female genius. It has been said, for example, that the glory of the Greek versification, the dactylic hexameter, was invented by a priestess ; and the first line ever pronounced in that magnificent measure is thus transmitted from the lips of Phemonœ :

Συμφέρετε πτερά τ' οἶωνοι, κηρόν τε μέλισσαι·

Birds, bring your plumage, and your wax, ye bees !

But the external evidence for this tradition, we need scarcely say, is flimsy ; and there is little in the general character of women's poetry to make us believers in so original a flight. In this, as in the other paths of literature, they walk by rule rather than by discovery ; and the accustomed attributes of their style are here also visible—a winning harmony—a fascinating loveliness—and ever and anon a spirit-stirring strain ; but even then the ‘ trumpet’ has ‘ a *silver* sound,’ and the ecstasy is not allowed to disturb the lineaments of grace. Hence a certain sameness—though a delightful sameness—and an equable elegance, pervade their minstrelsy. When Meleager, in the fanciful introduction to his Anthology, strings together a garland of

poetical flowers, he takes *lilies* from Anyta, *lilies* from Myro, and a fragrant *lily* from Nossis; *one* emblem is made to comprehend nearly all the female contributors; and only from Sappho does he require, under a figure of warmer eulogy—‘the queen—the garden-queen—the rose.’ Sappho is indeed an exception—and the sole exception—to every general rule as to the mental powers of her sex. Of *her* we may assert, in the language of another poet, and with a variation of Meleager’s conceit,

One lilac only, with a statelier grace,
Presumed to claim the oak’s and cedar’s place.

In this solitary instance, female poetry came up to the highest pitch of masculine vigour. With regard to all the rest, we must accept the frank concession of Corinna. That famous poetess—herself five times victorious over Pindar—has yet recorded her condemnation of her own instructress in the art, who ventured on the same competition: ‘Shame and scorn’—as we may fairly translate her words—

Shame and scorn to Myrtis bold,
She, though cast in female mould,
Dared to strike contentious lyre,
And battle wage with Pindar’s fire!

Nor will the history of prose composition—especially among the Greeks—alter the judgment, to which these verses evidently point. In casting a rapid glance over the female literature of that people—so remarkable in every aspect under which they can be viewed—we shall begin with poetry, after no farther preface than a few observations on the social state of women in Greece.

When a revelation of the social condition of the ancient Greeks first dawns upon us from the Homeric poems, we find the sex, though both treated and described in the spirit of patriarchal simplicity, by no means degraded to that subaltern rank, which it afterwards occupied among certain of the Grecian communities. Professor Heeren, in his *Historical Sketch*,* has spoken on this subject with less than his usual accuracy. The women of the heroic age, if not on the same level with chiefs and counsellors, were, at least, the companions rather than the slaves of men. As such, their mental education was not wholly neglected. Agamede and others are mentioned by

* A Sketch of the Political History of Ancient Greece, Chap. 4.

the poet as distinguished for their eminence in that art—the art of medicine—to which he has paid the highest compliment ever rendered to the faculty :

A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.*

But, subsequently to the age of heroes and hero-excelling physicians, a difference in the treatment of women appears among the branches of the Greek race. With the Ionians, the primitive constitution of the Grecian family degenerated into the slavery of the wife. Among the Ionians of Asia Minor, as Herodotus relates, the woman lived with her husband at bed, but not at board ;† she dared not address him by name, but by the title of *lord* ; and lived secluded in the interior of the dwelling. On this model were regulated the relations between man and wife at Athens. But among the Dorians, not only the beauty of their women—and that of the Spartan dames in particular was of surpassing lustre—was an object of admiration, but the wife was even entitled *mistress* (δέσποινα) by her husband—in no unmeaning or ironical sense. This piece of gallantry prevailed likewise in Thessaly, and other northern parts of Greece. The Æolians, too, although they placed females under certain restrictions, yet allowed to their feelings a far more free scope and elevated tone than could be observed among women of birth and station in Attica. And such differences of treatment continued to exist, until the independent states of Greece were sunk in the huge masses of other empires, and new systems of manners, as well as new forms of policy, arose in every corner of the civilized world.

The whole history of Greek female literature corresponds with these varieties. To no *lady* of ancient Athens—if we except a foolish and unfounded notion that the eighth book of the annals of Thucydides was composed by his daughter—has any great achievement in letters been ascribed. The women of another class were indeed famous for genius and mental cultiva-

* Pope's Homer. Il. B. XI. 636. We should quote the classical and now completed version by Mr Sotheby, were it not that, in this passage, Pope is the more correct interpreter. Sotheby, in deference we presume to Heyne,—for Eustathius, to whom Heyne refers, leaves the question open,—reduces the general eulogy to a personal encomium on Machaon :

‘ That leech outvalues many a warrior's head.’

† See Müller's History of the Dorians, Book IV. Chap. 4.

tion. The name of Aspasia alone speaks volumes. But, in early times, it is only among the Doric and Æolian females that we find virtue, rank, and literary eminence combined. At a later epoch circumstances altered. The female writers of the Byzantine period, for example, were almost exclusively of the highest rank. In their days the diadem itself was more than once encircled with the bays.

Of Greek poetesses—to whom we have assigned the precedence in our review—the entire catalogue embraces a wide circle of names. More than seventy-six might be enumerated, were we inclined to enter on our list, without examination, all for whom claims have been advanced. But some of these claims are not very substantial. There is, for example, a certain Agacle, recognised by Giral di of Ferrara and his follower Tiraquelli, and even called *Poëtessa di celebre nome* by Crassus,* who, when exposed to the fire of criticism, melts into an epithet. The fair creature is no better than an accusative case! She has sprung from the adjective ἀγακλέα, applied to some more solid personage. Another gentle pretender has arisen out of a false reading; a third owes her shadowy existence to cacography; Nossis is corrupted into Nysis, and Nysis is added to a list in which Nossis has already found room. These processes might perhaps find a parallel in the records of Roman Catholic canonization—which include some involuntary errors, together with their wilful follies; and exhibit not only frail mortals and heathen deities, but even stocks, stones, and mistakes in orthography, converted into patron saints and objects of worship. The imaginary portion of the Greek catalogue, however, is not so large, that its subtraction would very sensibly diminish the number of candidates for criticism. It is fortunate, therefore, that the judgment of antiquity has marked out a short series of the most eminent among them, and that we can quote, as our canon, the words of an elegant writer.

Antipater of Thessaly, an epigrammatist of the Augustan age, gives the canon in the following lines :

Τάσδε θεογλώσσους Ἑλικῶν ἔβρεψε γυναῖκας
Ἵμνοις, καὶ Μακεδῶν Πιερίας σκόπελος,—κ. τ. λ.

or, as we may be permitted to translate—

These the maids of heavenly tongue,
Rear'd Pierian cliffs among;
Anyta, as Homer strong,
Sappho, star of Lesbian song;

* *Istoria dé Poeti Græci*, p. 12.

Erinna, famous Telesilla,
 Myro fair, and fair Praxilla ;
 Corinna—she that sang of yore,
 The dreadful shield Minerva bore—
 Myrtis sweet, and Nossis known
 For tender thought and melting tone ;
 Framers all of deathless pages,*
 Joys that live for endless ages—
 Nine the muses famed in heaven,
 And nine to mortals earth has given !

Resolving this metrical catalogue into chronological order, we shall find that it carries us through a course of 330 years, from B. C. 610, to B. C. 280—from Sappho to Myro. Within these limits is comprised all that is memorable in Greek female poetry; and in this series, as in many others, the first in time is the first in every thing else. Though we have a few remarks at the service of her poetical sisters, we must beg to fix the chief attention of our readers on the paragon of Lesbos; and to do so under the guidance of four heads, almost equally important in the history of a woman and an authoress—her love, her leap, her looks, and her lyrics.

By her *love* we understand her reputed amour with the bard of Teos. Of several ancient legends, whose truth will not endure investigation, but which deserve, for their interest and beauty, to be true, there are none superior in attraction to the contest of Homer and Hesiod, and the loves of Sappho and Anacreon. But the former of these tales will not stand against the many arguments for Hesiod's juniority to Homer; and the extant narrative of the competition, which pretends to give the very lines pronounced by the immortal rivals, may be proved to have been written after the reign of the Emperor Adrian—1000 years from the supposed event. It is manifestly some sophist's trial of ability—that is, specimen of folly. Never was any thing more wretchedly bald and spiritless. First we have a metrical catechism—Hesiod the examiner, and Homer the respondent; then a sort of Hellenic crambo—Hesiod singing one verse, and Homer filling up the meaning with another; then a second bout of the catechism—of which a single sample, quite equal to the original, may suffice :

HESIOD.

To this one question thou the answer name—

How many Greeks to Troy's proud ramparts came ?

* *πᾶσαι ἀνδρῶν ἐργατίδας σιδήεναι.*

HOMER.

Fifty red fires beneath the ramparts burn'd,
 And fifty spits at every fire were turn'd;
 These fifty spits full fifty gigots graced,
 And thrice three hundred Greeks around each joint were placed!

Observe the calculation, $50 \times 50 = 2500 \times 900 = 2,250,000$, and compare it with the estimate and the remark of Thucydides!* But enough of a fiction, which would have afforded so fine a scope for a man of real imagination. And the Sapphic tradition is no whit less apocryphal. We would fain believe, with the poet *Hermesianax*, that

With *her* the sweet *Anacreon* stray'd,
 Begirt with many a Lesbian maid;
 And fled for *her* the Samian strand,
 For *her* his vine-clad native land—
 A bleeding country left the while
 For wine and love in *Sappho's* isle—†

and, with *Chamæleon*, that *amæbaean* compliments in verse were interchanged between the tuneful pair; which *Athenæus* has preserved, and *Moore* has translated.

ANACREON.

Spirit of love, whose tresses shine
 Along the breeze in golden twine;
 Come, within a fragrant cloud,
 Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;
 And, on those wings that sparkling play,
 Waft, oh! waft me hence away!
 Love! my soul is full of thee,
 Alive to all thy luxury.
 But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
 The pretty Lesbian, mocks my woe;
 Smiles at the hoar and silver'd hues
 Which time upon my forehead strews.
 Alas! I fear she keeps her charms,
 In store for younger, happier arms!—‡

* L. i. c. 10.

† We render the lines as *Athenæus* gives them:

Καὶ γὰρ τὴν ὁ μελιχρὲς ἱφωμίλησ' Ἀνακρείων
 στελλομένην πολλαῖς ἀμμιγα Λεσβιάσι·
 φοῖτα δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν λίπων Σάμον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτὴν
 οἴνηρην δουρὶ κεκλιμένην πατριδα,
 Λέσβον ἐς εὖοιον.—

‡ We regret that, in some of these lines, Mr Moore has not followed the best readings, especially as to the pretty conceit with which the poem commences:—

SAPPHO.

Oh Muse ! who sitt'st on golden throne,
 Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
 The Teian sage is taught by thee ;
 But, Goddess, from thy throne of gold,
 The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told,
 He lately learn'd and sang for me.

But, unfortunately, these two writers—Hermesianax of Colophon, of the age of Philip and Alexander (see Pausanias, B. I. c. 9, and Ruhnken's second critical epistle, p. 374), and Chamaeleon of Heraclea, the disciple of Aristotle or Theophrastus—that is, two writers about 300 years later than Sappho, make up the whole amount of direct testimony in favour of a legend, than which, according to Mr Moore, 'there can scarcely be imagined a more delightful theme for the warmest speculations of fancy to wanton upon.' Even the German Volger, who published at Leipsic, in 1810, an edition of the poetess, '*furnished*, or rather,' as says the insinuating Bishop Blomfield, '*loaded* with commentaries, full of trivial remarks, and written in the most frowsy style'—even this Volger, thus belaboured by the Metropolitan, and partly for his implicit belief in the

Σφαίρῃ διῦτέ με πορφυρῇ
 βάλλων χρυσοκόρης Ἔρως,
 τήνῃ, ποικίλα λαμβάνων,
 συμπαίξειν προκαλεῖται.
 ἥδ', ἵστίῃ γὰρ ἅπ' εὐκτίτου
 Λέσβου, τὴν μὲν ἔμην κόμην,
 λευκὴ γὰρ, καταμέμφεται,
 πρὸς δ' ἄλλον τινὰ χάσκει.

We have ventured just to touch some of the lections, or corrections, of Schweighäuser ; but when may we look for an immaculate edition—an edition such as Porson would have given—of *all* the poetical fragments preserved by Athenæus ? Of the lines above quoted, as we read them, the following version is more faithful than Moore's :—

Pelting with a purple ball,
 Bright-hair'd Cupid gives the call,
 And tries his antics one and all,
 My steps to her to wile ;
 But she—for thousands round her vie—
 Casts on my tell-tale locks her eye,
 And bids the grey-hair'd poet sigh—
 Another wins her smile !—

To the supposed answer of Sappho we move no amendment.

truth of Anacreon's courtship—can adduce no other evidence. But Athenæus, while he reports this evidence,* at the same time declares that the citation of Chamæleon from Sappho is spurious; and that Hermesianax is merely in sport, when he describes her and Anacreon as synchronous;—as much in joke as the comic poet Diphilus, the contemporary of Menander, who gave our heroine for suitors the satirists Archilochus, about 80 years prior, and Hipponax, about half a century posterior, to herself. After all, the most stubborn argument is that from dates. The collective testimony of Strabo, Athenæus, Suidas, and the Parian marble, assures us that the Lesbian poetess was flourishing, in high reputation, B.C. 610, and that the lowest possible date for her voyage to Sicily—one of the latest actions of her life—is B.C. 592. But Anacreon only *began* to be distinguished more than 30 years after this event, B.C. 559: he came to Athens, B.C. 525; and at Athens he lived certainly down to the death of his patron Hipparchus, B.C. 514. A comparison of these several dates with what is known of the duration of Anacreon's life, will show that, in the year B.C. 592, he could not be more than *three years* old. In that year, however, Sappho—who was at the height of her fame, and consequently, it may be supposed, not less than thirty in B.C. 610—must have reached the matronly age of 48; so that an attachment between her and Anacreon implies the very probable contingency of a lover not quite *four*, and a mistress very little under *fifty*! We beg to refer the reader, for the dates, to the 'Fasti Hellenici' of Mr Fynes Clinton—a work worthy of the noble press from which it has issued; combining, both in the tables and in the appended dissertations, more than the reading of most German professors, with more than the accuracy of most historians, and far more than the acuteness of most political economists.

By way of consolation for thus losing Anacreon, we may rest assured that Alcæus was coeval with Sappho. Some have even supposed that there was a contest in poetry between them. Bayle and others, with more reason, have inferred, from a curious passage in Aristotle's Rhetoric,† that the bard was

* Athen. L. xiii. p. 168. Ed. Schweig.

† L. i. c. 9. It is a short, but not a very sweet dialogue, between the poet and the poetess, to somewhat of the following purpose:

Alc. I fain would speak—I fain would tell—
But shame and fear my utterance quell.

desirous of being on a tenderer footing with his celebrated countrywoman than she chose to permit. Alcæus, for all his sounding odes, was a runagate; and runagates have seldom found favour with the sex. But, if slighted by the disdainful poetess, he had his revenge in her unrequited passion for Phaon, and its terrible catastrophe. It is on the scene and manner of that catastrophe—

The mount not yet forgot,
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave—

that we would next offer a few observations.

On the wild and rugged coast of Acarnania—in that which is now the island Santa Maura, but in Homer's time was still connected with the mainland—a high and far-seen promontory, called Leucadian from the colour of the rock, looks over the Ionian sea. From the summit of that cliff—once crowned with a temple of Apollo—mythology relates that Venus, at the instigation of the Delphian deity, threw herself into the wave below, and found the relief she sought from her fruitless sorrows for Adonis. It was supposed that a remedy, which had thus served a goddess, might prove not less efficacious for a mortal; and the Leucadian Leap became the popular specific in all cases of despairing love. A fastidious practitioner, in these days, might object to the prescription as somewhat rough for common constitutions. It will remind a sportsman of the only infallible receipt for breaking a pointer of the too-seductive vice of sheep-killing:—take a compound of charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre; introduce it, with a due proportion of lead and wadding, into an iron tube; place the tube in the mouth of your dog, and then *fiat explosio!* Yet to the Leucadian precipice repaired the hopeless lovers of the olden time, to get rid of their passion; and, sometimes, orphan children to recover their parents. There might be some reason in the latter design: we can conceive a jump from a high crag into the sea no bad introduction to any of one's ancestors—‘those very good kind of folks, who are the last people with whom one would wish to have a visiting acquaintance;’ but it demands considerable faith to admit the recorded cases of successful practice in the other line. It is said, for example, that one Nereus, who for

Sap. If aught of good—if aught of fair—
Thy tongue were labouring to declare,
Nor shame would dash thy glance, nor fear
Forbid thy suit to reach my ear!

love of an Athenian lady precipitated himself into the water, had the good luck to fall into a fisherman's net, and was brought up together with a trunk full of gold, which he had the countenance to claim from his deliverer.* Another jumper, called Macetes, received the nickname of Λευκοπέτρας, 'white-stone,' because he had four times loved in vain, and four times leaped successfully. Of a third, the poet Charinus, it is told, that though he broke his leg in the descent, and died, yet he had breath and courage enough to utter four 'most elegant' and facetious choliambics, and thus to exhale, swan-like, in his own melody. All these stories, it will be perceived, relate to *male* patients, and so far contradict the sly remark of Bayle, 'that more women than men were likely to try the leap of 'Leucadia';—in farther opposition to which, we may note, that not ἄλμα τῶν ἐρωσῶν, but ἄλμα τῶν ἐρώντων, was the Greek phrase for the experiment. Of the women who did try it, one of the most famous was the Carian Queen Artemisia. After burying her husband, and building the mausoleum, instead of dying of grief, according to a foolish version of her story, she lost no time in transferring her affections to a youth of Abydos. The youth was obdurate; the lady, watching her opportunity, tore out his eyes; but this strong measure failing to relieve her, she threw herself from the Leucadian promontory, and met with the natural result.† About 240 years before—if we tell the story of the right Artemisia—Sappho leaped from the same spot, with the same consequences; and *she* is commemorated as the first female who had courage for so forlorn a venture.

It is a curious question how far Phaon's neglect of Sappho was justified—putting out of view her age—by a want of personal attractions. The lady has, perhaps, been somewhat hardly dealt with. Ovid, her junior by six centuries, is pleased to make her short and swarthy. Maximus Tyrius, a still later varlet, repeats the scandal. Pope, in that chaste translation of

* Scaliger tells this and other rare and pleasant anecdotes ('*quia jucunda sunt, neque tamen in vulgi notitiam pervenerunt*') out of Ptolemy, the son of Hephæstion, '*auctore nondum in vulgus edito.*' He of course says this, in his annotations on Ausonius, *before* the first publication of the Myriobiblon of Photius (1601), which gives the whole marrow of Ptolemy, and these tales among the rest.

† Ptolemy, in reality, tells this story of the other Artemisia—the heroine noticed by Herodotus; but Scaliger has transferred it to the widow of Mausolus, and we follow him, right or wrong, because the anecdote, as applied to her, has more point, as every admirer of *Zadig* will allow.

the Ovidian epistle, which was read by our severe grandmothers, gives it vernacular currency:—

Though *short* my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.

Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame

Inspired young Perseus with a generous flame.

And thus the nearest evidence, on which a shape and set of features are condemned, is six or seven hundred years more recent than the date of their existence! Not one of the detractors, who have echoed these calumnies, has had the wit to adduce a piece of oblique testimony in their favour, which we will be liberal enough to supply. Galen has preserved two lines from the pen of Sappho, to the following purpose:—

Beauty, fair flow'r, upon the surface lies,
But worth with beauty soon in aspect vies!*

that is,—as we are wont to tell those plain children, who for inscrutable purposes, and to the great astonishment of parents, will occasionally appear in most families—‘never mind, my ‘little dear, *handsome is that handsome does.*’ It is necessary only to combine this proverbial quaintness in Sappho with the trite observation that beauty and birth are the two things most commonly despised, by those who do not possess them, in order to make out somewhat of a case against her personal pretensions. But, since even Crook-back Richard has had his ugliness white-washed by modern ingenuity, it would be monstrous to leave Sappho without defence. Let it be pleaded, then, that Alcæus—her acknowledged contemporary—sings of her ‘raven locks ‘and lovely smile;’ that Plato in the olden time, followed long afterwards by Plutarch, Athenæus, Julian, Themistius, Anna Comnena, and Eustathius, bestows on her the epithet *καλή*; and why should we not understand this, as Sappho would no doubt have preferred, of the body, rather than, with some disparaging critics, of the mind?—and that Damocharis the epigrammatist writes of her picture, apostrophizing the skill of the painter,—

’Twas nature’s plastic hand, oh! art divine,
The Lesbian nymph to mould, instincted thine;
What teeming fancy sparkles through the eyes,
How smoothly firm the fair proportions rise!
What fire and softness mingling speak the mind,
And paint a Venus with a Muse combined!

* ὁ μὲν γὰρ καλὸς, ὅσον ἰδῆν πέλειται,
ὁ δὲ κάγαθος αὐτίκα καὶ καλὸς ἔσται.

Damocharis, we think, would scarcely have so described the resemblance of a homely original.

Greatly is it to be wished, by the curious in such matters, that the extant gems, coins, and images of Sappho, had spoken a somewhat more clear and consistent language on this subject. But their discrepance has driven antiquarians to the theory of *two* Sapphos—one of Mitylene, and another of Eressus. We cannot admit an argument which proves too much. If the variety of effigies involves a variety of originals, there must have been at least *eight* Sapphos. The biographers, among them, give her just eight fathers also. We believe in one father, and one effigy. The father was Scamandronymus; the effigy—if we may be permitted to decide—is that borrowed by Wolf from the ‘Treasury’ of Gronovius. *There* we trace the soul of Sappho:—in that bold, yet thoughtful brow, which seems to challenge the test of physiognomy—in that eloquent lip, trembling with winged words—in the passionate gaze that looks out of that kindling eye;—*there* is the mental union of simplicity, and vehemence, and grace—the moral blending of masculine audacity with feminine voluptuousness. Such—to the highest amount of each expression—was the poetess of Lesbos. Reasons enow—without the ingenious suppositions of the commentators—for the famous *MASCULA SAPPHO* of Horace:—reasons enow, why Maximus Tyrius, a defamer of her person, should compare some traits of her character with those of Socrates---why the temperate Strabo should warm into a declaration that she was ‘in sooth ‘a prodigy,’ and that ‘no other female ever came near her,’—why Galen should proclaim her as much entitled to the generic appellation of *the poetess*, as Homer to that of *the poet*—why the epigrammatists should hail her the tenth Muse—why Plutarch, who is seldom eulogistic without extravagance, should liken her heart to a volcano, of which ‘thoughts that breathe and words ‘that burn,’ were of course the natural eruption—why the pseudo-Phalereus should call her *divine*, and cite her *whole* poetry as an exemplar of beauty. The last critic has even the ingenuity to praise the only indefensible lines—belonging to an epithalamium—which we find among the fragments of her song:

ὑψι δὴ τὸ μέλαθρον
 αἴρρειτε τέκτονες ἄνδρες,
 γαμβρὸς ἔρχεται ἴσος Ἀρηϊ
 ἀνδρὸς μεγάλῳ πολλῶ μίξων.

Artists, raise the rafters high !
 Ample scope and stately plan—
 Mars-like comes the bridegroom nigh,
 Loftier than a lofty man !

lines, which we never read without thinking of the parallel anticlimax in Scriblerus :

And thou, Dalhousy, the great god of war,
Lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar !

Few, alas, and slender, are the remains of Sappho, by which to try the truth of all this criticism. Out of nine books of odes, and all the Epithalamia—hymns—elegies—enigmas—and epigrams—that came from her pen, we can now muster only about one hundred and sixty verses, in fragments of more or less extent ; besides three short epigrams, a single riddle, and the two famous odes—one of which is mutilated. But we catch her fiery and impassioned character even in many of the slightest of these remains. What shall we say to the hearty out-break of her *chanson à boire*, preserved by Athenæus ?

Come, Venus, come !
Hither with thy golden cup,
Where nectar-floated flowerets swim !
Fill, fill, the goblet up !
These laughing lips shall kiss the brim—
Come, Venus, come !

Or to her pointed benedictions on the evening star ?

Hesper ! every gift is thine—
Thou bring'st the kidling from the rock,
Thou bring'st the damsel with the flock,
Thou bring'st us rosy wine !

in which passage—against Ursinus, and Casel, and Schneider, and Blomfield—we believe, with old Casper Barthius, that *οἶνον*, not *ov*, (*wine*, not *mutton*,) is the true reading ; and, moreover—as the same grave authority assures us—that Sappho was accustomed to sit in at nightfall to drinking-bouts, which seldom ended before next morning at daybreak. But her genius is most deeply stamped upon the longer poems, for whose preservation,—entire in the first instance, and probably almost so in the second—we are indebted to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and to the writer—may we *now* call him Longinus ?—of the treatise on the Sublime. Every one knows that these have been rendered into English by Ambrose Philips—among other ‘ eminent hands ’—and that the judgment of Addison has approved of his translations. Yet we venture to think that the vehement simplicity of the original—the poetry of impulse and emotion—may be better represented by a version, which shall avoid at once the mistakes and the redundant ornaments of Philips, though it will yield, at the same time, to the mere English reader, but a faint

reflection of that burning energy which glows in the stanzas of Sappho :—

Ποικιλόφρον, ἀθάνατ' Ἀφροδίτα,
Παῖ Διὸς, κ. τ. λ.

TO VENUS.*

Daughter of Jove, great power divine.
Immortal queen of amorous snares !
Ah ! doom not thou this heart to pine,
With dull disgusts, or torturing cares !

But speed thee here—if e'er before,
Struck with my fond and frequent plea,
Ev'n from thy father's golden floor,
Thou heard'st benign, and camest to me.

The car was yoked, the coursers gay—
Fleet sparrows on the flapping wing—
Down, down to earth, from heav'n away,
Through the mid noon careering spring.

Their course was sped—and thou, blest power,
Bright with thine own immortal smile,
Did'st ask what griefs my breast devour,
What pangs I call thee to beguile—

For what my frenzied bosom boils—
For whom the baffled huntress long
Has spread persuasion's fruitless toils—
' And who, my Sappho, does thee wrong ?'

' If now he flees, he'll soon pursue thee,
If gifts he takes not—give them soon—
If kisses now he loathes, he'll woo thee
Against thy will to grant the boon !'

Again be near !—to snatch from pain—
From cankering cares relief to yield !
My heart's whole wishes bid me gain,
And be thyself my mighty shield !—

In the beginning of the fourth stanza, the words αἵππα δ' ἐκσί-

* Written, it should seem, after the flight of Phaon.—The *Farewell* verses of Lord Byron demonstrate that real passion can sometimes afford to be poetical.

κοντο, as Blomfield most *Æolically* writes them,* have led the interpreters a strange dance. They mean nothing more than that the sparrows got well over the course—did their distance cleverly—but the refining mind of Madame Dacier discovers a much deeper import. Venus, according to that learned lady, *sends away* her chariot, to denote that she means to make Sappho a long visit—something better than a morning call. Philips follows Madame Dacier; Addison follows Philips; Elton follows Addison. Yet ἐξικνέομαι is not an uncommon compound; and never signifies to *go away*. Greek is better understood now than once it was; we hope it is not worse appreciated.

The well-known ‘Blest as th’ immortal gods is he,’ is much superior, in Philips’s hands, to his other translation. But there is no lack, here too, of weak points; and, notwithstanding Addison’s strong preference of it to the version of Boileau, there are curious traces of the French ode, rather than the Greek, as uppermost in the writer’s mind. The exquisite Catullus, the first and most famous translator, has shown in the three stanzas rendered by him—even though he adds a little of his own—how closely the passionate simplicity of the *Æolic* original can be imitated—or rather emulated—by the *sister* Latin. But Boileau frenchified Sappho, and Philips caught too much of his tone from the Frenchman’s modish innovations. Mark the ἐναντίος τοι of the first stanza, successively appearing as *près de toi*—and ‘fondly ‘sits by thee;’—the gratuitous *doux transports* of Boileau, and the ‘in transport tost’ of Philips;—the ‘*je tombe en de douces ‘langueurs,*’ echoed by ‘my blood with gentle horrors thrill’d;’—and how both Boileau and Philips have failed to represent the force which the last two stanzas derive from the repetition of a single particle:—

ἀλλὰ καμμέν γλῶσσα φέφαγε, λεπτόν Δ'
αὐτίκα χεῶ πῦρ ὑποδεδρόμακεν
ὀππάτισσι Δ' οὐδὲν ὄρημι, βομβεῖν-
σιν Δ' ἀκοαὶ μοί.

καθ' ἰδρὸς πυχρὸς χέεται τρόμος ΔΕ'
πᾶσαν ἀγρεῖ· χλωροτέρα ΔΕ' ποῖᾶς
ἔμμι· τιθάκην Λ' ὀλίγω· πιδύσσην
φαίνομαι * *

The reader will find nothing of this force in either the French

* Perhaps rightly. See the Translation of Thiersch’s Grammar, Remarks, p. 9.

or English copies. The original is all energy. The very metre seems to labour,—panting with broken efforts. But the translations are soft and languishing enough to have caused, though they do not excuse, the erroneous criticism of Blair, noticed in a recent number, upon the *mere elegance* of Sappho. We cannot come near Philips's sweetness, but we shall give perhaps a more correct impression of the Greek :—

A rival for the gods is he,
The youth who face to face with thee,
Sits and looks and lists to hear
Thy sweet voice sounding near.

Thou smilest—at that my bosom quails,
The shrinking heart within me fails;
Soon as I gaze, with instant thrill
My stricken lips are still.

Then cleaves my tongue—and subtle flame
Shoots sudden through my tingling frame,
And my dim eyes are fix'd, and sound
Of noises hums around—

And cold, dank sweat upon me breaks,
And every limb convulsive quakes,
And grassy-pale, and breathless all,
In the death-s wound I fall.

‘Is it not wonderful,’ exclaims Longinus, ‘how she calls at once on soul, body, ears, tongue, eyes, colour—on all at once she calls, as if estranged and vanishing away! and how, with contradictory effects and emotions, she freezes, she glows, she raves, she recovers her reason—she shakes with terror—she is on the brink of death? It is not a single passion, but a whole convention of the passions!’—We need scarcely add that it is strictly a *physical* picture—no play of the fancy—no fairy frost-work—but so vigorously, vehemently true, that a medical practitioner might take it—as Plutarch tells us it once *was* taken—for a leaf in his book of Diagnostics. How poor and vague, beside it, are the lack-a-daisical symptoms of Gray:

‘With Beauty, with Pleasure surrounded, to languish—
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish:’ &c.

A comparison of the two will show the difference between sentiment and nature. The writers seem to have changed sexes. Richardson, in one of the letters of his great novel, has come nearer the mark: ‘He terrified me with his looks, and with his ‘violent emotions, as he gazed upon me,’ writes *Clarissa*; and

goes on, in her sketch of *Lovelace*, with touches too graphic for quotation. But Richardson, for once, was wrong in assigning that description to his divine heroine. No *two* women ever lived who could have drawn it. It might have come from the hand of Sappho—not from that of *Clarissa Harlowe*.

The *word-sparing* (παυροπής) Erinna was the contemporary, the countrywoman, and, if we can believe so much of female rivals, the friend of Sappho. An ode to *Rome*—not, as *Grotius* would have it, to *Fortitude*—which is sometimes ascribed to her, must be the production of a later writer. We doubt, likewise, the authenticity of the smart epigram, beginning, Ἐξ ἀταλῶν χειρῶν τάδε γράμματα κ. τ. λ., which has too much of the quaintness of the later Greeks, and makes the image of Agatharchis somewhat like that celebrated picture, that wanted ‘only a touch from the pencil of Prometheus to start from the canvas, and fall a-bidding.’ The other two or three epigrams, under her name, are probably authentic. But she is said to have shone most in her heroics—which beat Sappho’s, and equalled Homer’s! At least, so sings an anonymous bard in the *Anthology*, whom *Suidas* has followed. They add, that she had reached this poetic elevation, when scarcely more than a year past sweet seventeen—the Fanny Kemble of ancient days.

About a century after the Lesbian poetesses, appeared the illustrious Telesilla. Pausanias saw her statue at Argos. Her volumes lay scattered at her feet; but the war-casque was in her hand, and on that she seemed to fix her kindling eyes, as about to raise it to her brow. For she, was one who

‘Stalk’d with Minerva’s step where Mars might quake to tread!’

We have not a dozen words remaining of the poetry of this female Tyrtæus; but we cling to the romantic legend that it was she, and not a mere freak of superstition—she, at the head of her Argive countrywomen, with the slaves, boys, and old men of the city, who beat back from its walls the brutal and treacherous Cleomenes and his Spartan butchers, while yet reeking from the horrible slaughter which Herodotus describes.* That historian is indeed silent concerning the tradition, and the express authorities for it are as late as the second Christian century; yet the statue just alluded to—the oracle mentioned, but as Pausanias suggests, perhaps not understood by Herodotus—and the festival of the *Hybristica*, as expounded by Plutarch†—seem

* L. vi. c. 79, 80.

† He is opposed, however, by Müller (*Hist. of the Dorians*, vol. i. c. 8. § 6.), who rejects as fabulous the tale of Telesilla.

strongly to support its probability. Mitford's* disbelief should not be held fatal to a story that so well becomes the character of a Doric heroine—far less should the incredulity of Müller. In weighing the judgment of even the most eminent German scholars, we must never leave out of our account their two grand principles—to doubt facts, and to differ from opinions. It is in their works that we daily discover the most convincing illustrations of the important doctrine, that over-faith and over-scepticism meet on the common ground of error. They are always groping after truth, as if she really lay at the bottom of her well; but, rightly viewed, she hangs about the middle—and those who dive too deep, as well as those who skim the surface, are equally sure to miss her. Let us not have the spirit of these remarks mistaken. It is *just* to admire the scholars of Germany, but it is *indispensable* to admire them with discrimination.

Myrtis and Corinna, next in order, are both connected with the History of Pindar. Myrtis was his governess, and, as it would seem from a fragment already cited, not altogether content to be surpassed by her pupil; Corinna was his rival. The first has left nothing behind her; the second has left thirteen lines, and the fame of five† triumphs over the great lyric of Thebes. Partly, says Pausanias, her beauty, and partly her Æolian dialect, made her successful with an audience, whose eyes and ears were thus alike regaled. We can believe him. Burns, in his most inspired mood, would have had little chance, with a southern tribunal, beside the English strains of L. E. L. But the Scotch poet would hardly have avenged himself upon any fair vanquisher as Pindar did, by calling her—*a Sow*. Such, we regret to say, was the state of gallantry at Thebes. Some commentators indeed prefer the lection *συνεκάλει* to *σὺν ἐκάλει* in the text of Ælian. But we turn to the 6th Olympic ode—to the 'old reproach, *Bæotian swine*,' of which mention is there introduced—and cannot help giving credit to the story. It was, in every light, a rusticity disgraceful to Pindar; but especially if, as Plutarch asserts, Corinna first directed the youthful minstrel's attention to the *ἔργον*—the prime business of his art, by impressing on his mind the paramount importance of the *fable* in all the higher branches of poetical composition.

Of the Sicyonian Praxilla (B. C. 452) we have no remains beyond three lines, and a proverb grounded on her poem of Adonis. But even the few surviving verses denote something of a game-

* History of Greece, chap. vii. sect. 3.

† According to Ælian. Pausanias mentions only *a* victory.

some mood; and Athenæus extols her skill in the writing of *Scolia*—that remarkable species of convivial poetry among the Greeks, of which we shall find, perhaps, a future opportunity to speak as largely as the subject deserves. The next step in our catalogue takes us down to Anyta and Nossis (B. C. 300,)—to the trifling age of Epigrammatists and Sonnetteers. Why the former was called by Antipater ‘the female Homer,’ it is difficult to guess. We have rather more than twenty of her compositions—epigrams in the more ancient acceptation of the term—and a certain sweet simplicity, rather than Homeric force, is their characteristic. The reader may compare the following inscription with the ‘drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray,’ in the last canto of *Marmion*:

Ξεῖν' ὑπὸ τὰν πέτρων τετρυμένα γυῖ ἀνάπαυσον κ. τ. λ.

Stranger! beneath this rock thy limbs bestow—
Sweet 'mid the green leaves breezes whisper here;
Drink the cool wave while noontide fervours glow—
For such the rest to wearied pilgrim dear!

To Nossis, the *Locrian*, as Bentley first observed, Meleager seems to attribute an amorous temper and a warm imagination. But the twelve epigrams from her pen which have survived, display rather an attempt to shine in that pointed style, which at last invaded this province of Greek poetry, and which a woman hardly ever attempts successfully. How little of the salt of wit, aided by good fortune, is sufficient to preserve a name, may be inferred from the best of her efforts:

Θυμαρτίδας μορφὰν ὁ πῖναξ ἔχει· εὖ γε τὸ γαῦρον—κ. τ. λ.

Thymarte's picture this—how well portray'd
The pride and beauty of the mild-eyed* maid!
Her lap-dog's self might wag the tail to view—
And hail the imaged mistress for the true!

With Myro, the last of our series, (B. C. 280.), the literary glories of Byzantium begin to dawn. She composed, in the taste of her age, the usual allowance of epigrams, two of which are extant. But her most famous work was one in heroic metre, called *Mnemosyne*, which appears, from the fragments yet remaining, to have been mythological. In another sense also she

* If any one doubts whether pride and mildness may be legitimately associated, let him look at the *Belvidere Apollo*, or read *Milman's* description of it.

produced poetry—having given birth to Homer the younger, one of the Tragic Pleiad, who shed their watery beams over the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. We mention this as among the few examples of hereditary genius; and as favourable to a theory which is sometimes maintained—that ability is more commonly transmitted by the mother's side than by the father's. 'My mother'—we have heard a strenuous advocate for this doctrine assert by way of clinching the argument—'My mother was a woman of extraordinary talent.'

If there be any thing better than good poetry, it is good prose; but we fear that the Greek authoresses will aid us little to establish the truth of this position. In the preceding pages we have given as fair an impression as the scanty *data* will allow, of the poetical achievements of Grecian women. Judging, as we must judge, from the slender fragments which Time has spared, ONE name stands out in bold relief from the rest, and attracts our undivided homage. But the prose compositions of Greek females can hardly be said to present any luminous spot, on which the eye may rest with perfect admiration. From this remark it is impossible to except even the historical labours of the celebrated Anna Comnena. The character of that daughter of the purple was indeed of a masculine boldness, and her aspirations were sufficiently exalted. The stern prayer of Shakspeare's mighty heroine,

Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here!

was equalled by the 'valour' of a tongue, that might have poured resolution into the soul of any one less timid or less scrupulous than her husband Bryennius; and her passionate complaint against nature, when she found *his* ambition too cold to be kindled by the prospect of the 'golden round' itself, was breathed in language more picturesquely indignant than the English poet could have ventured to employ.* But Anna, pen in hand, was again a woman. Gibbon has asserted not unjustly of her work, that 'instead of the simplicity of style and narrative which wins our belief, an elaborate affectation of rhetoric and science betrays, in every page, the vanity of a female author.' The praise

* We may quote it, however, under the decent obscurity of the *Annals* of Nicetas: *τῇ φύσει τὰ πολλὰ ἐπιμέμφεσθαι ὑπ' αἰτίαν τιθεῖσαν οὐχὶ μικρὰν, ὡς αὐτὴ μὲν ἐνδιασχούσαν τὸ ἄρθεον καὶ ἐγκοιλῆνασαν, τῷ δὲ Βρυεννίῳ τὸ μόνιον ἀποτεινάσαν καὶ σφαιρώσαν.*

bestowed by Zonaras on the purity of her Atticism is nothing wonderful from that writer, and with reference to a member of the Byzantine court, where ‘the native graces of the language,’ even three centuries later, were *said* ‘to shine most conspicuously among the noble matrons.’* Plato would perhaps have criticised in a less flattering tone. We may concede, however, to Vigneul Marville,† if not that equality which he claims for the *Alexiad* of Anna to the glittering romance of Quintus Curtius, at least its superiority to the greater part of the Byzantine histories. But let his own estimate of those precious documents accompany and explain our concession, ‘l’Histoire Byzantine a son défaut, et un défaut tres incommode au lecteur, le quel consiste en ce—que plus de la moitié des auteurs de ce vaste recueil ne meritent pas d’être lûs!’

Nor can it be urged that, though Princess Anna, living at the close of the 11th century after Christ, carries us far down into the decline of the Hellenic tongue and literature, the earlier prose writers of her sex were distinguished for superior merit. Their remains are very insignificant—low in value, and scanty in number. Christian Wolf, who published them in 1739, has had hard work to make out the half of a thin quarto volume, though, besides notices and fragments, he presses into the service copies of wills, petitions in Romaic, and deeds whereby spiritually-minded ladies convey property to disinterested monks. The work of Anna Comnena is, however, omitted in this compilation; nor does he give more than the index;‡ to the famous *Ἰωνία*, or *Violarium*|| of Eudocia the younger, which in his time

* Philolphus, quoted by Gibbon.

† *Mélanges de Hist. et de Literature*, tome iii. p. 56.

‡ In the *Catalogus feminarum olim illustrium*, which forms the latter half of the quarto alluded to, a few excerpts from the MS. are likewise printed.

|| There were two eminent Eudocias—both writers, and both empresses. The first was wife of Theodosius, in the 5th century, and more remarkable for the vicissitudes of her romantic life, than for the attractions of her very insipid poetry. The second—our prose heroine—was consort of Constantine Ducas, and afterwards of Romanus Diogenes (A.D. 1067). Some of the 1028 subjects of her *Violet-bed* are not unamusing: ‘*De eo, quomodo Minerva, cum virgo esset, pepererit draconem?*’—‘*De eo, quod Dionysius fuerit Androgynus sive Hermaphroditus.*’—‘*Quod Homerus sit Ægyptius, et de ejus morte in Arcadia,*’ &c. &c. This work is often quoted by Du Cange, in his *Glossarium Græcum*, and was looked for by scholars with anticipations which were far from being gratified. It has nothing of the violet about it but the name.

was still confined to manuscript, and was first published by Villoison in his *Anecdota Græca* in 1781. The slender bulk of Wolf's collection has not resulted from any original dearth of authoresses. Greek prose, as well as Greek poetry, employed many female pens. Menagius speaks of *scores* of women-philosophers prior to the era of Constantine the Great. There were female commentators—such as Anagallis of Coreyra, whom Athenæus and Suidas have commemorated. There were female professors—such as Areta of Cyrene, daughter of Aristippus, who taught moral and natural science for thirty-five years, composed forty books, instructed her own son and 110 other philosophers, and lived to the age of seventy-seven. There were even female martyrs to letters, as well as to religion—such as Hypatia, the celebrated lady of Alexandria,—the mathematician, astronomer, and lecturer,—whom some (followed of course by Gibbon*) make the victim of *fanaticism*, and others of *envy*.† But time has made terrible havoc among their productions; and we doubt whether this is to be ranked among the severest losses he has caused. Old Cronos had sometimes a very merciful appetite; he was not always in the humour of that ogre in the fairy tale, who ate nothing but nobility, and whose sense of taste was so exact, that he could distinguish a marquis from a count, and a count from a simple chevalier.

What does survive—genuine or spurious—of Greek female prose, may be distributed under three heads. First are the relics of the Pythagorean dames; for the sage of Samos, as well as the gentler Plato, and the metaphysical Plotinus, found women of constancy sufficient to brave the terrors of his noviciate, and imbibe the spirit of his philosophy. We may mention Æsara—a name retrieved by the acumen of Bentley, and her fragment upon human nature, in dry Doric; Perictione, and her discreet chapter upon the fertile subject of *woman*; Phintys, who has left a sort of homily on female temperance. But the English Aristarchus considers the very name

* Also by the deist John Toland, in his *Tetradymus*, (Lond. 1720,) the third part of which is entitled, '*Hypatia; or the history of a most beautiful, most virtuous, most learned, and accomplished lady, who was torn to pieces by the clergy of Alexandria, to gratify the pride, emulation, and cruelty of their Archbishop Cyril, commonly, but undeservedly, styled Saint Cyril.*'

† She was butchered in a church, with circumstances of the most revolting cruelty: τοῦτο δὲ πίπτοντες διὰ φθόνου καὶ τὴν ὑπερβάλλουσαν σοφίαν, κ. τ. λ. Suidas *in voce*.

of Perictione a forgery ;* and throws a slur upon the legitimacy of all the Pythagoric treatises. To the same school belong the letters of Theano, whereof those that *could* have been written by the wife of Pythagoras, and which Mr Giles has placed in his neat little volumes, have a pleasing and sententious quaintness, that reminds one of the Book of Proverbs ; and the epistle of Myia to Phyllis, on the interesting topic of nursing, which will be admired by the admirers of Richardson's Pamela. Whether these letters are a bit more genuine than those once ascribed to the Virgin Mary, may admit of question. There is nothing, however, in the style of their composition to discredit their claim.

In the second class of these remains, we should place all the fragments of female prose that lie between the Pythagoreans and the Byzantines. An epistle—at least a Latin version of it—from the unfortunate Hypatia to Cyril, would fall under this division, were not its spuriousness generally admitted. About 350 years before, in the reign of the Emperor Nero, Pamphila—either of Egyptian or Epidaurian birth—wife of the erudite Socratides, composed, among other things, thirty-three books of a historical and literary miscellany ; eight of which the Patriarch Photius appears to have read through at a sitting. Many scraps out of her budget are preserved in Diogenes Laertius. Photius praises her great industry, vast learning, and agreeable variety ; the last of which qualities was attained, he assures us, by a noble contempt of order in the distribution of materials—not that it would have been difficult for her to arrange them, but that she, on principle, preferred confusion. There was ‘madness in her method, and method in her madness.’ In short, she was the first compiler of a true lady's album—only of rather extravagant dimensions. Here is one of the usual contents of such volumes—an enigma which she thought worthy of being transmitted to posterity :

Εἷς ὁ πατήρ, παῖδες δὲ δώδεκα, τῶν δὲ χ' ἑκάστῳ—κ. τ. λ.

Behold one hoary sire—twelve sons—and they
Boast thirty daughters each, of mixt array,
Half white to view, half clothed in sable pall,
And all immortal, yet they perish all !

This it will hardly require an Œdipus to solve. It is not worse, however, than that ‘famous’ riddle, as Aristotle calls it, of which he has made honourable mention in his Poetics and his Rhetoric :

Ἄνδρ' εἶδον πυρὶ χαλκὸν ἐπ' ἀνέρι κολλήσαντα.

Athenæus supplies the second verse—and Giles must have the privilege of translating them :

I saw a man with fire, (*a wondrous knack*),
Glue sounding brass upon another's back.

Assuredly the classical enigmas would have found small favour with the editor of the *Lady's Magazine*.

Of Eudocia and of Anna Comnena, the ruling lights of female literature at the court of Constantinople, we have already expressed a candid opinion. Another woman of illustrious rank, belonging to the Byzantine period, has bequeathed a fragment, that is embalmed—or entombed—in the pages of Nicephorus Gregoras. Irene, daughter of Theodore, great Logothete in the reign of Andronicus the elder, and exalted by marriage to the station of *Panhyperebasta*, a title whose ‘sound and signification ‘will satisfy a Grecian ear,’* and next, through the promotion of her husband, to that of *Cesarissa*, was trained by Nicephorus himself in eloquence and learning. He boasts of his excellent method of instruction, as pouring a flood of daylight on the obscurity of the works which he expounded;† and applauds the rhetorical powers of his fair pupil, as rivalling the genius of Pythagoras or Plato. The reader shall judge. On the great Logothete's returning from the palace ‘full of thought,’—sitting for a long space silent, and revolving in his soul ‘many cogitations, pregnant with futurity,’—whereas his spouse and family expected to have heard from him some ‘cheerful and *riant*‡ conversation,’—it is in the following chaste and natural strain that his erudite offspring addresses him : ‘Haply it may appear somewhat audacious, and symptomatic of temerity, oh father, for a ‘still-juvenile daughter to speak with freedom to her sire, and ‘for one whose tongue is the companion of ignorance, to gaze ‘intently on the Olympus of wisdom. . . . But the perturbation of thy countenance, and the fixity of thy tongue, ‘distinctly indicate that the acme of grief is in thy soul—which, ‘having conquered thine heart's core, the acropolis, as it were, ‘or rather the very root and bond of the vital powers of thy ‘existence, is there irremovably seated, feeding on the bloom of ‘thy thoughts,—and perplexing their revolutions,—and weighing down the sovereign portion of thine intellect. For even ‘as oil and wax and stubble and hay are the natural aliment of ‘fire, thus silence, when it finds the living embers of sorrow

* Gibbon.

† Hist. Byzant. Lib. viii. c. 5.

‡ Ἰλαρὴν τινα καὶ μετὰ διάνοιαν ἐκδεχομένην γλῶσσαν ἀκηκοέναι.

‘gathered together in the mind, contributes itself as their food and sustenance, and permits not the smoke so engendered within, to escape through the medium of the lips. Wherefore, that this affection may not, gaining strength by time, bring on some unexpected catastrophe, in God’s name arouse thee, and be thyself again ! For it becomes not thee to drag down the nobleness of philosophy into such humiliation, and to asperse its dignity with such unseasonable stains. Woe multiplies its terrors by aid of taciturnity. Ulcer-like, it gradually spreads into the inward parts, and desists not from secretly devouring all before it, until it has penetrated into the marrow of the spirit, and destroyed the very sources of vitality !’ If this was the usual style of ladies in the fourteenth century, we can only thank Heaven for the march of intellect, and the decline of domestic eloquence.

From such tumid absurdity how delightful would it be to turn back to the unadulterated Greek of the age of Pericles ! and how much of the best classical treasures, that have escaped destruction, would we not barter for one authentic specimen of the genius of Aspasia ! But even those few verses, preserved by Athenæus,* and according to him by some attributed to her, are probably supposititious ; † and an inconsiderable fragment of her prose—a brief dialogue with Xenophon and his wife—appears only in the version of Cicero. ‡ Some touches of her rhetoric perhaps survive in the harangues ascribed to her illustrious lover ; and there may be much of her vein of thought in the *Menexenus* of Plato—though even the language of Plutarch, § with regard to that celebrated composition, intimates that we are not to understand too literally the share in its production which is there allotted to Aspasia. The more certain specimen of her powers, which we desiderate, would have been precious, were it but for the sake of a very remarkable class of females—to confirm the literary reputation of that frail but polished sisterhood, who in Athens were not more distinguished for their external attractions than for mental culture and scientific pursuits. || But still higher should we have estimated its value as a revelation of her own all-accomplished mind. Aspasia ! the Milesian courtesan, who became the sovereign of

* Lib. v. p. 219. c.

† See Bayle’s Dictionary, article *Pericles*.

‡ De Inventione. Lib. i. c. 31. See also Quintil. Inst. Or. Lib. v. c. 1.

§ In Vita Periclis.

|| Athenæus, Lib. xiii. p. 584. f.

the sovereign of Attica—for whose hand the ambitious Pericles was fain to repudiate a wife of kindred blood—who taught *him* politics, and Socrates eloquence—for whose safety her philosophic husband shed those tears, which his own extremest danger never could extort—whose will was peace or war to Greece—from whose unrivalled features the artist stole a charm for his picture of the Graces—from whose exquisite judgment the poet learned the secret of success—into whose society the virtuous matron was led, that she might strive to catch the spell of fascination—who, after the meridian of her days was past, could captivate the brutal Lysicles, and convert, as if by magic, a coarse, ignoble cattle-dealer into an orator and statesman—who gave to even Athenian susceptibility and taste a new sense and feeling of the beautiful—who, had her lot been cast at Lacedæmon, would have enthralled the kings, ensnared the senators, bewitched the very ephors, and turned Sparta itself into another Athens! In her, had fortune been more kind, we might have recognised a second female name to inscribe on the same tablet with that of Sappho. For a third, we must still look to futurity.

ART. IX.—*Eugene Aram ; a Tale.* By the Author of ‘Pelham,’ ‘Devereux,’ &c. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1832.

IT is with reviewing occasionally as with letter-writing. We fall behind at first, become ashamed of ourselves, and, after shuffling off the task of reply from day to day, get afraid to think of our friend, and begin to contemplate the alternative of dropping his acquaintance. We are conscious of some compunctious feelings of this nature in regard to Mr Bulwer. We had at first allowed Falkland and Pelham to lie over, always promising to ourselves to notice them at a more convenient season; but then came in rapid succession the ‘Disowned,’ and ‘Devereux,’ and ‘Paul Clifford,’—till, looking at the frightful arrear we had run up, ‘enough to bear a royal merchant down,’ we gave up the task in despair;—our conscience, however, being somewhat tranquillized by the reflection, that such books in truth needed no herald, and that they had from the first taken their place in public estimation as works of a highly original and impressive character. But the appearance of another Tale from the same quarter, while it has recalled our recollection to the subject, affords us an opportunity of in some measure re-

pairing our omission, which we cannot permit ourselves to overlook. The pressure of other matters will, however, oblige us to limit ourselves to a few slight strictures.

Mr Bulwer's earlier works made their appearance during the height of the epidemic of fashionable novel-writing—a brief, but remarkable phasis in our literary history. In France, where society, broken up by the Revolution and the subsequent changes, has never fully resumed its former distinctions, and where the passive aristocracy of rank is on all hands crossed and amalgamated with the more active aristocracy of talent, the life of the upper, as separate or distinct from that of the middle class of society, presents no peculiarities sufficiently marked for the purposes of the novelist. But in England, where each class stands out in strong relief upon the map of society; where long usage has stamped them with peculiar modes and habits, both of thought and action; and where, at the same time, the separation has never been so absolute or exclusive but that talent and enterprise may make their way from the lowest into the highest sphere; there naturally existed a sufficiently strong and general interest in the manners, sayings, and doings of the higher ranks, to afford promise of grateful notice to any one who could present the public, from personal observation, with some sketches of the *Eldorado* of fashion—of that attractive region—into which so many of the middle classes are always struggling or hoping at some time or other to enter. It was no wonder, then, that some of our novelists should seek for the materials of fiction in this inviting field; or that the first apocalypses from the upper world should have been received with such curiosity and deference. The very air of exclusion which characterised the views of society exhibited by this class of writers, had in it something exciting. All their novels seemed written to illustrate the moral lesson of *Touchstone* to the Shepherd: 'Shepherd, wert ever at Court?' 'No.' 'Then thou art damned.' The public at first received the oracle with all humility. At most they ventured, like the Shepherd, to utter a 'Nay, I hope;' and then applied themselves assiduously to the perusal of these revelations from this high quarter, to see if peradventure their doom might be averted.

The first novels of this class, as may be readily supposed, were the best. If they had little of permanent vitality about them, they had at least the merit of tolerable resemblance; and that air of moderation and keeping in their portraits of society which seemed to afford some guarantee for their truth. But as they fell into the hands of persons working on an exhausted field, (and none is so soon exhausted as one which displays only the

peculiarities of classes,) they soon lost their only merit, that of correct delineation, and sunk at last into ridiculous caricatures. Such exaggerations wrought their own cure. By labouring to do too much, they broke the charm altogether, as the Dervise in the *Arabian Nights*, who, not content with discovering treasures by anointing one eye, anointed the other also, and blinded himself for his pains. Only our fashionable novelists reversed the case of the Dervise; for they hoodwinked the public successfully enough for a time; but, laying on the ointment too liberally, they at last opened their eyes. The distortion of the whole fashionable panorama became evident; the oracles fell into discredit; the more able and respectable authors quitted the scene, and the last work in this vein which we remember to have heard mentioned, was generally ascribed to a retired butler of a literary turn of mind.

Mr Bulwer will hardly suppose from this introduction that we mean to represent his novels as falling under the class to which we have alluded; and yet, in his earlier productions, some traces of their influence (then at its height) are observable; modified, no doubt, by the views of a more comprehensive mind, and relieved and contrasted by matters of a more vital interest. The spirit of '*Pelham*' was undoubtedly somewhat sectarian; nor are we altogether surprised that its scope should have been pretty generally identified with that of its more flimsy contemporaries. Even under the guise of satire, there was a visible anxiety to engage our sympathies, and enlist our prejudices in behalf of the man of fashion. It looked like an illustration of the maxim, that manners make the man;—a solution in action of the problem, how far grace of deportment may atone for gracelessness in other things. *Pelham* does not depreciate virtue, talent, or high honour; but his own practice, and still more his own principles, (for he acts better than he thinks,) are based on no higher standard than the modish code of the day; and yet, because he possesses the 'gift of manners,' we are to be tolerant of his self-conceit, indulgent to his presumption, and disposed to believe, although it hath 'not appeared,' that he is a man of genius, and a secret enthusiast. All this Mr Bulwer protests is meant for satire; but really the satire, if such it be, is so impalpable, so bland, that nine out of ten mistake it for eulogy.

It was impossible, however, to confound '*Pelham*' with the class of novels in question; for no one seems better than Mr Bulwer to have perceived their flimsy texture, their fugitive interest, their want of substance, strength, and variety. Even in '*Pelham*,' therefore, the thread of a darker and more tragic interest was interwoven with the gaieties of the tale. But the

gay and the gloomy stood in somewhat hostile opposition—an armed neutrality at best; and the impression left upon the mind at the close was not that of complete and harmonious unity. In the 'Disowned' the extremes were better united. The work fulfilled the promise of the preface, that it should contain 'scenes of more exciting interest and vivid colouring, thoughts less superficially expressed, passions more energetically called forth, and a more sensible and pervading moral tendency.' The levity of Pelham is redeemed by the earnestness of Mordaunt—a man of stoical virtue—more an antique Roman than a modern—great even in the miserable ruin of his fortunes, and interesting even when his opinions appear Utopian. This impressive portrait as the central figure, and the many other subsidiary forms with varying features which were grouped around it—some elaborately drawn, like Wolfe, and perhaps with success not proportioned to the labour bestowed—others touched off most felicitously, like Brown and the Copperas family, with a few strokes—gave to this second tale the advantage of more variety, and a more palpable aim than the former; but these advantages were somewhat balanced, in as far as regarded popularity, by the complexity arising from separate plots slightly connected, and the Ariosto-like transitions which they occasioned. It is not every one who can venture, like him of Ferrara, to snap the thread of some interesting tale with a

'Non più Signor, non più di questo Canto,
Ch'io son già rauco, e vo posarmi alquanto.'

It is to this cause we should be chiefly inclined to attribute the preference generally shown to 'Pelham' over its successor.

The fault was avoided in 'Devereux'—to our minds, the most complete and finished of Mr Bulwer's tales. Here he disengages himself thoroughly from conflicting elements of interest. The lighter portion does not dispute the field with the deeper and more sombre, but follows gracefully by its side, relieving and heightening it. We move, indeed, among the great; but it is the great of other times—names familiar in our mouths—Bolingbroke, Louis, Orleans;—amidst manners perhaps as frivolous as those of the day, but which the gentle touch of time has already invested with an antiquarian dignity: the passions of men, the machinery of great motives, and universal feelings, occupy the front: the humours, the affections, the petty badges of sects and individuals, retire into the shadows of the background: no under current of persiflage or epicurean indifference checks the flow of that mournful enthusiasm which

refreshes its pictures of life with living waters;—its eloquent pages seem consecrated to the memory of love, honour, religion, and undeviating faith.

In its successor, 'Paul Clifford,' we should be apt to say there seemed too much of a studied contrast to 'Pelham;' too close an adherence to the sources of interest which the *lowest* situations of life supply; too much, in short, of the *gusto picaresco* of Mendoza, and Quevedo, and Prevost. It was as if a man, vexed at having dined at three guineas a-head in a fashionable hotel, should make up for it next day by plunging into a twopenny diving cellar. The story lingers too long in the haunts of vice, and deals too much with its jargon. Paul Clifford reads too much like Paul the Sharper. The travesty of fashion, and of political characters too, under the garb of highwaymen, cleverly as it is executed, seems to us, like Addison's comparison of the English Kings to heathen Deities, to display rather ingenuity than humour. The real interest of the story—and, notwithstanding a rather improbable groundwork, that interest is very great—only arises when the character of Clifford deepens, like that of Cymon, under the influence of love. The remainder is in excellent taste—free, spirited, forcible—more so perhaps than any of its predecessors.

In 'Eugene Aram,' his last publication, Mr Bulwer has taken a medium; the story moves along the cool sequestered path of middle life; it is a village tragedy, with few actors; but with scenes strongly arousing and sustaining curiosity, and in many passages also strongly affecting the heart. Like 'Devereux,' it rests almost its whole interest on the permanent and universal, rather than the conventional; it deals little with manners; and is occupied chiefly with the developement of one character, operating as by a spell upon the destinies of all the rest, which move like satellites in the tract of his presiding and destructive orbit.

It is impossible to look back upon this series, thus slightly noticed, without acknowledging the great versatility of talent, and strong powers of observation and description, which they display. 'Falkland,' 'Pelham,' 'The Disowned,' 'Devereux,' 'Paul Clifford,' 'Eugene Aram,'—each has a different aim, and in each it has been attained with at least more than common success. The languid indifference of polished society at the present day; the splendour of the past, bright with historic names, and softened by distance; the sombre annals of poverty and guilt; loftiness of principle contending with and rising superior to suffering; the progress of crime in a sensitive, aspiring, unregulated mind, and the subsequent agonies of remorse;—these, with the many

other successful delineations which these works contain,—embodied in a style vigorous and pliable, now and then running riot a little in its prodigality, sometimes strangely incorrect, but oftener rising into a touching eloquence,—attest the variety, the catholic character of his mind. In individual portraits, how many has he not added to the gallery of our recollections? Pelham himself, Mordaunt, Brandon, Merton Devereux, Bolingbroke, the Regent Orleans, Tarleton, the little sketch of the fatalist valet-de-chambre Desmarais, the Browns and Copperas, Isora, Isabel Mordaunt, Aram, the gipsies and pickpockets, of whom glimpses are given—beings drawn from every walk of life—imprint themselves, by characteristic traits, more than words, upon our memories. We cannot stop to notice the merits of particular scenes, either of humour, or pathos, or terror;—of which, in each kind, there are many; but we may say, in passing, that such a scene as that where Sir William Brandon passes sentence as judge upon the son whom his own neglect has thrown an outcast on society, would alone be sufficient to entitle Mr Bulwer to the praise of very powerful conception, and not less successful execution.

One objection we have frequently heard urged against his novels, is, that their plots are defective;—an observation not without foundation, but too unqualifiedly applied. Since the ‘Disowned,’ which we freely give up as constructed upon an erroneous plan, we are inclined to think Mr Bulwer has generally displayed considerable address in this particular. If the real merit of a plot is to be estimated by this, that it leads to a clear exposition of the situations and characters of the actors, and that the interest which it awakens seldom flags in the course of the narrative, we would point to ‘Devereux,’ and ‘Paul Clifford,’ and ‘Eugene Aram,’ as satisfactorily fulfilling these conditions. Still, perhaps, it is true, that Mr Bulwer’s forte lies more in the conception of a character, or in the delineation of individual scenes, than in the artful arrangement of his incidents in subserviency to the general effect. Having large stores of characteristic observation and acute remark at command, and a power of brilliant and appropriate dialogue, he seems unwilling that any thing should be lost; and is thus seduced into overcrowding his canvass, and suspending too much the march of the main story by sketches, which, however well executed in themselves, are after all only episodic.

In ‘Eugene Aram,’ the very title suggests at once the leading advantages and disadvantages of the subject; strong interest on the one hand—the difficulty of dealing with a character which has already assumed a fixed colour and body to the ima-

gination, on the other. The story of Aram is one of those singular events, where real life seems more romantic than romance itself. It touches every chord that vibrates in sympathy with scenes of mystery and terror; and calls into play that deep-rooted principle of curiosity, which leads us to the study of great crimes, as aberrations of our moral nature, to which no one knows how soon, if the mind be shaken from its balance by some unusual temptation, he may himself be subjected. We well recollect the deep interest with which this singular story inspired us, when we first came upon it in our schooldays, in Smollett's or Lloyd's continuation of Hume. The murder so long concealed, so unaccountably discovered—the scene at St Robert's Cave, the trial, the defence—made it seem as if the Genius of Romance had snatched the pen of History for a moment, to relieve her details by this frightful episode. Few, we should think, who have read the story, but must have realized to their mind's eye the schoolmaster in the court at York—so subtle, so self-concentred—equal, as he says himself, to either fortune—watching with inward agony but outward calmness the progress of the evidence against him; and then rising to deliver that celebrated defence, which convinces no one by its sophistries, and yet leaves on the mind a mingled feeling of admiration and horror? No portrait of the kind can be more impressive than the real Aram of history. From the surface of common life his original character is projected in bold relief,—a compact and consistent whole; his strong intellect playing into the hands of his evil principle; his courage enabling him to realize his plans,—his constancy to bear their consequences.

But fiction can add nothing to the effect of such a character. We regret that Mr Bulwer, for what reason he does not explain, did not rather adhere to his original view of making the story the subject of a tragedy. It was better fitted, we think, for that purpose than for the subject of a novel. In a play, there would have been no serious difficulty in presenting Aram nearly as he was—the bold-faced treacherous murderer—the smooth dissembler—in whose life nothing becomes him but the leaving it, and the mental resources he develops in struggling with his fate. In a novel, there were serious difficulties in the way; custom has rendered certain qualities indispensable in its heroes; and the naked and coarse-grained villainy of the real Aram disqualifies him, according to all the laws of novel-writing, thereto made and provided, from occupying that position.

This prescriptive necessity, if such it be, seems to us the source of the only defect of any moment in the book,—the

moral anomaly which the character of Aram, as drawn by Mr Bulwer, involves. To conceive the real Aram as a lover, an enthusiast, is of course an impossibility. He plainly had no love to spare for any but himself, and dwelt in no world but that of realities. Cool and calculating as he was, it is with difficulty even that we conceive him, as he is exhibited in the very striking poem of Hood, pursued by remorse, and venting his mental agony to one of his scholars under the disguise of a dream. Yet Mr Bulwer has represented him in the romantic garb of a refined lover, of an enthusiastic scholar, living quite as much in the ideal as the actual world. Has he then sunk the murder entirely, or explained it away? Has he altered the motive? Neither. This romantic enthusiast is, after all, a murderer, and *for money!*

There are extremes which cannot be harmonized by any gradations. Mr Bulwer must not suppose we are so unreasonable as to exclude an alliance of love, murder, and sensibility in the abstract. On the contrary, we can, without any great stretch, conceive them all dwelling together in unity—quite in the relation of cause and effect. But then, in your murder, all depends upon the motive. Mammon is almost the only incarnation of the evil principle which no art can render poetical. A Falkland, goaded into assassination by a brutal and irreparable outrage to his honour, yet retaining his native chivalry of soul, his lofty demeanour and tenderness of heart;—a ‘much ‘abused’ Othello, plunging into crime, because he loves not wisely but too well,—are intelligible and impressive, because consistent conceptions. But a murder, of which the motive is pilage, in which thieves and highwaymen are the associates of the hero—by what art is such a commencement to be rendered compatible with the lofty idealism of character which succeeds? Mr Bulwer seems to have been fully sensible of the difficulty, and has laboured hard to explain it away. If the union could have been defended, we doubt not ‘*etiam hac defensa fuisset.*’ But that he has not succeeded, we infer from this, that throughout the first two volumes we have always a lurking idea that the murder will turn out to be no murder; or that at all events some other motive will be devised to account for it,—love, jealousy, revenge, accident, self-defence, any thing, in short, except filthy lucre; and that when we come to perceive, at the close of the third volume, that the matter is to be left, after all, upon the old prosaic ‘stand and deliver’ footing, we feel dissatisfied and disappointed. Making every allowance for our ignorance of the many unexplored recesses of the heart, and

the strange contradictions which real life does occasionally present, we must say, we find it altogether impossible to reconcile ourselves to the idea of an enthusiastic scholar committing murder, with an eye to the interests of science, and commencing his career of social improvement, by helping himself to the purse of the first person who happens to appear to him useless or detrimental to society.

But, laying aside this difficulty, it must be admitted, that in other respects the tale is managed with great skill. From Aram's precarious position, as from a centre, the whole interest radiates. Almost every incident bears directly or indirectly upon the *denouement* which is to unfold the riddle of his character. Not much room is left for the minute developement of the other characters; yet a warm interest is excited for Old Lester and for both his daughters. Aram creates that mixed feeling which it was probably the aim of the author to produce;—at one time revolting us by his waywardness,—the next reviving our interest in his fate, by his eloquence, his self-possession, and his sufferings. There is a peculiar charm in the air of serenity, domestic repose, and village seclusion, which invests the opening of the story, as contrasted with the mystery which has preceded it, and the catastrophe which is to follow;—a pause, as it were, between a thunder-storm which has passed, and another which is to come. From the instant we are aware that the discovery of Aram's guilt is inevitable, while, at the same moment, he, in unconscious security, is preparing for his union with Madeline, to the final explosion of the tempest, and the dreary calm which succeeds, the interest is really intense. The two interviews with his associate Houseman, in the village and at the cave; the discovery of the bones; the apprehension, the trial, the death of Madeline, are scenes of the strongest excitement and suspense. From a novel in the hands of every one, it would be useless to make many quotations; but even those who have already read the work will not, we think, regret to peruse again the extract which follows, and those who have not, will be the more anxious to do so. It is the interview between Walter, the son of the murdered Clarke, and the cousin of the heroine, with Madeline, on the evening of the day before Aram's trial. She knows him to be the accuser of her lover, and he comes to receive her forgiveness for the execution of the fatal duty from which he shrinks, but which he is yet resolved to perform.

‘Walter walked for some moments about the alley in which Ellinor had left him, but growing impatient, he at length wound through the

overhanging trees, and the house stood immediately before him,—the moonlight shining full on the window-panes, and sleeping in quiet shadow over the green turf in front. He approached yet nearer, and through one of the windows, by a single light in the room, he saw Ellinor leaning over a couch, on which a form reclined, that his heart, rather than his sight, told him was his once-adored Madeline. He stopped, and his breath heaved thick;—he thought of their common home at Grassdale—of the old Manor-house—of the little parlour with the woodbine at its casement—of the group within, once so happy and light-hearted, of which he had formerly made the one most buoyant, and not least-loved. And now this strange—this desolate house—himself estranged from all once regarding him,—(and those broken-hearted,)—this night ushering what a morrow!—he groaned almost aloud, and retreated once more into the shadow of the trees. In a few minutes the door at the right of the building opened, and Ellinor came forth with a quick step.

“Come in, dear Walter,” said she: “Madeline has consented to see you—nay, when I told her you were here, and desired an interview, she paused but for one instant, and then begged me to admit you.”

“God bless her!” said poor Walter, drawing his hand across his eyes, and following Ellinor to the door.

“You will find her greatly changed!” whispered Ellinor, as they gained the outer hall; be prepared.”

Walter did not reply, save by an expressive gesture; and Ellinor led him into a room, which communicated, by one of those glass doors often to be seen in the old-fashioned houses of country towns, with the one in which he had previously seen Madeline. With a noiseless step, and almost holding his breath, he followed his fair guide through this apartment, and he now stood by the couch on which Madeline still reclined. She held out her hand to him—he pressed it to his lips, without daring to look her in the face; and after a moment's pause, she said—

“So you wished to see me, Walter! It is an anxious night this for all of us.”

“For *all*!” repeated Walter, emphatically; “and for me not the least!”

“We have known some sad days since we last met!” renewed Madeline; and there was another, and an embarrassed pause.

“Madeline—dearest Madeline!” said Walter, at length dropping on his knee; “you, whom while I was yet a boy I so fondly, passionately loved;—you, who yet are—who, while I live, ever will be, so inexpressibly dear to me—say but one word to me on this uncertain and dreadful epoch of our fate—say but one word to me—say you feel you are conscious that throughout these terrible events *I* have not been to blame—I have not willingly brought this affliction upon our house—least of all upon that heart which my own would have forfeited its best blood to preserve from the slightest evil;—or, if you will not do me this justice, say at least that you forgive me!”

“I forgive you, Walter! I do you justice, my cousin!” replied

Madeline, with energy ; and raising herself on her arm. "It is long since I have felt how unreasonable it was to throw any blame upon you—the mere and passive instrument of fate. If I have forborne to see you, it was not from an angry feeling, but from a reluctant weakness. God bless and preserve you, my dear cousin ! I know that your own heart has bled as profusely as ours ; and it was but this day that I told my father, if we never met again, to express to you some kind message as a last memorial from me. Don't weep, Walter ! It is a fearful thing to see *men* weep ! It is only once that I have seen *him* weep—that was long, long ago ! He has no tears in the hour of dread and danger. But no matter, this is a bad world, Walter, and I am tired of it. Are not you ?—Why do you look so at me, Ellinor ? I am not mad !—Has she told you that I am, Walter ? Don't believe her ! Look at me ! I am calm and collected ! Yet to-morrow is——O God ! O God !—if—if !——"

'Madeline covered her face with her hands, and became suddenly silent, though only for a short time ; when she again lifted up her eyes, they encountered those of Walter ; as, through those blinding and agonized tears, which are only wrung from the grief of manhood, he gazed upon that face on which nothing of herself, save the divine and unearthly expression which had always characterised her loveliness, was left.

"Yes, Walter, I am wearing fast away—fast beyond the power of chance ! Thank God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, if the worst happen, *we* cannot be divided long. Ere another Sabbath has passed, I may be with him in Paradise ! What cause shall we then have for regret ?"

'Ellinor flung herself on her sister's neck, sobbing violently.—"Yes, we shall regret you are not with us, Ellinor ; but you will also soon grow tired of the world ; it is a sad place—it is a wicked place—it is full of snares and pitfalls. In our walk to-day lies our destruction for to-morrow ! You will find this soon, Ellinor ! And you, and my father, and Walter, too, shall join us ! Hark ! the clock strikes ! By this time to-morrow night, what triumph !—or to me at least (sinking her voice into a whisper, that thrilled through the very bones of her listeners) what peace !"

'Happily for all parties, this distressing scene was here interrupted. Lester entered the room with the heavy step into which his once elastic and cheerful tread had subsided.

"Ha, Walter !" said he, irresolutely glancing over the group ; but Madeline had already sprung from her seat.

"You have seen him !—you have seen him ! And how does he—how does he look ? But that I know ; I know his brave heart does not sink. And what message does he send to me ? And—and—tell me all, my father : quick, quick !"

"Dear, miserable child !—and miserable old man !" muttered Lester, folding her in his arms ; "but we ought to take courage and comfort from him, Madeline. A hero, on the eve of battle, could not be more firm—even more cheerful. He smiled often—his old smile ; and

he only left tears and anxiety to us. But of you, Madeline, we spoke mostly : he would scarcely let me say a word on any thing else. Oh, what a kind heart !—what a noble spirit ! And perhaps a chance to-morrow may quench both. But, God ! be just, and let the avenging lightning fall on the real criminal, and not blast the innocent man !”

“ Amen !” said Madeline deeply.

“ Amen !” repeated Walter, laying his hand on his heart.

“ Let us pray !” exclaimed Lester, animated by a sudden impulse, and falling on his knees. The whole group followed his example ; and Lester in a trembling and impassioned voice, poured forth an extempore prayer, that Justice might fall only where it was due. Never did that majestic and pausing Moon, which filled that lowly room as with the presence of a spirit, witness a more impressive adjuration, or an audience more absorbed and rapt. Full streamed its holy rays upon the now snowy locks and upward countenance of Lester, making his venerable person more striking from the contrast it afforded to the dark and sunburnt cheek—the energetic features, and chivalric and earnest head of the young man beside him. Just in the shadow, the raven locks of Ellinor were bowed over her clasped hands,—nothing of her face visible ; the graceful neck and heaving breast alone distinguished from the shadow ;—and, hushed in a death-like and solemn repose, the parted lips moving inaudibly ; the eye fixed on vacancy ; the wan transparent hands, crossed upon her bosom ; the light shone with a more softened and tender ray upon the faded but all-angelic form and countenance of *her*, for whom Heaven was already preparing its eternal recompense for the ills of Earth !”

Let us condense into a sentence what we have yet to say of Eugene Aram. The sudden attachment of Madeline for Aram, and the contrasted character of the two sisters, rather unpleasantly recall the recollection of similar scenes in the *Pirate*. With a good deal of the Corporal we could have dispensed, and with Dame Darkmans entirely, as a disagreeable excrescence on the story. But these are not serious drawbacks to our pleasure ; and we take leave of Mr Bulwer with a wish the very reverse of Jaques—‘ God be with you. Let’s meet as little as we can.’

- ART. X—1. *Thoughts on the Present State of Foreign Affairs.*
By an Englishman. London: 1831.
2. *History of Poland.* (Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia.*) London: 1831.
3. *Mémoires sur la Pologne, et les Polonais, depuis 1788 jusqu'à la fin de 1815.* Par Michel Oginski. 5 tom. 8vo. Paris: 1826.
4. *Constitutional Charter of the Kingdom of Poland.* London: 1831.

WITHIN the Dwina and the Dnieper on the east; the Oder and the Carpathians on the west; with the Baltic for her northern, and the Black Sea for her southern boundary, lies what once was—Poland; a flat, fertile region, irrigated by numberless rivers, and sustaining more than 20,000,000 of souls. This territory was under the dominion of a race of generous princes and nobles; it was the seat of learning; was the earliest modern free state of any magnitude; and for centuries was the honoured bulwark of Christendom against the Tartars from the east, and their fiercer brethren, the Turks, from the south. Such was Poland—it is now no more! Its disjointed members form discontented portions of the three states of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, while its brave and patriotic sons yet retain the superstition, if not the belief, of an ultimate national reunion.

The pamphlet which we have placed at the head of this article, gives, in as far as its scope allows, an admirable and liberal view of Poland; but not so the 'History;' which, though very well arranged, and interspersed with many useful remarks, yet is written with so very strong a leaning towards Russia, and so remarkable an hostility to the ancient government of Poland, that we shall make no further apology for introducing some few sketches of our own.

We will not weary our readers with the fabulous details of remote Polish history—with the exploits of the Pagan Ducal line of Cracus, or of their successors the Piasts. These last date their origin from a certain woodland saint, a contemporary of our Alfred, who, during a famine, though extremely poor, contrived, by the assistance of two gods, daily to feed the chiefs of his nation, then assembled for the election of a duke. The choice naturally fell on the hospitable saint; and under Miceislus, his descendant in the fourth generation, Christianity was (A.D. 970) introduced. On the celebration of their new

religious ceremonies, when the 'Gloria tibi Domini' was first chanted by St Adalbert, the Polish nobles, with a warlike zeal, half drew their sabres in token of their readiness to defend their faith; and this characteristic custom continued till within the last century. His successor Boleslas, 'the lion-hearted,' extended his dominions, and raised his duchy into a kingdom; and Casimir, 'the Restorer,' coming from the far convent of Clugni, added yet more to its strength, by the gift of wise laws and institutions; while, by the introduction of his brother Benedictines, those worthy preservers and promoters of learning, he softened the manners of his countrymen, and laid the foundation for that love of literature for which they have ever been distinguished. Thus began the kingdom of Poland; but stormy times soon followed. A Boleslas, 'the Destroyer,' closed a riotous reign, by affording the example to our Henry of slaying his primate St Stanislas at the foot of the altar, and with his own hand. But Gregory the Seventh, a pope little likely patiently to endure such an outrage, hurled him from his throne, placed his kingdom under an interdict, and degraded it to its former rank of a duchy; and for 250 years no ruler dared assume a higher title than that of duke. But Poland not the less continued to extend her conquests and her reputation, till Duke Boleslas, 'Wrymouth,' the great conqueror of his day, exposed his country to two centuries of civil wars and feuds, by dividing his dominions amongst his four sons; while he left a fifth, as he said, with a malicious anticipation of discord, to drive the four-wheeled chariot. During the long courses of anarchy which ensued, the Polish character acquired that spirit of warlike insubordination and license, which is perhaps not yet extinct; while the nobles secured an official, rather than a feudal independence, with which they never parted.

At length (A.D. 1295) the unhappy country was re-united under one head, who resumed the title of king. And after a few unimportant reigns, Casimir 'the Great,' the contemporary of our Edward, ascended the throne, and during a long and vigorous reign, resettled the loosened institutions of the country. He adopted the wise expedient then common in Europe, of calling into political existence the lower, as a check upon the overgrown power of the higher orders. Accordingly, he defined the authority of the Senate, composed of the bishops and great officers of the crown, while he extended and confirmed the powers of the Diet, or assembly of the people. And by the aid of these two councils, he formed a general code of laws for the government and protection of all classes, from the highest to the lowest; and thus serfage was abolished, an end put

to the open oppressions of the nobles, and the municipal privileges of the burghers established. He also encouraged agriculture and education; and founded, or rebuilt, universities, hospitals, churches, towns, and fortresses. Nor was trade forgotten, though its encouragement may not have sprung from the purest notions of political economy; for it was love for the beautiful Jewess, the celebrated Esther, that led him to grant those immunities and privileges, that attracted these first great factors of Europe, the exiles of Jerusalem, to Poland; where they have ever since remained, and multiplied to that degree, that they now form one-eighth of the nation.

These were some of the few acts of Casimir the Great, or, as he was more gloriously called, 'the Peasants' King.' He re-established Poland; but unfortunately he had no son; and a vain desire to retain the sceptre in his own family, led him to disregard the claims of the remaining male branches of the House of Piast, and to solicit and obtain the crown for Louis of Hungary, the son of his sister; at the costly price of acknowledging the arbitrary right of the nobles to elect their king, and to impose special terms upon him, as the conditions of such election.

In this spirit, the electors made terms with Louis, who, fully occupied with the affairs of his own kingdom, and with the unfurling of his well-known black banner against the beautiful and unfortunate Joanna of Naples, afforded the Polish magnates many opportunities for regaining that ascendancy which the vigour of Casimir had shaken; and after the death of Louis, they still further strengthened their privileges, during the relaxation consequent to the contested claims to the throne of his two daughters. The Poles at length rejected the elder, and chose the young, the beautiful, and the romantic Hedwig. Her history is illustrative of the state of Poland; and as a saint, as the last Piast, and the wife of the first Jagellon, it may not be idle to preserve some faint memory of her.

Young as she was when elected queen, she had loved, and been affianced to William Duke of Austria. His image was fixed in her heart. And, when on the throne of Poland, her first impulse was to share its honours with him, with whom she had from childhood shared every thought. Her letters called upon him to hasten to her court; and he came, loaded with treasures, and full of hope. But the nobles of Poland had other views. They barred his entrance to the palace. They called in a rival, Jagello the Lithuanian. The rough heathen, clad in bear-skin, and educated in the wilds of the forest, was to be

preferred by the enamoured queen of sixteen, to the handsome, refined, and Christian duke, to whom she had pledged her faith and her affections. She was a prisoner within her palace. It was in vain that, with the martial manners of the age, she seized a hatchet, and vowed she would hew down the bars that separated her from her lover. The nobles of Poland were inflexible. The Jagellon offered his rich Duchy of Lithuania to their political cupidity, and the conversion of himself, and of his subjects, to their religious zeal. Of necessity, the romance of the fair Hedwig yielded to the duller duties of the queen. She saw and heard the Lithuanian, and gave a reluctant consent; when the Austrian prince, having lost the one jewel of his heart, rode away in despair, and scattered in the streets of Cracow, on the very morning which gave her to the Lithuanian, those other jewels which he believed would have adorned her for himself. Dull years rolled away, till William of Austria returned, and the days passed quicker. But the Lithuanian husband, sensible of his own social defects, listened to an Iago, whose slanderous accusations fortunately were conveyed to the ears of the magnanimous Hedwig, who, proud of her virtuous sacrifice, insisted on a public investigation. The result was most honourable to her fame; and, according to Dlugoss, the accuser was sentenced publicly to place himself under a table, in the attitude of a dog, there to bark three several times, and between each barking to declare aloud that he had ‘lied like a dog.’ A singular punishment for scandal, which, with many flagrant omissions, continued till within the last century.

On another occasion, when the king at length restored at her intreaties the estates and cattle of some of his subjects upon which he had seized, she said with much feeling, ‘The cattle are restored indeed, but who shall restore the tears?’

We return to drier matters. The Piasts became extinct; but they had laid the springs for great deeds. Under their sway, Christianity had been introduced, learning encouraged, the frame-work of a representative government established, a code of laws digested, and a liberal spirit communicated to all the institutions of the country. There was much to deplore in the state of the poorer peasantry; but the laws of Casimir placed them in a far better position than their fellow-sufferers in the nations around them. The burghers were well protected by their own municipal laws; and there being no feudal system to press upon the energies of the nation, the highest offices and honours, none of which were hereditary, were open to the emulation and industry of a wider class in Poland, than in any other

country at that time existing in Europe.* And the much-blamed privilege of royal election, confined as it then was within the royal family, was neither very mischievous nor very different from the practice in other states.

The annexation of Lithuania under the Jagellons, added greatly to the strength of Poland. Her arms were every where successful. The Teutonic and Livonian knights were effectually humbled, and their territories finally annexed to the kingdom. The German empire, the Muscovites, the Hungarians, and the Bohemians, suffered frequent defeats; and were often glad to purchase the protection of Poland, by conferring their crowns on the royal family of Jagellon. The Turks also received from Poland the first European check to their victorious career. Uladislas, the second Jagellon, acquired that reputation even before his twentieth year, that the Hungarians, forgetting their national jealousy, added their crown of Hungary to that of Poland; and in recompense, the youthful king, conjointly with John Corvinus, the well-known Huniades, drove Amurath the Second back from the Danube, and compelled him, by a solemn treaty, to relinquish his conquests. Servia and Transylvania were freed, and the fall of Constantinople delayed; but Uladislas, tempted by ambition, and seduced by Papal absolution, broke the treaty; and he carried his conquests even to the walls of Varna, where Amurath met him with all the forces of his empire. The Polish horse pierced through the Mahommedan ranks, and victory was on the point of declaring for the Poles, when the Sultan, drawing the broken treaty from his bosom, and raising it to Heaven, in the presence of his wavering troops, exclaimed, 'Christ! if thou art the true God, avenge thyself and me of the perfidy of thy disciples!' The youthful ardour of Uladislas had carried him too far into the fight; the reanimated Turks closed around him, and he fell, sword in hand, surrounded by his followers.

Under the reign of his successor, Casimir, the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia were again bestowed on the Jagellons; but the most remarkable event of this long reign was the introduction of the representative system; by changing the writ

* These advantages were not imaginary, for many of the most celebrated names of the Polish records of this and the following century were peasants: amongst them were Dantiscus, who was an ambassador in this country; Janicki, who was crowned poet-laureate at Rome, by Clement the Seventh; and Kromer, who rose to the high dignity of Prince Bishop of Cracow.

of summons from the king, by virtue of which the members of the diet had hitherto assembled, into a writ of election addressed to the dietines, or assemblies of the representatives of the palatinates, who accordingly chose their nuncios to the general diet. The benefits of this rather clumsy imitation of England were materially lessened, or destroyed, by an over-jealous proviso, which rigidly confined each nuncio to the special instructions he received from his dietine; whereby the advantages of free general discussion, of individual ambition, and of broad national legislation, were lost; and since the dietines were under the control of the magnates, the nuncio became little better than a powerful and disguised tool in their interest; or, as was frequently the case, was the powerful noble, or magnate himself. Thus, this favourable opportunity for establishing substantial freedom in Poland was lost—for there was no real separation of estates; since the diet and the senate, having a common source, had a community of interests; and all the power which the crown lost when it resigned the writ of summons, went to the strengthening of the nobles, instead of the creation of a third estate, by which the variable weights of the other two might have been adjusted. Poland was thus without a balance, and her prosperity dependant on the casual vigour of her kings.

In those days, the crown was the natural protector of the lower orders; and the next reign afforded a melancholy instance of the loss of royal authority, in the selfish abrogation by the diet of those humane laws by which Casimir the Great had defended the peasants, who now again became serfs. The crown lost also the more brilliant than useful privilege of making peace and declaring war at its own pleasure. The other prerogatives were successively undermined, by the specious misinterpretations which it suited the ambition of the henceforth united diet and senate to make, of the old fundamental laws of the kingdom, till at length all power, or rather anarchy, vested in one order of the state—the nobles. But Poland was still every where successful and respected; and the long, able, and victorious reigns of the Sigismonds, restrained the encroachments of the nobles. Under these two successive kings, the sovereignty of Moldavia, and the navigation of the Black Sea, was wrested from the Turks; and the authority of Poland spread from the shores of the Baltic to the walls of Smolensko. It was also during their reigns that the Reformation entered Poland, where it was met by a spirit worthy of a free and enlightened people. And towards the close of the Second Sigismond's reign, when changes might be feared, the nobles of the different persuasions met together, for the express purpose of guaranteeing to their

respective communities the free exercise and profession of their tenets. The preamble to their accord, ‘*Nos dissidentes de religionē*,’ originated the name of *Dissident*; which was afterwards as much misused as the accord itself was contravened—for their agreement ran thus: ‘We who differ, (not you, who are a dissenter, a schismatic,) but we who differ in religious belief, promise mutually for ourselves, and for our successors, never to arm for any difference of religion, or to allow such difference to derogate from our common rights of citizenship.’ Sigismond the Second died without issue; he was suspected of anti-papal notions; and it is remarkable that he was strongly urged to throw off his allegiance to the See of Rome, upon that very question of a divorce which produced such lasting effects in this country. But Sigismond’s scruples were greater, or his passions less unbridled, than our Henry’s. Had it been otherwise, Poland would at this moment probably have occupied an important place in the map of Europe, and have been considered the great northern Protestant power; for the younger wife he courted might have given him an heir, and the crown which had devolved to him with scarcely the form of an election, might have been rendered, by his prudence, hereditary in his family. But it was ordered otherwise; and, with Sigismond the Second, the male line of the royal Jagellons closed, and with it the real prosperity of Poland.

A belief in the warlike achievements of the Poles is so common, that we cannot resist adducing some proofs of their attainments in more worthy pursuits. At the accession of the Jagellons, Poland held a daring, gallant rank amongst her neighbours; but at the close of that admirable dynasty she occupied a prominent station in the face of Europe. Her authority was obeyed within the broad limits which we pointed out at the commencement of this article. Her armies were well appointed, well maintained, and well paid. Her courts of law were open to all, and without taint; and her liberty, though great, had not yet degenerated into license. The flourishing state of her civilisation is established by the fact, that the University of Cracow* alone possessed no less than fifty printing-presses, at the time of the death of Sigismond; whilst ten times that number were distributed over eighty other Polish

* Copernicus was a member of this University; and it is remarkable that he distinguished himself in the diet of his country by the attention which he paid to its coinage; thus affording a second point of resemblance to his great follower, our illustrious master of the mint.

towns. The fruits may be gathered from De Thou, who calls Poland ‘Un pays fertile, plein de villes, de châteaux, &c., rempli d’une noblesse courageuse, qui joint ordinairement l’amour des lettres à l’exercice des armes.’ And when he describes the arrival of the Polish nobles who came to conduct Henry of Anjou to their country, he adds, ‘On ne peut exprimer l’étonnement de tout le peuple quand il vit ces ambassadeurs avec des robes longues, des bonnets de fourrure, des sabres des flèches et des carquois ; mais l’admiration fut extrême lorsqu’on vit la sumptuosité, de leurs équipages, les fourreaux de leurs sabres garnis de pierreries, les brides, les selles, les housses de leur chevaux enrichies de même, et un air d’assurance et de dignité qui les distinguait supérieurement : ce qu’on remarqua le plus ce fut leur facilité de s’annoncer en Latin, en Français, en Allemand, et en Italien ; les quatre langues leur étaient aussi familières que la langue même de leur pays. Il ne se trouva à la cour que deux hommes de condition qui pussent leur répondre en Latin, le Baron de Millan, et le Marquis de Castelman Maurissière. Ils parlaient notre langue avec tant de pureté, qu’on les eût plutôt pris pour des hommes élevés sur la bord de la Seine, et de la Loire, que pour des habitans des contrées qu’arrose la Vistule ou le Dniéper ; ce qui fit grande honte à nos courtisans, qui ne savaient rien, mais qui sont ennemis déclarés de tout ce qu’on appelle science ; aussi quand les nouveaux hôtes les interrogeaient, ils ne répondaient que par des signes, ou en rougissant.’

As a further testimony, Muretus, in discussing the relative literary merits of the Poles and the Italians of those days, says, ‘Fra gli Italiani si trovera appena, la centesima parte che studi il Latino e che abbia il gusto delle scienze, ovvero fra i Polacchi, un gran numero possiede à perfezione le due lingue, e ha un trasporto talmente deciso, per le scienze, e per le arte che vi consacra la loro intiera esistenza.’ And Kromer, in his *Memoirs of his countrymen*, published in 1574, accounts for their proficiency in knowledge, so surprising to De Thou, by telling us,—‘Que toute la noblesse ainsi que la bourgeoisie envoient leurs enfans, aux Collèges pour-y-apprendre la langue Latine ; plusieurs d’entre eux ont des maîtres particuliers. Les filles nobles ou bourgeoises apprennent le Polonais et le Latin, dans les Couvens des religieuses. Ils acquièrent, en très peu de temps, une connaissance parfaite de la langue du pays qu’ils visitent. Ils imitent facilement la manière d’être et de vivre des étrangers. Leurs nobles, ou habitans terriens, étaient nommés ainsi parce qu’originellement, ils acquéraient en propriété les terres des domaines des princes, qui leur revenaient

‘ par suite de leur service militaire. De temps immémorial
 ‘ leurs habitations sont dispersées tant dans les bois que dans les
 ‘ champs. Chacun dans son château ou maison s’occupe du
 ‘ ménage et de la chasse; leurs femmes sont économes, prennent
 ‘ soin de la cuisine, et font la toile, excepté celles de la haute
 ‘ classe. Les femmes voyagent dans les voitures couvertes et
 ‘ les hommes ordinairement à cheval. Les plus puissans sont
 ‘ entourés d’une petite noblesse habillée de drap, de même cou-
 ‘ leur.’

Such was Poland under the Jagellons. It was her misfortune to lose this wise and nearly hereditary line of princes at a time when Europe was in a state of transition; and when the ferment in men’s minds, consequent to the development of that great point of departure in modern civilisation, the invention of printing, was at its height—when all rights and opinions were questioned. But if it be a reproach to the Poles that their too strongly indulged jealousy of kings led to anarchy, they may retort upon Europe, and say, that with the exception of England, the rest sank under the blight of despotism. From the demise of the Jagellons, Poland rapidly decayed. Innovation followed upon innovation; the crown was left without power, and the people without defence. The mode of election was forthwith changed. Hitherto it had been conducted by the great officers of the state, and by deputies from the nobles; henceforth, all the nobles, that is, from 1 to 200,000 persons, were to assemble in arms in the vast plain beyond Warsaw to elect their king. Each palatinate had its proper station, and each magnate came followed by his thousands. Tents were pitched, and banners waved around, while all were in their brightest armour. The sight, no doubt, was animating and imposing, but it was irrational, and out of order: it could not come to good. Nor did it; for, on the very first occasion, though there was no lack of candidates, the very worst, Henry of Anjou, was chosen, and for the worst reasons;—because he offered to submit to the greatest inroads upon the royal authority, and because he bribed Poland with offers of alliance, of protection, and of subsidies from France. These two evils, the deranging the little balance of power yet left in the state, and the selling of its crown for foreign protection, combined together to ruin Poland. By the first, the peasants and the king were at the mercy of the 100,000 noble rulers, who soon drove the one to disaffection and rebellion; the other to the dangerous expedient of ruling by faction, by corrupt influence, or by foreign aid; while by the second evil, those states which supplied kings or candidates to Poland, acquired a right or a custom of interfering in her elections, and

thence in her internal affairs; by which the independence of the nation was compromised, and the integrity of too many of her sons corrupted. And yet the very existence of these evils gave an extraordinary impulse to the energies of the nation, and shed abroad a blaze of glory that for a time concealed its decay. The emulation of her thousands of rulers was excited to the highest pitch. The path to the most glittering honours—even to the crown itself—was open to all. But the interests of the individual and of the commonwealth were separated. Faction, war, and military glory, were the sole steps to power, and became its strongest securities. Even the crown itself found in them its surest defence. Thus the real strength of the nation—the results of peace, industry, and education—were neglected or despised; though the rival chieftains, in their pursuit of power, spread the renown of their country far and wide.

Henry of Anjou, reeking with the perfidy of the Saint Bartholomew massacre, was as little likely to observe the conditions upon which he had received the crown, as were the nobles of Poland to submit to his usurpations. Wherefore, after a few months' contentions, he, in disguise, and as a deserter, ran away from his elective kingdom, to incur yet greater disgrace in his hereditary dominions. His successor, Stephen Batory, who had raised himself from a low station to the ducal throne of Transylvania, was, to the infinite credit of the electors of Poland, preferred to a long list of royal and imperial rivals. His short and vigorous administration maintained Poland erect; but at his death, the weak expedient of buying foreign aid, by the election of a foreign king, was again attempted. Sigismond of Sweden was chosen; and, during the three generations that the house of Vasa sat on the throne of Poland, her ruin was assured. This election, too, first witnessed the shame of a civil war in the heart of the kingdom between the rival candidates. The low state of the royal authority may be estimated by the fact of this king being compelled by his nobles publicly to ask their pardon from the throne, for having infringed his elective compact; whilst his too powerful subject Zamoyski, retiring from the successive route of the Walachians, the Tartars, the Turks, and the Transylvanians, was enthusiastically cheered by the assembled diet, who rose uncovered at his approach. But though the king's authority was thus curbed at home, his generals were not the less successful abroad, and by their victories shook the empires of Germany, of Muscovy, and of the Turks. They even placed a son of Sigismond's on the throne of Moscow, and brought away the conquered Czar, and his brother, prisoners to Warsaw. And Chodkowitz, in 1632, meeting the

Grand Signor Osman before Chotzim, at the head of 300,000 men, drove him back, routed and dishonoured, to Constantinople, there to be strangled by his Janizaries; while the veteran Polish hero, exerting nature beyond her powers, fell dead on the field of his victory, unwounded and undaunted. But these glories added only to the strength of the victorious magnates; and those renowned warriors, long accustomed to success and the discipline of the camp, forgot, in the exercise of their authority over their own domains, that they were not longer commanding in an enemy's country. The great conqueror Zamoyiski, returning to his native province, created a Majorat for his family, founded an university, and built a fortress;—three apt illustrations of that spirit of aristocracy, patriotism, and license, which mark the Polish magnate. Others did so likewise, and counted the number of their followers and serfs by thousands and tens of thousands; while the sovereign and the poorer classes, the two extremes of society, daily lost power.

Uladislas, the son and successor of Sigismond, had more energy than his father; but the bonds of the nobles, now strengthened by an alliance with the Jesuits and the bishops, were not to be broken. An union of oppressive tyranny and intolerant persecution, drove the Cossacks of the Ukraine into rebellion. It was in vain that Uladislas used every effort to protect his oppressed subjects, till at length, wearied out with baffled efforts in their favour, he bitterly asked the Cossacks, ‘Have you no sabres?’—a singular address for a king to make to his subjects; but little out of character in Poland, where a fresh innovation had now arisen in the practice of armed confederations for the redress of grievances, or for the enforcement of a new law. The king's words were not thrown on the wind. An avenger arose, the terrible Bogdan, who had suffered intolerable oppression from the Jewish agent and steward of a magnate, and whose complaints had been scorned, fled to the desert, and, at the head of a combined multitude of Tartars and Cossacks, swept pitilessly over the proud land where he had received no mercy. The Polish armies were annihilated; a servile war excited; thousands of peasants were carried off into slavery; and the Ukraine and its invaluable infantry, which had formed the strength of the Polish armies, lost for ever.

Common sense, as well as common justice, seemed to have deserted Poland. The functions of the diet were at an end; for now was commenced a practice of introducing angry questions, for the avowed purpose of preventing all transaction of business. ‘Souffler dans la ruche, pour mettre les mouches

‘en furie,’ became a by-word to express this practice. As an example of their method of non-transacting affairs, Rulhiere has given us the following curious scene :—‘ Sous le règne de Ladislas IV. le dernier jour de la diète s’étant passé avant qu’on eût rien conclu, le roi ne voulut pas séparer l’assemblée. Et cependant, une ancienne loi qui a pour object de prévenir la trop longue durée de chaque séance, et de proportionner à cette durée l’attention que peuvent soutenir les esprits d’une trempe commune, défendait de rien traiter aux lumières. On resta dans les ténèbres, chacun prenant son repos, assis à son rang, et il arriva ce que les romans les plus fabuleux n’oseraient imaginer; un sénat et une diète restèrent assemblés, chacun endormi à sa place, présidé par un roi endormi sur son trône.’*

Such proceedings were a natural prelude to the exercise of the *liberum veto*, which followed (1652) in the next reign. From the moment this most absurd practice was introduced, by which all legislative, and much of the executive power was at the mercy of any individual nuncio, there was an end of all real government in Poland; she reeled on, drunken and desperate,—a prey to the factious passions of her nobles, and to the devastating attacks of her foreign and domestic enemies. Uladislas was succeeded by his brother, the weak and bigoted John Casimir; who, yielding to the Tartars, the Cossacks, the Turks, the Russians, and the Swedes, fled from his throne and his country; while Charles Gustavus of Sweden ruled over his conquered dominions from Courland to the Carpathians.

Thus then Poland for the first time lay prostrate in the dust; but her energies were not yet exhausted. John Casimir recovered from his panic; his nobles rallied around him; the invaders were expelled; and the greater portion of the territories of Poland restored by the peace of Oliva. It was at this time that Russia seized her first Polish prize, by securing the country she had conquered to the east of the Dwina. Still many rich provinces were irrecoverably lost to the republic; and scarcely an evil can be named that did not now afflict this devoted land. Foreign invasions, a servile war, civil strife, religious discord, triumphant Jesuits, a mutinous soldiery, a peniless treasury, and an annihilated government, presented an aspect so desperate, that the unhappy king, who had in an evil moment of ambition exchanged his cardinal’s hat for a crown,

* Rulhiere, *Histoire de l’Anarchie de Pologne*, vol. i. page 45.

now exchanged that crown for a monk's cowl, in a convent in France.

The election of his successor, Michael Koributh, was carried by the nobles in sheer derision of the kingly office. The wretched half-witted youth, on hearing his own name pass in shouts from palatinate to palatinate, fled from the field of election in dismay. But the nobles dragged him back, and when he besought them with tears in his eyes to save him from their crown of thorns, they exclaimed, with sarcastic deference, 'Most serene king, you *shall* reign.' It is needless to add that a reign thus commenced was one continued scene of anarchy. And yet the warlike genius of Poland was inextinguishable; for during this convulsed period, John Sobieski, at the head of a handful of men, kept in check the undivided powers of the Turkish empire, and accomplished that campaign which Europe, though accustomed to the exploits of Turenne and of Condé, with universal applause denominated 'the miraculous.' Two years later, when the miserable king was expiring at Lembourg from the effects of a gluttonous debauch, Sobieski, with an army scarcely equaling the number of the slain, left 40,000 Mussulmen dead on the once more renowned plains of Kotzim.

This victory won him the crown; for the king having died on the eve of the battle, and the French and the Austrian factions being nearly balanced, a palatine who harangued upon the benefits to be expected from a native king, was gladly heard; and the cry of 'a Piast, a Piast, and God bless Poland,' arose from the thronged plain, and was re-echoed by that of 'Sobieski, Sobieski, for ever.' Thus the conqueror of the Turks became John the Third of Poland. His victories yet live in the memory, though not in the gratitude, of Europe. Every schoolboy knows that John Sobieski and his Poles delivered Vienna when the emperor Leopold fled in dismay from its walls, then battered and surrounded by 300,000 of the flower of Turkey;—knows that in 1683 he charged and routed, and utterly destroyed this locust host, and that from that day forth the crescent grew pale; but that Maria Theresa, when within less than ninety years she seized upon Galicia, forgot it was from the capital of that very province that Sobieski issued forth to the salvation of her empire. But glorious soldier as he was, like many of that class, Sobieski was only a soldier: he could subdue the Turks, and make Poland admired by foreign states, but her internal maladies were beyond his cure; and, after making some few ineffectual attempts at reformation of abuses, and other equally vain efforts at securing a succession in his own

family, the warrior king retired to literary and philosophical pursuits;—not a little interrupted by that wife, by whom, though we find him ever addressing her in his letters as ‘*Seule joie de mon ame, charmante et bien aimée Mariette,*’ it is more than probable he was poisoned. Żeluski found him writhing in agony, and sobbing as he expired, ‘Is there no one to avenge my death?’

We now approach the last stage of Poland’s degradation. The anarchy, the oppression, the misgovernment, the religious persecutions, and foreign invasions, suffered under the Vasa, though afflicting and ruinous, were relieved by bright traits of valour, patriotism, and martial glory. Now all was to be sunk in one absorbing mass of weak, frivolous, and corrupted decrepitude. Poland died with John Sobieski. We hurry through the disgraceful era of the two Saxon princes. Their introduction to the republic was ushered in by the outrageous presence of a Saxon force to overawe the already venal elections. A Saxon force also was retained at Warsaw for the support of the first king, who was not the less expelled from his kingdom by the eagle flight of Charles XII. But Pultowa restored Frederick Augustus, and gave the first opening to Russian influence and domination in Poland. The Saxon princes leagued with Russia against the liberties of their adopted country. The parties to this league had diverse views, and far different means; the one, a king who exchanged his finest regiment of dragoons for twelve China vases, sought by narrow court intrigues, by corruption and other vulgar expedients, to cheat the Poles,—not of their license, but of their liberties, and to substitute a commonplace despotism; the other, an emperor who, to acquire information, had laboured in foreign lands as a common artisan, now aimed with an indefinite ambition at that commanding influence in the councils of his falling neighbour which he might turn at some future day to the profit of Russia. In the sequel, the king corrupted his subjects without adding to his own authority; while the czar acquired an ascendancy in Courland and a prescriptive footing in Poland. This influence was greatly increased at the succeeding election, when a Muscovite army, in opposition to the Poles, who had duly elected Stanislas Leczynski, placed Frederick Augustus II. on the throne, at the point of the bayonet. Under this weak king, and his corrupt and luxurious minister, Bruhl, Poland became little more than the humble dependant of Russia. As the one country descended, so did the other mount in the scale of political importance; and they were signs of evil augury for Poland, when her two rising neighbours, the Elector of Brandenburg on the one flank, and the

Czar of Muscovy on the other, assumed their titles of King of Prussia, and Emperor of all the Russias, from territories yet subject to the republic.

Peter the Great did much for Russia, but he also left much undone: he valued mechanical, military, and commercial arts, and he therefore introduced them into his country; but that which he neither valued nor understood,—morals, manners, justice, and a respect for the rights of others,—he left as degraded and perverted as he found them. It has been the misfortune of Russia, and the punishment of her neighbours, that she has become powerful and corrupted without being civilized; and thus the death of Peter was followed by a series of barbarian revolutions, which, for a while, checked the progress of Russian ambition. The wife of a Livonian common soldier became the servant of a Swedish clergyman, whose service she left to follow the camp, where she reached the bed of a Russian general; from whence she ascended to that of Peter the Great; and, having become his wife, she was at his death declared Regent of Russia. That Russian general, who so ceded this Regent to his Emperor, rose from the rank of buffoon in the guards' barracks to be the favourite of his Czar, and to become his first general and his greatest subject. Such were Catherine and Menzikof; and such have been many others who have directed the councils of Russia. From the lowest dust to the highest pinnacle, and from thence to Siberia or the wheel, are, in Russia, transitions as sudden as those of her climate. Menzikof, on the point of a double alliance with the imperial family, and with one foot on the steps of the ducal throne of Courland, was hurried by the Dolgorouckis to the farthest wilds of Siberia; there to subsist by the labour of those two children whom another week would have placed in imperial sheets. The same fate overtook the Dolgorouckis; for one dark night hurled them from the palace to the dungeon; from whence, after groaning in utter solitude,—the father and uncle, the son and the nephew,—all ignorant of each other's fate and existence,—who eleven years before had parted in the palace, were brought forth to meet for the first and last time at the scaffold and the rack. The paramour of Anne, the low-born Biren, too, who sent them there, and who in nine years put to death more than as many thousand persons, after being proclaimed Duke of Courland by those very nobles who formerly had refused to enrol him amongst their number, was sent to languish in a Siberian cell, the plan of which had been designed by his successful rival, Munich; whom a fourth revolution, which placed Elizabeth on the slip-

perry throne, sent to occupy that very prison he had so maliciously built for his rival.*

The death of Elizabeth in 1672 was rapidly followed by a fifth revolution. Catherine of Anhalt Zerbst, full of beauty and intelligence, had been married at fourteen to her half-witted kinsman, Peter, the acknowledged heir of Russia. There were no fruits from this ill-assorted marriage, until Elizabeth compelled Catherine to receive a lover in the person of Count Soltikoff.† The presumptive consequence was the birth of the late Emperor Paul, the source of the present imperial house. However unwillingly Catherine may have taken this first step in vice, she from that time gave way to a license that, even in Russia, introduced disunion between herself and her husband. Amongst others, Poniatowski became her acknowledged lover, at the recommendation and by the advice of our ambassador, Sir Hanbury Williams, to whom the future King of Poland was then secretary. Intrigues removed Poniatowski from St Petersburg; when Catherine in despair gave herself up to seclusion, and a fresh lover—Orloff, whose brothers were common soldiers in the Guards. In this retirement, the schemes of her future elevation were laid and matured. Elizabeth died. The half-witted zeal, the mock heroism, and the barbarian profligacy of Peter III. paved the way for a revolution. One or two regiments only were gained over by the Orloffs when the conspiracy was on the point of being discovered. The younger Orloff posted off, in the middle of the same night, to the bedside of Catherine, who was sleeping at Peterhoff, some distance from St

* We cannot avoid recalling the following very characteristic trait of Russian obedience which illustrated this revolution:—A prince Golofkine, and his wife, were hurried to a spot within the Polar circle, and there shut up in one chamber. Grief and the miseries they endured shortly destroyed the unfortunate princess; she died; and the body having lain four days before the eyes of the wretched husband, he at length persuaded himself to part with it, and begged it might be removed for burial. The Russian guard replied to this request, that their orders were to suffer none to enter or go out of that prison chamber; and this dead body was thus left as the putrifying companion of the husband till the return of a courier who had been sent for orders to St Petersburg—a distance of two thousand leagues.

† The profligacy of the Russian court will little surprise those who remember, that the four women, Anne, Elizabeth, and the two Cathelines, who for a century ruled Russia, lived in the open and shameless commission of promiscuous adultery.

Petersburgh. She awoke to hear him say, "Time presses,—you are wanted in St Petersburg." She hurried on a few clothes, and hastened, with her maid only, to a hired carriage which her lover, the other Orloff, had brought for her. On the road they met Michel, her French coiffeur, whom she persuaded to accompany her; and thus attended by her maid, her lover, and a barber, and with a common soldier for her guide, she entered Petersburg, to overturn the throne of the absolute Czar of millions. Some notion may be formed of the state of Russia, when we remember that this flagrant adulteress, thus attended, became, in four-and-twenty hours, the acknowledged Empress of all the Russias; and that in less than a week her wretched husband was strangled by the Orloffs; and so little concealment of this atrocity affected, that the dead body of the Emperor, with its wrenched and wounded neck, and the head livid from suffocation, was left bare to the public gaze. This rapid view of contemporary Russia, may silence those who cite the disorganized state of Poland as palliating the interference of her far less civilized neighbour.

But the vigour of Catherine quickly subdued all internal dissensions in Russia; and left her free to realize those ambitious desires with which Peter the Great had imbued the Russian court, and which forty years of revolutions had only delayed. During the long reign of the apathetic Augustus, luxury and extravagance had made sad inroads on the public spirit and virtues of the Poles. But the dangers and distresses of their country aroused many, and bade them pause in their career. A patriotic band had followed the fortunes of Stanislas Leczynski to France; and at the courts of Nancy and of Versailles, had profited by the growing spirit of liberality, and by the knowledge of sound government, which was to be gathered from the lips and writings of Montesquieu and his disciples. They were now returned, and zealous to confer on their native country the benefit of the lessons they had learnt. The distinguished family of the Czartoryski was amongst the foremost of those who thus sought to reform and assimilate the government of Poland to the socially and politically changed state of Europe. Another knot of reformers, under the Potocki and Radzivils, desired a return to what they called the good old days and customs of the republic. These affected a rudeness of manner, and a contemptuous opinion of foreign powers; while the others sought for support from France, and only when disappointed by that power, turned their views towards Russia. The one party sighed for an aristocratic republic, and the other for a constitutional monarchy; the one opposed, the other supported, the king. As usual, there

was a middle party, composed of many excellent persons,—such as Branicki, Mokronowski, and others; who threw away the weight their characters and influence afforded them by a vain attempt at reconciling impossibilities. Had these parties, instead of jealously thwarting each other, joined together, with one heart and one hand, Poland might have been saved. But they would not; and Russia, with an insidious policy, played them off one against another; and successively patronised and ruined each, as they served or thwarted her views; while they, in the pride of the higher attainments and civilisation of their own country, forgot the overwhelming force of their ambitious ally.

As the health of Frederick Augustus declined, the clouds gathered thick over Poland. Russian troops approached Warsaw: the wretched king and his ministers fled to Dresden, never to return. They died there within a day of one another. The election of Poniatowski was carried by force of arms. The freedom of election enjoyed by Poland may be gathered from Catherine's letter to Poniatowski, in which she says, 'I send Keyserling to Warsaw to make either you or Adam Czartoryski king.'

The diet of convocation was appointed; 10,000 Russians surrounded Warsaw, while 40,000 Prussians supported them on the frontiers. It was in vain that Mokronowski endeavoured to break up the diet, by making a last redeeming use of the *veto* at the peril of his life. There were no sufficient means of resistance within; and the election was forced from some 4000 nobles on the plain, where formerly twenty times that number had assembled. Where were the others, and their tens of thousands of followers;—why were they not in arms? Alas, faction, and misrule, and corruption, divided the nation, which was no longer what it had been: besides, Catherine had lured the powerful family of the Czartoryskis into an acquiescence with Poniatowski's election, by holding out to them the hopes of supporting their cherished reforms in the state. And in fact, on the accession of Poniatowski, they carried many admirable laws for the diminution of the power of the magnates, for strengthening the authority of the crown, and for the relief of the unhappy serfs.

Poniatowski was recognised by the courts of Europe: Branicki, Mokronowski and others, who had been driven from their country by the Russians, returned and gave in their submission to the king. But unfortunately this king, so desired by his uncles the Czartoryskis, and so opposed by his brother-in-law Branicki, was totally unfit for his office. Had Adam Czartoryski, or even Oginski, mounted the throne, the difficult task

of Polish regeneration might have been effected; but with the rapid, frivolous, false, and conceited Poniatowski, there was no hope. It is only wonderful that with such enemies without, and with such inefficient supporters and bitter opponents within, the Czartoryskis should have carried so many beneficial measures. It is improbable that Catherine was deceived as to the object of these reforms: it is certain that Frederick of Prussia was not. Both these personages were resolved to prevent the re-establishment of order in Poland; and accordingly when the Czartoryskis, flushed with success, went on to propose the abolition of the *liberum veto*, the Machiavelian policy of Russia and Prussia interfered, and forbade the proceeding. Russia supported this prohibition by a reinforcement of 40,000 men, while Prussia strengthened her army on the frontiers; and thus were now leagued against Poland these two powerful military states. The Czartoryskis were flung aside; for their opponents, the Radzivils and Potockis, with a full knowledge of the late iniquities of Russia, yet with blind and factious hate, joined with her in the fatal confederation of Radom; by which, while the one party sought to depose the king and recover their abrogated privileges, the other desired to increase the civil and religious discord of the country; and both joined in a determination to rescind all the late reforms. But the Poles were not yet thus far subdued: their diet refused to sanction the dictatorial terms of Russia. More Russian troops poured into the country. Warsaw was in their hands; and Repnin, the Russian ambassador, finding some vigour left in the Polish councils, seized, with the connivance of the dastardly king, Soltik, the patriotic Prince Archbishop of Cracow, and three other senators. They were hurried to Siberia; and when the diet remonstrated, he haughtily replied, 'that he was accountable to no one for his deeds but to his sovereign;' though he would condescend so far as to say that their senators were exiled to Siberia, for presuming to doubt the purity of the Empress's intentions towards Poland;—adding significantly, that the next step would be, should resistance continue, to give up Warsaw to pillage, and to execute every opposing nuncio.

After such declarations and such outrages, there remained only one means of redress. Partial risings of the nobles and of the people were constantly occurring, but they were without unity and without support; while the Russians, well armed and well supplied, defended by a numerous artillery, occupying all the fortresses and magazines of the country, with their energies directed to one point, and under one command, were able, though not without partial defeats, to prevent any general

organization of resistance. The indefatigable Bishop of Kaminniec sought to rouse the southern courts of Europe to a just view of the proceedings of Russia; but unhappily the zeal of the Polish patriots broke forth before the able plans and negotiations of the Bishop were matured,—if indeed they ever would have succeeded. But the confederates of Bar nobly stood up for their country. The ill-directed aid of the Turks and Tartars was of small avail: no other European state moved a soldier. Austria was negotiating—France was under the reign of Du Barry; and England, under Lord North, having commenced her Tory policy, lent her ports and her sailors for the fitting out of that Russian fleet, which, under an English admiral, utterly destroyed at Tchesme the navy of Poland's only ally; and laid bare both Poland and Turkey (our so called ancient ally) to the spoliations of Russia. Still, though thus unequally matched, Polish valour did not derogate from its ancient renown. The names of the Pulawski will live as long as are cherished the records of an heroic devotion to a falling cause, through evil and through good report; through difficulties and through dangers; and through that most trying of all opposition, the envy, the weakness, and the contempt of high-born but vulgar-minded associates. The magnates of Poland had been corrupted by inordinate possessions, by inordinate power, and inordinate luxury. It would be invidious to particularize. All suffered severely; and many, either by themselves or by their sons, have redeemed the errors of that mean and fatal jealousy. Russia poured in more troops; the whole face of Poland was covered with contention and blood. Catherine, not content with the barbarities of her own soldiers, called in the aid of the Zaporavians—a horde of savages dwelling on the banks and islands of the Borysthenes. The southern palatinates of Poland ever maintained troops to keep off their incursions; but these were now engaged in the defence of the northern provinces; and Catherine seized the opportunity for procuring an irruption of those barbarians, who, to the amount of 50,000, rushed through Podolia and Volhynia.

The following picture of their matchless atrocities is from the pen of Rulhiere:—‘Vicillards, femmes, enfants, gentilshommes, valets, moines, artisans, Juifs, et Luthériens, tout fut massacré. Tout la noblesse éparse dans ses maisons en Ukraine y fut égorgée. Les Juifs plus hais à cause de leurs concussions, furent presque tous brûlés vifs. Ces scélérats s’amusaient à

* Rulhiere, *Hist. de l'Anarchie de Pologne*, vol. iii. p. 80.

‘ pendre aux mêmes potences un gentilhomme, un moine, un Juif, et un chien, avec cette inscription—C’est tout un. On vit à un même gibet une mère entourée de ses quatre enfants. Une de leurs troupes enterra tout vifs, et près les uns des autres, plusieurs centaines d’hommes, de manière que les têtes de ces malheureux passassent hors de terre, et ensuite ils les fauchèrent comme les herbes d’un champ. Oserai-je l’écrire, et la plume ne va-t-elle pas me tomber des mains ? Ils ouvraient le ventre des femmes grosses, et à la place des enfants qu’ils en arrachaient, ils-y-enfermaient des chats vivants. Si un inconnu leur tombait entre les mains, et qu’ils le soupçonnassent de cacher sa naissance ou sa religion, ils le forçaient à massacrer de ses mains des gentilhommes et des prêtres.’ The city of Humany alone afforded a refuge. Thither all who could escape directed their helpless steps. Will it be believed, that the Russian officers, in concert with these barbarians, and the Cossacks, devised a perfidious plot, by which some of their party, under the mask of asking for food, gained admittance into this city, where they massacred every soul they could lay their hands upon? 16,000 defenceless men, women, and children, strewed the ground. For those who might say that these were irregular acts of savage allies, and not of that civilized Russia which was then, as now, loud in her own praises, we extract another corresponding picture of the tender mercies of the Russian official authorities:—‘ On vit alors tous les usages, par lesquels les nations les plus barbares ont adouci le fléau de la guerre violés à l’égard des confédérés ; toutes les capitulations devenues des pièges ; la foi donnée aux prisonniers toujours trahie ; un colonel Russe, nommé Drewitz, massacrant de sang froid des gentilshommes qui s’étaient rendus prisonniers de guerre ; faisant expirer les chefs dans les supplices inventés en Russie pour les esclaves ; les faisant quelquefois lier à des arbres pour les exposer comme un but à l’adresse de ses soldats ; d’autres fois, les faisant enchaîner, pour que leurs têtes, enlevées avec dextérité au bout des piques, représentassent tous les jeux d’un carrousel. On vit ainsi le carnage, qui n’a pour excuse que la nécessité des combats, devenu par ces horribles variétés l’amusement des vainqueurs.’*

These were some of the many enormities by which Russia sought to subjugate the Poles. We spare our readers any further examples ; and, indeed, we would not have quoted these, had not the late Russian conduct towards the Poles pro-

* Rulhière, vol. iii. p. 121.

voked our recollections. But in spite of all her exertions of every shade and sort of atrocity, the resistance of the Poles increased; and their forces sprung up as if from defeat itself. Pulawski carried the important fortress of Czentokow, which served as a basis for his operations; the persevering Bishop of Kaminiac at length roused the attention of Europe; succour arrived from France under Dumouriez, and more was promised; the English assistance was withdrawn from the Russian fleet; and the confederations, so often defeated, still arose again and again to renew the fight. Distress, and common danger and common services, had softened many jealousies; and the affairs of Poland seemed less desperate. But then, as before, and since, Poland's evil destiny prevailed. Her very success prepared her ruin; for Catherine, perceiving that she might not succeed single-handed, unwillingly resigned her ambitious views of entire immediate conquest for the petty larceny scheme of partition. The lynx-eyed sagacity of Frederick of Prussia had long foreseen, indeed had long prepared, this event. He won over the unwilling compliance of Austria with the large bribe of the whole kingdom of Galicia; and the saintly Maria Theresa, who had hitherto allowed herself to designate Catherine by no other distinction than that of 'cette femme,' was now compelled, by the levelling fellowship of common guilt, to treat most intimately with 'that woman,' the Empress of Russia.

It was impossible for the Poles to hold out against this first Holy Alliance. The trifling aid from France came too late; all was lost, save honour. The three spoilers, having arranged their several shares of the booty, proceeded to seize on them; while, with a perversion of language worthy of their perversion of justice, they publicly denounced as robbers those Poles who had the hardihood and patriotism to defend their possessions and their country.

It is difficult to reclaim a thief. The ambitious cupidity of the partitioning powers, once well fed, soon longed for a second repast. Their ambassadors acted at Warsaw as pro-consuls, and their troops never quitted the country; but in spite of their presence, and of every kind of oppression, the seeds of liberal knowledge, which had been fostered and partly sown by the patriots of the Czartoryski school, took root, and produced the Constitution of 3d May, 1791. The establishment of a rational system of freedom for all classes in Poland was seized on as a pretext for fresh spoliations. True, there was nothing contrary to treaties,—nothing anarchical,—nothing jacobinical,—nothing of a fraternizing character, in this Constitution; which,

indeed, was so moderate, and so fair-favoured, as to gain the free and unqualified praise of Frederick William of Prussia; who had the year before cemented his connexion with Poland by a treaty, in which he pledged himself to make common cause with her against any foreign interference whatever. But this treaty, and this approbation, were written in sand; for when Russia invaded Poland the next year, in order to suppress this so praised Constitution, the Prussian king, forgetful of the precepts of St Lewis, declared, when called upon to fulfil his treaty, that it was dissolved by the new Constitution, of which he had never approved. He preferred Dantzic and Thorn, with the rich palatinate of Posen, to the barren culture of faith and truth. Prussia accordingly leagued with Russia; and both made use of that same selfish Tory school of magnates, who, so unwilling to part with their usurped privileges, brought on the first partition, by their factious confederation of Radom; and now perfected the ruin of their country by the more infamous confederation of Targowitz. The spoilers had the benefit of experience and of present possession; and the work of robbery was therefore the more rapid and extensive. One half of Poland was forfeited as a preservative from the contagion of the French principles of that Constitution of the 3d of May, which had exchanged an elective for an hereditary monarchy; and which met with the unbounded praise of Mr Burke, then in the full tide of his rage against French doctrines. The Poles, considering that right and wrong were not measured by parallels of latitude, again had the presumption to defend the integrity of their country; and again became, in the proclamations of the partitioning powers, jacobins, rebels, and *brigands*. That is, the Poles on the Dwina and the Vistula were *brigands* for resisting that which the French on the Rhine and the Moselle were jacobins and *brigands* for doing. Could the intervening space have been absorbed, it would have been a nice question of political casuistry, to have decided which were then the jacobins and *brigands*. The weakest, we presume. The contest was unequal. No bolt fell from heaven; but a hot retribution was deferred to the arms of Napoleon. It was in vain that valour and devotion strove to the last. The memory of the glorious resistance of Kosciusko will live for ever; so also should that of the brutality of the Russian government, which, finding this wounded defender of his country bleeding on the field of battle, hurried him and his patriotic comrade, Niemcewicz, to a dungeon in St Petersburg, where they lingered till Catherine the Great died.

This jacobinical resistance of the Poles to the conservative dis-

memberment of their country, was declared to be so tempting to the spread of French principles, that the partitioning courts, in the plenitude of their power, could find no remedy but in utter destruction. Accordingly, the corrective medicine was again applied; armies advanced; Suwarrow commanded them. Property was destroyed, families ruined, separated, banished, and branded; blood poured out like water; and the scene closed with the fall of Warsaw and of Poland. Nine thousand Poles lay dead on the field of battle before Warsaw. The city was captured; and then, when all was over, the inhabitants of Praga and the suburbs were, in cold blood, given up to plunder and to murder, in order that the Russians, as Suwarrow said, might be glutted, and Warsaw saved! Twenty thousand perished around the walls; and 30,000 more were driven out to thread their way to the frontiers through the ordeal of Russian bayonets. Suwarrow, we need not characterise him, then granted an amnesty,—the amnesty of the dead, which Catherine annulled; for her greedy nobles would not be defrauded of their share of the plunder. The work of exile and confiscation was, therefore, renewed, in order that, as Russia had seized on the dominions of Poland, her sons might seize on the property of the Poles.

We will not dwell on the revolting details of individual persecution, plunder, exile, and death. It is sufficient to say, that Russia cemented her first partition by the tender mercies of Drewitz; and the second and third by Suwarrow. Then, with her country's hands red with a nation's blood, Catherine, with a blasphemy peculiar to Russia, ordered 'a solemn thanks-giving to God in all the churches for the blessings conferred upon the Poles.' Thus closed this deed of treachery, tyranny, and blood,—begun, continued, and perfected by Catherine,—a woman whose private deeds sullied the sex she disgraced, and whose public acts have been said by traitors to monarchy to honour the rank to which she belonged. Let those who are so eloquent in their denunciations on French usurpation and French breaches of faith, study the conduct of Russia and Prussia during the long tragedy of Poland's fall; and if they are blessed with even a moderate share of understanding and candour, they will confess that the imitators fell infinitely short of their great northern originals.

The remaining chivalry of Poland now made its way to France. The well-known Polish legion of Dombrowski, amounting to some 15,000 men, rejoiced to meet the destroyers of their nation on the plains of Lombardy. Napoleon, than whom a better judge of a soldier's merits never existed, appreciated the Poles; and at Jena and at Friedland they nobly earned the restora-

tion of their diminished country, under the name of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Much virtuous indignation has been vented upon Napoleon for not giving more to the Poles; and yet he gave them a Constitution which the other powers had refused; he abolished serfage, and that *veto* which they had supported; and he gave them a country which they had stolen. True, he might have given more; and had he with a bold hand flung away the scabbard,—had he called for the entire restoration of all Poland, when he committed himself to the mighty struggle with Russia,—he might have anticipated the defection of Austria and of Prussia; and would probably have reseatd Poland, and not have been overthrown himself. But had he done thus, how would those who reproach his niggard policy to the Poles, have exclaimed against his treaty-breaking propensities! With some persons, France can never do right, nor her opponents wrong. At all events, Napoleon gave to the Poles that which he had conquered with a bold hand from those crowned conspirators, who had filched it with sanctimonious professions of honesty; and who, to say the most, could produce no better title to their usurpations than that by which Napoleon restored them—conquest. But the only restorer of Poland fell, and deservedly. Restoration, and national independence, and civil liberty, were the spells by which he was struck down. By no one were those magic words more profitably employed than by the late Emperor Alexander. So soon as his last great contest with Napoleon became probable, he adroitly played with the hopes of the Poles. In 1811, he encouraged Oginski* to read a memoir to him on the subject of the erection of his Polish provinces into a grand Duchy of Lithuania, under their peculiar laws and officers; and on the nobles of Wilna expressing their gratitude to him for this flattering intention, he graciously replied to them in an autograph letter written in Polish. As the contest approached, he became more explicit; and in a public letter to Oginski, he distinctly said, ‘*je vous autorise à faire connaître que ma volonté est de retablir la Pologne.*’ The Poles were thus artfully kept back, or won over from the standards of Napoleon; and their enthusiasm for their country’s restoration excited, when their aid was required. The crusade, in favour of restoration and civil liberty, rolled onward to Paris. Napoleon, the spoiler, was banished to Elba; and a congress of the deliverers of Europe, and of their ministers, assembled at Vienna.

* *Memoires*, vol. iii. p. 73.

It is not our purpose to follow the dark labours of this celebrated Congress. It met in the name of restoration, and separated with the imputation, if not confession, of having made partition the basis of its arrangements. It parcelled out nations, and fractions of nations, with the same indifference that drovers in a fair, or West Indians in a market, separate and select cattle or slaves. The King of Saxony was its selected victim. Lord Castlereagh, in an Official Note, declared that it was necessary to make an example of him, 'a cause de ses tergiversations, et parce qu'il a été le plus dévoué des vassaux de Buonaparte;'—two reasons, not easily reconcilable with one another; and neither of them particularly well adapted to the consciences of those whom he addressed. A more acute observer said, that this king was to be punished because his watch had gone a quarter of an hour slower than the more fortunate time-keepers of the Allied Sovereigns. But Lord Castlereagh required that he should be deposed;—that his hereditary dominions of Saxony should be erased from the map of Europe, and ceded to Prussia;—his Polish Grand Duchy erected into a free and distinct kingdom, under a separate dynasty; and the ex-king kept in reserve to rule over some embryo subjects, who might be collected for him on the banks of the Rhine and Moselle. This was a singular proposal to make to a restoring Congress; but there was much that was bold and practical in the plan. The Congress effaced all that was good in it, while they retained and heightened all that was evil.

The Emperor Alexander had long stimulated the hopes of the Poles. We have seen his written pledge for the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland. He and his allies had also vehemently exclaimed against the plundering propensities of the victorious French; but affairs were now changed; the French were defeated, and the Allies victorious. Accordingly, Savoy, Holland, and the Rhenish provinces, and Lombardy, and the Tyrol, and Belgium, and Genoa, and Venice, and Parga, were, in the phraseology of the Congress, to be liberated; but with Poland it was far different. It certainly had been annihilated under the auspices of Russia, and subsequently even to many of those French spoliation which were now to be restored: a portion of it also had re-achieved its independence; and the allies, who, in 1795, had destroyed Poland, found, in 1814, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw in recognised political existence, and in possession of a free Constitution. Still the erection of an independent kingdom of Poland was not to be endured by Russian and Prussian ambition. No: the courts of these two countries were resolved to retain, not only their former and their late acquisitions, but

to exact rewards for their disinterested exertions in the deliverance of Europe. And the minister of England now learnt that deliverance meant the aggrandizement of these two northern powers at the expense of their neighbours. He was alarmed and indignant; and attempted a secret league with Austria and France, against these late magnanimous allies, who had just been so welcomed and bepraised in England; but who were now ready to go to war with her, for presuming to require them to restore *their* spoiliations, in the same spirit in which they were resuming the spoiliations of Napoleon.

Alexander beckoned to his endless battalions; Prussia stood firmly by his side; while the Grand Duke Constantine, with an admirable effrontery, called upon the Poles to arm in the defence of their *national rights*. Thus, those glorious triumphs over the French Revolution, for the attainment of which millions had been spent, and myriads had bled, were about to end in fresh wars and fresh loans. But the meteor light of Bonaparte, which once more flashed upon the shores of France, saved the policy of England from the exhibition of such a result. Alexander, with a quickness more politic than generous, signified, that the force of his services against the common enemy would depend upon the settlement of the Polish question being made more in accordance with his views. Thus Russia prevailed; and Saxony was not saved, though Poland was added to the list of victims. The one was slit in two; the other subjected to a quintuple partition; by which the allegiance, the interests, and the connexions of the unfortunate Poles were endlessly subdivided. This was the answer of Russia to the demand of Lord Castlereagh, for the erection of an independent kingdom; and this the fulfilment of the Emperor's written pledge, in the hour of danger, for the restoration of Poland. But Russia thus rounded her frontier, and planted the advanced post of her dependant kingdom upon the flanks of her two neighbours—Austria and Prussia; who, seeing her so well provided, sought with a greedy scrambling for territories and population in every corner of Europe.

But though Alexander seized upon the lion's share of the spoils of Poland, he could not do so unconditionally. The other powers, though they failed to erect a separate, yet succeeded in interposing a free, though subject kingdom between Russia and themselves; and, accordingly, the first article of the general treaty of Vienna, which was signed by the ministers of all the powers there present, defines the terms on which Russia was to hold Poland. It declares, 'that the duchy of Warsaw, 'with the exception of those provinces which are otherwise dis-

‘ posed of, shall be irrevocably bound to the Russian empire by *its Constitution.*’ It allows the Emperor internally to extend this new kingdom; that is, to annex to it the whole, or such parts of his Polish provinces as he might deem fit. It also provides, ‘ *that the Polish subjects of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, shall enjoy a representation, and national institutions, modified into such form of government as the powers upon whom they depend may judge it expedient to grant.*’ These valuable privileges were further secured and specified by divers acts, declarations, and treaties between the several powers; which were all recognised by the General Congress, and formally incorporated as integral parts of its arrangements; and in December of the same year, the terms of this treaty were perfected by a Constitutional Charter, which was solemnly bestowed on the kingdom of Poland by Alexander.

For a time, the Emperor was pleased with this kingdom of his own construction. So long as its diet gave him small trouble, and Europe remained tranquil, the absolute Czar of fifty millions was pleased to play with his little kingdom as with a toy; and to listen to the constitutional rebukes of its opposition with the same deference that monarchs of old paid to the sallies of their privileged jesters. He also continued to encourage the long deferred hopes of his Polish provinces; and even went so far, in giving an audience to a deputation from them, as to reply to M. Oginski in the following strong terms: ‘ *Vous êtes mécontents en Lithuanie, et vous devez l’être aussi long temps que vous ne serez pas amalgamés avec les vôtres, et que vous ne jouirez pas des bienfaits d’une Constitution.*’* Thus smoothly began the constitutional career of the King; but even in those auspicious days there were many infractions of the treaty. Russian troops occupied the soil of Poland; and the Grand Duke Constantine, whose name is a sufficient antithesis to all good government, was commander-in-chief, and daily arrogated to himself exclusive authority. But these evils were comparatively slight, and Poland began to enjoy peace and tranquillity.

This was too soon disturbed; for when the breaking of royal pledges throughout the Continent produced the revolts of the south, and the secret associations of Germany;—when there was a suspicion, too, that the passive obedience of Russia was tainted by that glorious Calmuc army of occupation, which had imbibed notions of free agency in France, perfectly in-

* *Memoires d’Oginski*, vol. iv. page 235.

compatible with imperial discipline,—then Alexander changed; and the constitutional restrictions of the kingdom of Poland became as bands of flax to this Northern Sampson. Constantine, too, taunted his liberal brother with what he called the folly of dallying with freedom. Well might Dombrowski exclaim, ‘What have we to hope? what have we not to fear?’ The publication of the debates of the diet was prohibited; and a rigorous censorship of the press was established. The Palatinate of Kalisz was deprived of its representatives; the election of popular nuncios forcibly obstructed; and the patriotic nuncio, Vincent Miemoiewski, was seized and carried off to a prison, where he lingered till the late revolution released him. Then the Diet was dissolved; a reinforcement of Russian troops called in; personal liberty violated; and five whole years allowed to elapse without the re-assembling of a Diet. There was also a daily increasing severity exercised by Constantine. But even yet, certain forms of constitutional government were maintained; and when the revolutions in the south were put down by foreign arms, the rigour of Alexander relaxed; and the pupil of La Harpe once more returned to liberal forms. A diet was assembled, redress was promised, and the hope of amalgamation again held forth to the long disappointed Polish Russians. But a dark mysterious plot pervaded Russia. Alexander was thought too liberal and too European. The old Muscovite faction, which for the last century has divided Russia, again reared its head. Rumours of dissatisfaction were afloat. The distant army of the Caucasus and its general were thought to be disaffected. Foreigners were regarded with an evil eye. The last hour of the victorious Alexander approached; and, at an obscure town in Bessarabia, he fell a victim either to treachery or disease.

Of the coronation of his successor, it has been said, that he went to the altar, preceded by the assassins of his father, followed by those of his brother, and accompanied probably by his own. The proclamation of Nicholas to the Poles, on his accession, contained these words—‘Je jure devant Dieu que j’observerai l’acte Constitutionnel, et que je mettrai tous mes soins à en maintenir l’observation.’ This oath was made but to be broken; the Russian government strained every nerve to implicate those Poles who had shown themselves zealous for the liberties of their country in the dark Russian plot which had accompanied Alexander’s death, and Constantine’s younger brother’s blood-stained accession. The most arbitrary and illegal arrests took place,—torture was employed,—a standing military commission, of which half the members were Russians, was appointed. For

two long years, the accused were harassed with imprisonment; and when at length they were pronounced innocent by the highest court of law, the Grand Duke Constantine not the less despatched many of them to dungeons in Russia, where some even now remain.

Such was the commencement of Nicholas's reign, and such his sense of the obligations of an oath, and of the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna. With the same contempt for this treaty, he broke through all its provisions in favour of the Polish subjects of Russia. He most iniquitously abrogated all their Polish laws and institutions; and discountenanced the use of the Polish language, and even of the Polish dress. Their religion also—the United Greek Church—was persecuted; and those wretched subjects who sought to escape from this persecution of their very name and nation in Russia, by exchanging it for a tyranny of their persons at Warsaw, were dragged back—not to be replaced in their deserted homes of Lithuania or Podolia—but to be exiled to the wastes of Siberia. Meanwhile the Grand Duke Constantine was let loose upon Poland: arbitrary arrests and arbitrary punishments were his constitutional ministers. The police under his immediate direction exercised an inquisitorial power; hired spies and informers were to be found in every station of life and every society. No one was safe. The prisons were filled; more were built—he filled them also. The universities were remodelled; their studies restricted or perverted; and many of the students seized, banished, or drafted into the army. But above all, the ferocious martinet tyranny of Constantine over the military, and the military schools, shone forth with a fanaticism of discipline bordering on insanity. The sons of the nobility were separated from their parents to be mewed up in these military schools, where many were detained and treated at the same time both as common soldiers and as children till the ages of twenty, thirty, forty—in short, till the Grand Duke thought fit to release them. The encouragement of profligacy and debauchery formed a part of this system. Constantine appears to have had a diabolical pleasure in outraging all the decencies of female delicacy; while, with the true instinct of despotism, he allowed for no distinction of classes or education. All, from the highest to the lowest, were equally, in his sight, slaves. The blow and the degrading punishment were inflicted with tyrannic impartiality. A citizen, and a common vagabond, might be found upon the parade, rolling the same wheelbarrow; the merchant and the Jew pedlar harnessed to the same cart—followed by a medley gang of degraded officers, common thieves, and obnoxious gentlemen. In short, terror, distrust,

and tyranny reigned paramount at Warsaw; the days of Drewitz and Suwarrow were revived—perhaps modified in expression—but the same in spirit. That Muscovite faction under which Nicholas rules, and which is so well known for its Asiatic love of despotism and sanguinary rigour, was resolved to break the neck of Polish independence, and assimilate the loyalty of the Poles to the stolid obedience of the Russians. The European institutions of Poland had thus to bear the brunt of this hostility, backed by the dead weight of a mighty empire. The only person who might effectually have opposed, and whose interest it was to oppose this attack, had he been truly ambitious,—the Grand Duke Constantine,—led away by his own instinctive love of tyranny, lent it all the aid in his power.

But if it was natural that the Russians should enforce despotism on the Poles, it was at least as natural that the Poles should resist it. Hence arose an increase of spies, denunciations, conspiracies, imprisonments, executions—all the full flood of tears that spring from the exercise of and resistance to oppression, modified by the disposition and character of the agents and nations where they occur. The disposition of Constantine, and the character of the Russian government, afford a sure and melancholy guarantee for the general truth of the severities said to have been inflicted on the Poles. Few or none doubt them; but many have questioned the wisdom of the late revolt; and, living peaceably under the security of our own admirable institutions, have exclaimed, ‘Why were the Poles so mad ‘as to rise against the overwhelming power of Russia?’ The worm will turn: and we were little surprised, though we heard it with a foreboding sorrow, that one of the most high-spirited and most injured of the nations of Europe had turned upon its oppressor. But let us do the more considerate part of the nation the justice to say, that however deeply they resented their country’s wrongs, the hasty insurrection did not originate with them. It sprung up amongst those fiery youths of the military schools, and of the universities, whom Constantine kept mewed up for the brightest years of their lives within barrack prisons. The news of the second French revolution burst upon their indignant minds. It was the index of the state of Europe. Belgium, Hesse, Switzerland, fast followed in the same track; and the patchwork of the Congress, and the shackles of the Holy Alliance, were rent in twain. The successive news of these events, in spite of all precautions, penetrated the charged atmosphere of Warsaw. Associations were rapidly formed and extended;—plans were proposed, and speedily betrayed by the four thousand spies of Warsaw, whose names were

afterwards found enrolled in the office of Rosniecki. Numberless arrests took place; and on a dark evening in November 1830, it was reported that the principal military school was to be surrounded in the morning by Russian troops, and a military commission installed for the trial of offenders. On that very evening, the 29th of November, the cry of 'to arms, to arms, ' and God bless Poland,' was raised within the walls of this devoted school, and before the morning dawned, Constantine was a fugitive. Many of the schools and of the youth of Warsaw had prepared for this revolt, and one or two regiments were gained over; but on the rest of the inhabitants it burst as unexpectedly as upon the Russians themselves. The oppression of Constantine, however, had been so intense, that the reaction was universal, and he was expelled, if we may use the term, by acclamation.

On the following morning, an Administrative Council was formed; and now it was that the more sober part of the Poles acted a part which has not yet met with its due meed of praise. They had groaned under the tyranny of Russia, in common with their countrymen; but with a patriotic and enduring spirit, they bore with the oppressor, because they saw no present hope for their country in resistance. The brilliant success of the revolt did not blind them to the fearful struggle it would provoke—to the interests it would compromise. They saw their country's danger, and they saw their own. They knew that the punishment of an unsuccessful revolt ever falls on the chiefs and on the persons of property; they also knew full well with how large a hand Russia metes out such punishment. Hitherto they were innocent; they might save themselves, their properties, and their families, by disavowing the rash glory which the intemperate youth of Warsaw had won; they might act as moderators between the Emperor and their countrymen, and, under the mask of that office, save appearances with the world; and thus, with some show of honour, shelter themselves from the coming storm. But they knew Russia, they knew their own hearts, and they knew Poland. They saw all their danger, they deplored the past, they had small hope for the future;—but they saw that the strife was begun;—they knew that from the present rulers of Russia, though there might be security for themselves, there would be no forgiveness for their country; and they therefore with calm, but devoted patriotism, flung their sabres into the scale, and gave the weight of their talents, their characters, and their fortunes, to a desperate cause. That cause was their country's. There might be a chance of salvation—thousands of chances were against them; but to the Lord of Hosts they com-

mitted the struggle; and they took the direction of affairs amidst shouts of 'God bless Poland!'

This act of calm and devoted patriotism is the best refutation of those interested aspersions which have been too frequently cast on the higher Polish nobles. They have been held up to Europe as a band of overbearing selfish chiefs; jealous only of their own unbridled license and privileges; careless of the real independence of their country, and oppressive to their unfortunate serfs and dependants. The aspersion is most calumnious. Sweet are the uses of adversity. The descendants of those military oligarchs, whose seigneurial, civil, and religious persecutions and oppressions rent Poland during the ruinous dynasty of the Vasas, became—in one generation, by their exile in France, in another, by the lessons learned in their desperate struggles against the partitioning powers, in the third and present, by the collision of opinions resulting from the French Revolution—an amended, an enlightened, a patriotic, and a temperate aristocracy. The humane and self-divesting reforms of the Czartoryskis in 1765—the wise institutions of Zamoyski and others, which led to the admirable Constitution of 1791,—and the conduct, during the late struggle, of the present descendants of the Czartoryskis, the Zamoyski, the Potoski, the Radzivils, and others too numerous to particularize, are the glorious evidences of this assertion. There was no flinching—there was no violence. They held out, indeed, a deprecatory hand to Russia,—but without dishonour; and they maintained an arduous contest, without violence,—without one single disorganizing appeal to the oppressed peasants and subjects of their oppressor. This last generosity deprived them of much early assistance from Lithuania; and in requital, they are now exiles in foreign lands, or travelling on foot, with their heads shaved, as slaves, to the prisons of Siberia.

On the morning of the 30th November, within a few short, but important hours after the breaking out of the revolt, Prince Adam Czartoryski, Prince Michael Radzivil, and other distinguished Poles, attended the grand council of the kingdom, to which they of right belonged, but to which they had not lately been summoned. Niemcewitz, the fellow-prisoner and worthy companion of Kosciuszko, addressed the anxious multitude from the balcony of the Council Chamber. He urged them to order, and to the preservation of tranquillity; and a thousand students of the University instantly enrolled themselves as a city guard.

As the intelligence of these occurrences at Warsaw spread through the kingdom, all with one accord joined in throwing off the yoke of Constantine. Some of the Polish guards, who, with a

high sense of military honour, had remained with the Grand Duke for his personal defence, now that the revolt had become a revolution, signified the impossibility of their continuing any longer arrayed against their countrymen; and on the 3d of December, within four short days after the breaking out of the insurrection, this Imperial commander in chief, whose frown had hitherto been the signal for disgrace and imprisonment, was compelled to address the following letter to the grand council of Warsaw:

‘ Je permets aux troupes Polonaises qui me sont restées fidèles jusqu’ à ce dernier moment de rejoindre le leurs. Je me mets en route avec les troupes impériales pour m’ éloigner de la capitale, et j’espère de la loyauté Polonaise qu’ elles ne seront pas inquiétées dans leurs mouvemens pour rejoindre l’ empire. Je recommande de même tous les établissemens, propriétés, et les individus à la protection de la nation Polonaise, et les mets sous la sauve garde de la foi la plus sacrée.’ (*Varsovie, ce 3^{ième} Déc^{bre} 1830.*)

The Poles, thus appealed to, magnanimously permitted their oppressor to retreat unmolested; although the Russian troops under his command, as usual, committed excesses on their route, and destroyed among others a new and beautiful villa of the Countess Wonsowicz. The Polish army now rallied round Warsaw; many of those Poles who had deserted the interests of their country for the guilty honours of Constantine’s court, were generously retained in their commands; and it is to the praise of the Polish character, that none of them betrayed their trust. General Chlopicki was placed at the head of affairs, both civil and military. But one of those many evils, which are inseparable from all moments of excitement, now appeared in the form of a most mischievous Club, calling itself patriotic, and which indeed had sprung up with the first days of the revolution; but the early adherence of the greater nobles to the cause of their country had checked its budding ambition; and a Provisional Government, under Czartoryski, Niemcewicz, and others, had been appointed, by whose prudence it was hoped that external warfare and internal strife might be avoided. Unfortunately, some secret members of this club gained admission into the provisional government, and by their influence and communications encouraged its proceedings. A national diet was convoked; the resources of the country were called forth; and the government, without relaxing from warlike preparations, awaited the result of a deputation which had been despatched to St Petersburg; for as yet there was no intention of throwing off allegiance to Nicholas. All acts were still carried on in his name;

and the Poles sought only for a deliverance from oppression, and for the preservation of their rights. In this spirit the deputation waited on Nicholas, and having explained the causes and nature of the revolt, required a recognition and fulfilment of those constitutional stipulations which had been entered into by Alexander; which Nicholas himself had accepted by a solemn oath; and which were declared by a treaty to which all the great powers of Europe were parties, to be *the bond* by which Poland was bound to Russia. Thus far they were within the strictest letter of the law. But affection for their fellow-countrymen, faith in the repeated promises and pledges of the Emperor Alexander, and a just interpretation of part of the first article of the general treaty of Vienna, which provided, in 1815, for that incorporation of the Russian Polish provinces which had not taken place in 1831, led them to add to the above strictly legal demands, that of fulfilling the moral obligation which the treaty imposed with respect to the Polish subjects of Russia. It is needless to add, that the Emperor Nicholas rejected all these requisitions; and haughtily demanded absolute submission and implicit confidence in his paternal intentions. The Poles laid their case before the courts of Europe; but those powers who were parties to the treaty of Vienna appear to have declined all active interference.

All negotiations having failed, the Poles prepared for resistance. Their means were insignificant in comparison to those of their gigantic opponent. Four millions against fifty millions! Such odds were terrific; but right feeling was strong on the side of the Poles; and they looked, and with reason, for the assistance of their eight millions of brethren beyond the Bug and the Niemen. Poland, too, possessed an admirable army of 40,000 men, furnished with every necessary equipment for the field; and the magazines were supplied with arms, &c. sufficient for as many more. Chlopicki was declared dictator, as well as generalissimo, and a *levée en masse* was decreed. The zeal of the Polish patriots was unbounded. Meanwhile the veteran army, that had planted the eagles of Russia on the walls of Adrianople, approached under the command of its victorious chief. But the renowned passer of the Balkan was doomed to bite the dust on the plains of Poland. Chlopicki, after three days' hard fighting, drove his innumerable battalions back from the walls of Praga. The moral influence of this repulse was immense. The Russians retreated; and Chlopicki, suffering severely from a wound, resigned the command to Skrzynecki, who, from the rank of colonel, was thus suddenly, as worthily, raised, by the

testimony of his comrades, and by the order of the diet, to the command of the Poles.

Our confined limits forbid our following in detail the brilliant operations of the war. For many doubtful, and to them glorious months, the Poles kept at bay the whole power of Russia, led on by her chosen commander, and animated by the presence of two of her grand dukes. The indomitable Skrzynecki added victory to victory; and Europe began to hope that the miraculous campaign of John Sobieski was about to be renewed. And truly, had the Poles remained constant to their chief, and had Prussia faithfully maintained her neutrality, the Russians would have been in front of Warsaw still. For, so long as they could attack it only in front, the military genius of Skrzynecki, supported by the valour of his troops, made a Lisbon of Warsaw, and a Torres Vedras of Praga and the Vistula. When the Russians kept together, they were too strong to justify Skrzynecki in making a direct attack; but he remembered Portugal; and the same well concerted partisan operations on the flanks and rear of the Russians in Volhynia and Lithuania, produced the same well foreseen want of provisions, and consequent retreat of the army of Diebitch, as those of Trant and Wilson did in that of Massena. If Lord Wellington's lines of Torres Vedras were less dependant, and his place of arms more secure, the insurgents of Lithuania and Volhynia, on the other hand, were infinitely more warlike than the Spaniards or Portuguese, and afforded far better materials for efficient co-operation. Both retreating generals were pursued by kindred spirits; and even greater success rewarded the Polish hero than attended his great British prototype; for Diebitch, with less discretion than Massena, divided his corps, and was cut up in detail; leaving no less than 20 pieces of cannon and 20,000 prisoners in the hands of the Poles. The defeated Russians were speedily recruited, and, advancing from the Bug and the Narew, failed again from the same causes; and this second attempt closed with the dangerous but important victory of Ostrolenka, by which the Russian communications were intercepted, and an opportunity afforded for the more general organization of the insurrections of the Russian Polish provinces. But now, when all was hope in Europe, and when Polish valour and Polish genius were likely to reap their reward, the seemingly immitigable evil destiny of this unhappy land prevailed.

Jacobinism and envy caused the superseding of Skrzynecki; who, with an unchangeable patriotism, obtained permission to serve in a subordinate rank; and, more fatally still, Prussia lent a perfidious succour to the Russians, by affording supplies from

her fertile provinces of East Prussia, which henceforth became the unattackable basis for those future Russian operations under Paskewitch, by which the otherwise impregnable position of Warsaw was turned. This perfidy of Prussia, and the lukewarmness of the rest of Europe in the cause of Poland, added to the vehemence and the ascendancy of the Jacobins. Violences occurred within Warsaw; and General Krukowieski ventured to assume the station which had been occupied by Prince Czartoryski and Skrzynecki. The moral feeling of the revolution was tainted. The army was indeed strong; the defences of Warsaw might have been well manned; the streets were barricaded, and the citizens were in arms; but faults, disasters, and defeats, followed thickly; and the evil day dawned when Warsaw, trusting to Nicholas's vehement appeals to Heaven, and to his and to Paskewitch's solemn protestations, opened her gates. Her valiant army retired; the Russians took possession of the city upon the faith of an amnesty, which, as usual, was granted but to be broken; and the work of confiscation, so acceptable to Russian profusion and cupidity, once more recommenced, and has not yet ceased.

Many Polish generals—Radzivil, Turno,* Zielunka, Prondzynski, and others—have, in violation of that amnesty, been dragged into Russia or Siberia: some have been forced into the Russian ranks. Prince Romain Sangusko, a descendant of the Jagellons, has been degraded from his high rank to the condition of a serf; and is now, while we write these mournful pages, proceeding on foot, with his head shaved, to the shores of the Polar Sea, to suffer forced labour as a galley slave. The Prince Sapieha, lately in possession of a revenue of half a million of francs, and intimately connected with this country, has been saved from a similar fate by escaping to America at the price of utter ruin. Prince Adam Czartoryski, another Jagellon, the worthy descendant of Poland's earliest and best reformers, and himself the chief of her late administration, is now an honoured exile in England; where, as well as in the rest of Europe, he has been long known and highly esteemed. Such has been the fate of the leaders. The subordinate officers and soldiers have been forcibly drafted into regiments serving in the Caucasus, in Finland, and on the shores of the Black and of the White Sea. Others have been carried off to repeople, or restock, dilapidated estates.

* This General attended the Grand Duke Constantine to the frontiers, in order to protect him from the insurgents, and now meets with exile for his reward.

The religion also of those provinces, for which the Congress of Vienna required the preservation of their national institutions and privileges, is now persecuted to that degree, that, by an imperial ukase of 5th November 1831, the erection of Catholic churches in Podolia is forbidden; and one priest only allowed to the whole district, who, it is observed, with a most tolerant consideration, may be useful, particularly about Easter. The even course of justice, too, may be judged of from the following imperial letter to the Governor of Wilna, officially published on the 3d December 1831; which, after praising the Governor, ‘*pour les mesures énergiques que vous avez prises pour exterminer ces brigands*’—the remains of the Lithuanian army—proceeds thus: ‘*si vous trouvez que leur execution a été arrêtée par les formes des tribunaux, et si dans votre opinion vous les trouvez coupables, vous les ferez aussitôt subir la peine de mort.*’ Such are the clement methods of Russian conciliation, and such the Russian manner of fulfilling an amnesty!

Prussia, too, not content with having afforded a basis for the Russian forces, by which means Warsaw fell, has added perfidy to her breach of neutrality. The corps of General Rybinski, amounting to 15,000 men, being pressed by overpoweringly superior forces, sought refuge within the Prussian territories; upon the faith of a government which pledged itself to afford protection and subsistence to them, on condition of their surrendering their arms and *materiel*. The Poles complied with these conditions; but after having been subsisted for two months at a rate just above starvation, and infinitely below the value of the *materiel* surrendered, the Prussian government, upon the pretence of a general amnesty having been granted by Russia, ordered those officers who would not return to Poland forthwith to quit Prussia; and, under the direction of General Rummel and his aide-de-camp, Major Brandt, endeavoured to force the under officers and soldiers to re-enter Poland. Thousands refused; when General Rummel actually ordered his troops to load and fire on them. The Poles stood firm; and, for this time, the Prussian was content with a threat. The half-starved men were marched back to their wretched cantonment; every menace and privation was employed to drive them into Poland; but they would not stir. At length, under pretence of a change of quarters, they were marched, in separate detachments, through bypaths to the Polish frontiers, and blows and main force were employed to urge them across. Still they refused. The Prussian patience was exhausted; and a Captain Richter, and others, fired on and charged these miserable men; nineteen of whom were left dead on the ground. But yet would not the

Poles submit themselves to a Russian amnesty : they were therefore huddled into open barns and sheds, (it was the middle of December,) and left to be starved or frozen into compliance. The neighbouring peasants afforded them some little succour. Many endeavoured to escape; of whom the greater part were seized by the Prussian authorities as deserters, and, on that plea, delivered up to Russia. But the Prussian government, at length roused to a sense of shame, recalled General Rummel and his aid-de-camp; and placed the surviving Poles once more in cantonments in the neighbourhood of Marienbourg. This desperate resistance of these Polish peasants and soldiers, offers a melancholy comment on the Russian amnesty. Those who did return to Poland were, as they well foresaw, and as Prussia well foreknew, seized on by the Russian authorities, and, in contempt of all faith, drafted by sections into different Russian regiments; and marched off to the four quarters of its dreary empire, under the atrocious pretence of giving them subsistence, and the privileges—the privileges of Russians! That is, Russia first robs the Poles of their country, their rights, and their property, and then graciously makes them soldiers lest they should starve, whilst she adds the merciful immunities of the knout. So much for the great military monarchies.

We have detained our readers a long time, and hurried, in a somewhat desultory manner, over a wide space; but incomplete and imperfect as must necessarily be any short abstract of Polish history, we have not therefore allowed ourselves to be deterred from giving it in such form as our space would permit. For we consider it essential to the justice of her cause to bring Poland under one general view, and not to leave it to the subtlety of the self-interested to select some partial aspect, by which her wrongs may appear less glaring, and a useful veil of forgetfulness be thrown over the early atrocities of the Russian spoliations. There are persons who would willingly forget, and persuade the rest of the world to forget, that such a kingdom as Poland ever existed, and that 20,000,000 Poles, animated by strong national feeling, and proud national recollections, still exist. They would fain regard Poland like Belgium,—as a mere conventional state, that has sprung up from the conflicting interests and jealousies of the great powers of Europe.

But let us not be misunderstood. Indignantly as we recall, and deeply as we deplore, the injuries of Poland, we are not disposed to advocate any wild schemes of restoration. The Congress of Vienna may, or may not, have deserted its duty; but whether we regret its decisions or not, we must abide by

them. This congress ceded that portion of the grand duchy of Warsaw which now forms the kingdom of Poland to the empire of Russia, upon certain conditions. It was declared to be *bound* to that power by its *Constitution*; a Constitution was in consequence given to it; and if words have any meaning, Russia holds it by virtue of that Constitution. She had no prior right to it whatever. It formed a portion of that ancient Poland which, by the constitution of 1791, called the royal house of Saxony to its throne; and which, in 1795, was forcibly seized and allotted to Prussia; from whom, in 1807, it was recovered by the Poles and Saxons, aided by the French; and by them replaced as the independent Grand Duchy of Warsaw, under the crown hereditary of Saxony. In 1813 it was overrun by the armies of the alliance formed against Napoleon; and in 1815 the Congress of Vienna, by virtue of the law of the strongest, transferred this country, upon the above stated conditions, to Russia.

The conditions were fulfilled by the publication of the Constitutional Charter, but they were not maintained. No one, we presume, will be so hardy as to assert that the obligations of the treaty of Vienna respected only the bestowal of a Constitution, and not its maintenance. With such persons we have no desire to reason. The Charter or Constitution was not maintained or respected; the transgressions of it by Alexander and by Nicholas have been so glaring, so various, and so undenied, that we will not waste our time by enumerating them. They in fact put an end to all constitutional government in Poland; and established in its place, the arbitrary rule of a commander-in-chief, the late Grand Duke Constantine. The Poles appealed in vain to their king for redress: his answer was, "What would 'you have? he is my senior by eighteen years, and I owe my 'crown to him.' But because Nicholas usurped the throne of his elder brother Constantine, was the Polish constitution therefore to be abrogated? The Poles thought not; and, writhing under the tyranny of Constantine, galled by the memory of their spurned rights, called on by their oppressed brethren in the betrayed Polish provinces of Russia, and excited by the successful revolutions in the south, they took up arms in the defence of their honour, their persons, and their rights. They succeeded. Very little violence or disorder accompanied this movement; there was then no attempt at throwing off their allegiance to Nicholas; they continued faithful subjects; and we trust there are few who will call them less faithful, because, while they did not swerve from their true loyalty to their king, they were equally loyal to their constitution. Thus far there was nothing to

annul the rights vested in them by the Congress of Vienna; but they did not stop here; for most certainly they went so far as to require that incorporation of the Polish provinces which both the treaty, and their king, had *mórally* though not formally promised. This demand, while it placed them, during the time it was maintained, without the limits of European assistance, cannot surely, now that it is withdrawn, preclude them from the benefits of that treaty, out of respect for which they lost this aid. Are the endless infractions of the treaty by the governing party to count for nothing; and one instance of a too liberal interpretation of it by the governed to preclude them from all its benefits? Surely not. And if there was a question of forfeiture, which there is not, that forfeiture, in all legal and moral justice, would fall upon the original transgressor, and not on those who resisted the transgression. But we may be told that as the contest continued, the Poles went so far as to depose their king, and thereby threw off their allegiance and forfeited their rights. They did throw off their allegiance; but as their revolt followed repeated infractions of the treaty, so did their deposition of Nicholas follow his reiterated refusals of redress, his military invasion of their country, and his haughty demands for unconditional submission. The penalty, the forfeiture, then, if there be any, still lies at the door of Russia; and by no fair reasoning can it be attached to the Poles.

But it is farther to be considered, that the Poles and the Russians were not the sole parties to the treaty. It was concluded not only for their benefit, but that of Europe at large; and no reason can be adduced why Europe is to be deprived of her share of the benefits of that treaty, because the Poles or Russians may have chosen to transgress its obligations. Even on the supposition, therefore, that the Poles, and not the Russians, or that both Poles and Russians broke the treaty, still, so long as Europe, the third and unoffending party, wills it, the treaty must continue binding. The empire of Russia *received, and holds the kingdom of Poland by virtue of the treaty of Vienna, and by it alone.* So long as she observes that treaty, she has an undoubted right to the constitutional dominion of Poland, and no longer. If she tramples on it, or denies its obligation, then the sovereignty lapses to the representatives of the Congress of Vienna, or to Prussia, or to its original sovereign, the King of Saxony. The parties to the treaty of Vienna have a clear right to require from Russia either the fulfilment of her contract, or the forfeiture of her benefice. If not, they must confess that they have been outwitted and bullied by an all-powerful ally.

If the law of the question be thus clearly in favour of the Poles, so also is the policy. We are not of the school that has a nightmare dread of Russian domination. Were we Austrians or Prussians, we might not, as long as Poland lay in the dust, consider Russia the safest of neighbours. But we in our impregnable isle may laugh her to scorn; our fleets in one campaign would seal up her ports; while nothing short of another coalition, such as that which overthrew Napoleon, can seriously endanger France. Still, though a fifth monarchy be a dream, the undeviating tendency of the policy of Russia in that direction is undeniable; her progress has been gradual, constant, and great. A mighty empire, when formed in one life, has ever suddenly and quickly fallen to pieces. Gradual aggrandizement, bit by bit ambition, is the most sure and the most dangerous. This has been the course of Russia. To these considerations we may add, that a well appointed army, nearly a million strong, stern military institutions, half or unequally spread civilisation, an irresponsible government, the acknowledged headship of a devoted church, a scarcely accessible territory, having its rear and flanks hermetically sealed, and peopled by a nomadic race, ever imbued with a vague desire for southern climes, offer elements of conquest which are not to be despised.

Four routes lie open to the developement of these mighty and accumulating means;—the Caspian, the Euxine, central Europe, and the Baltic. That of the Caspian is beyond the reach of European opposition; though when the route there traced, and now rapidly filling up, shall have been accomplished, two dangerous lines will diverge,—one leading to the Mediterranean, the other eastwards through Persia to India; the only direction in which that country has ever been successfully invaded. The Euxine route is nearly as bare of defence as the other; and the progress of Russia in that direction is checked only by that wise restraining policy, which seeks, in a military point of view, to consolidate its conquests as it goes; and for this reason, and to avoid too forcibly awakening the jealousy of Europe, never takes too much at a time,—particularly from Turkey, whose rude government, by ever affording an excuse for a rupture, enables Russia to make war upon her at her own convenience and leisure. The Baltic line, though far from complete, has been extended as far as it is necessary for present purposes; that is, for so long as Prussia shall remain a firm and obedient ally. The only remaining route, that of Central Europe, lies through Poland: it flanks Austria and Prussia, and threatens Germany. It also affords the only practicable approach to Russia: its

settlement, therefore, is of the last importance. The gate is now wide open, it remains to be seen who shall hold the key.

That key was, by the compromising policy of the Congress of Vienna, placed in what may be termed neutral hands. The Congress endeavoured, but failed, to place it in the hands of an independent king of Poland: it also refused to surrender it at discretion to the arms of Russia. A middle course was therefore pursued, and Poland was yielded to Russia upon such conditions as the Congress imagined would render that possession by Russia least dangerous to Europe. There was nothing transient in these conditions. The words are, 'bound for ever by its constitution.' Russia may complain that she finds such conditions embarrassing. It is very probable she does; for they were not meant to be otherwise than embarrassing, whenever Russia might pursue antisocial designs. The very complaint, therefore, argues the wisdom of their imposition, and the necessity for their continuance. They were imposed as a corrective 'for ever' of that unquiet ambition which the powers of Europe feared in Russia; whom they, therefore, by binding her to the observance of the constitution of Poland, sought usefully to employ and to keep at home.

But, if such precautions were necessary in 1815, when Russia was under the sway of Alexander, they most assuredly are more requisite now when the old Anti-European Muscovite faction has gained the lead. Indeed, ever since the death of Alexander, Russia has clearly manifested her domineering policy and ambitious designs. Her ministers have been found active in every court of Europe, aiding and abetting the cause of despotism. She has assumed a control in the affairs of Germany repugnant to the feelings and independence of that intellectual and powerful but divided nation; she has pushed on her conquests in the direction of Persia and Turkey as far as suited her purposes; she has kept up an unnecessarily large army; and her intrigues in Greece have never ceased. At the breaking out of the late French Revolution, and before the change of ministry in this country, and the revolt of Poland, checked her course, there was much cause to suspect that she meditated an anti-liberal crusade. But if such be the designs of Russia, it is the duty of the other powers to prevent them, by those means which the Congress of Vienna provided. We believe that nothing short of the most urgent remonstrances will compel her to abide by those articles of the treaty, by which alone she holds Poland. The essence and intent of those articles was the interposition of a constitutional kingdom between Russia and the rest of Europe; and

none, we imagine, will deny the security which the interposition of such a kingdom would afford.

But the question arises,—Will Russia listen to the remonstrances of the other powers? We fear we must say, that she will not, if she can possibly evade or avoid them: she will not willingly resign the Polish prey she already in imagination possesses as her own; and much less will she readily consent to the establishment of freedom, not only in her neighbourhood, but even under her own protection. But yet, unwilling as Russia may be to submit, she is, we believe, in no state to resist, if firmly urged. She is exhausted by her Persian, her Turkish, and her Polish wars; from all which, though she has come forth successfully, yet not without severe reverses and exhausting exertions. She has now need of repose, to trim her wings for future flights, and to consolidate her present conquests. Nor must it be forgotten, that passive and devoted as is Russian obedience, the same spirit which animated the far-spread conspiracy of Tagerog, yet works through the veins and arteries of that incoherent mass, which forms her empire. War might divert this danger; and it is probable that the Persian and Turkish wars were as much undertaken for the sake of giving a vent or turn to an unquiet spirit, as from any immediate desire of conquest. Indeed military glory being the sole heritage and seal of nationality by which the subjects of despotic states are kept together, it is natural that Russia should occasionally enliven the allegiance of her own subjects at the expense of her neighbours. But a war upon the Polish question would be of a far different nature; and Russia knows full well, that, at the present moment, she is weak in the direction of Poland, and greatly dependant on the support of both Austria and Prussia. Upon the latter, she may count with safety. Prussia has no wish to lose her Polish provinces; and she imagines that they can be best retained by a fast alliance with Russia, whom she is prepared to support in any oppressive measures against the Poles. We have seen her cruel treatment of the Polish army, which sought a refuge within her territories; and we have reason to believe that she is now recommending the utter destruction of the very name and language of Poland, and the entire absorption of the kingdom by Russia. This is a policy such as the rest of Europe will not, surely, permit. Great and powerful as are these two military states, they are not invincible; and should the other European powers call upon them to fulfil the treaty of Vienna, they would, by obstinately refusing, place themselves in an awkward predicament. Russia would risk Poland; and Prussia, who ha-

ving sprung from a petty electorate into an aggregate of states, rather than a kingdom—and who finds it more easy to command her highly disciplined battalions, than to rule over her divided nations—would, when she should stand forth as the contravener of the treaty of Vienna, find the discipline of those battalions fully exercised at home, in watching over the self-attainted allegiance of those subjects who belong to her crown only by virtue of that treaty. In short, these two powers would, by refusing to comply with the treaty, expose themselves to dangers, so much greater than any even of the imaginary evils which might accrue to them from compliance, that we entertain small doubt of their yielding, if *pressed*.

This brings us to the question of, who are to be the pressers? The first answer would be—all those who are by treaty bound so to act; but the enforcing the treaty involves the maintenance of liberal institutions; and, unfortunately, such institutions have not yet found favour with the majority of the courts of Europe. Therefore France and England, the only two powers of any importance who profess liberal principles, will probably be also the only two powers inclined honestly to interfere between Russia and Poland. Most sincerely do we trust that they will do so temperately, conjointly, and firmly. Their ministers cannot be blind to the peculiar advantages of such a line of conduct, at the present critical juncture of affairs.

It is vain to deny that two great antagonist principles now divide Europe—freedom and despotism. They are to be seen contending from Lisbon to St Petersburg; and we meet them in every political question. England and France are on the one side, Prussia and Russia on the other. Two objects present themselves to the liberal party; the one, to avoid a violent collision—the other, not to be defeated. Now we contend that the Polish question offers considerable advantages under both points of view. Russia is the head and front of the absolutes; the other powers neither can effect, nor will they undertake any thing without her consent and co-operation: if she be checked, they are checked; if she gains ground, they gain courage; and the chances of collision increase. The absolutes can carry their ends only by war; from which they are now restrained by a sense, if not of weakness, certainly of that which is akin to it, insecurity. The best security of the liberals is in tranquillity; and in their strength, therefore, lies peace. If this view be correct, then the establishment of a check upon Russia at the present crisis is most desirable; and it would be no small additional advantage that this check should be interposed by the recog-

dition of a right. Happily both the check and the advantage are to be found in the claims of Poland, supported, as we have shown them to be, by the laws of justice, policy, and humanity. We do not think we exaggerate the importance of those claims, when we say, that from the hour the *bona fide* establishment of a constitutional government should be secured to Poland, all just fears for the general tranquillity of Europe would cease. The domineering influence of Russia would be abated on the one hand; while on the other, success would attend the cause of liberality, without the too dangerous excitement of a triumph.

Poland, thus considered, becomes the hinge on which much of the present diplomacy of Europe must turn; for its revolt has placed Russia in a dilemma. It has brought the treaty of Vienna, and her infractions of it, under the cognizance and reproof of Europe; and laid bare the roots of her authority over Poland at a most unpropitious moment. She perceives that she is exposed to the hazard of being compelled to choose between enduring the checks of a constitutional government there; or of inconveniently assuming a more haughty tone in Europe than she is at present either prepared or able to support. She hopes to escape from this difficulty by adroitly pursuing a middle course. Accordingly, we find that she threatens France, and withholds her ratification of the Dutch treaty. And why? Is it that she wishes to go to war with England and France? Far from it. She knows her own precarious state too well, and it is precisely because she does know it, that she assumes her present menacing attitude. For she is well aware of the praiseworthy repugnance to a war felt by the governments of these countries; and therefore, in conjunction with Prussia, she seeks to play upon their fears, and to bully them into a renunciation of their advocacy of the rights of the Poles, as the price of her ratification of the Dutch treaty, and of her temporary acquiescence in the present order of affairs in the south of Europe. She will even persuade herself to meet their remonstrances in favour of the Poles with patience. And, since promises cost her nothing, she will no doubt profess much liberality and benevolence towards Poland. But surely the Ministers of England and of France will not be thus easily cajoled. They know the value of Russian promises, and the extent of Russian liberality. They see Russia with mighty resources at command: they know that hitherto she has been animated by a constant and unprincipled ambition: they foresee that she may acquire, by the absolute possession of Poland, a dominant influence over Austria and Prussia,—by the long arms of whose

dominions she may encompass Germany, and reach France both on the north and on the south : they foresee her power of threatening Persia, Turkey and India ; and now that a just and honourable opportunity is before them, by which they are enabled to say to her, ‘ thus far shalt thou go, and no farther,’ we trust we are not deceived in believing, that they will temperately and firmly take advantage of it ; and that, not satisfied with promises, they will exact guarantees.

We would be the last to provoke war : we have small pride in its glories, we abhor its cruelties. But, on the other hand, we have an unfeigned regard for public faith and honour, which we consider, by the treaty of Vienna, to be pledged to exact the payment from Russia of freedom to Poland ; and we believe that war was never yet ultimately averted by timid concessions. For this reason, we think that England and France will best consult the peace of Europe, and the civilisation of the world, by binding Russia to the continued observance of her obligations towards Poland, as well as to her own Polish subjects. She will not dare refuse—nor must we suffer her to evade. We repeat, we have no expectation of a war. Russia knows too well that such a war,—a war of opinion, would endanger the stability of her empire, and separate every one of her Polish provinces from her for ever. But while war is rendered thus improbable, a strong collision of opinions and of diplomatic intrigues is daily taking place, and may be expected to continue till the stormy waves of the French Revolution have subsided into the calm of an assured freedom.

That consummation, so devoutly to be desired, might be much accelerated by Austria ; who as yet has taken no decided part in the great moral conflict now going on. Russia and Prussia, and France and England, have taken their stations ; but Austria as yet stands aloof, uncertain to which party she ought to belong. Her old associations incline her to the cause of Russia ; her present fears for her territories tempt her to France. She frowns upon the Lombards ; but she joins with the French in requiring liberal institutions for the subjects of the Pope : she does not discourage the Poles ; but she withholds her ratification of the Belgian treaty. Such temporizing policy has long been in high favour with Austria, for it has successfully carried her through many difficulties ; but they were only difficulties. She well knows how it failed her when the first French revolution burst through all her temporizing expedients ; and we trust she will, by a manly policy, now save herself and Europe from the possibility of running through another such cycle of miseries

as followed the anti-liberal leagues of those days. She dreads Russia, and with reason; she trembles at the encroachments by which that power is gradually surrounding her old hereditary dominions of Hungary; and is seeking by intrigues in Wallachia, and by the links of a common religion, to extend her influence amongst the warlike tribes that line the Danube, and stretch even to the Monte Negrius on the Adriatic.

It is by the absolute possession of Poland that Russia can most easily command Austria; and, therefore, to avoid that evil, and to create an efficient barrier, Austria would willingly, at the Congress of Vienna, have resigned Gallicia in favour of a powerful independent kingdom of Poland. The ambition of Alexander perverted that wise desire; and Austria remains, in as far as Gallicia is concerned, in thralldom to Russia. But, unlike Prussia, she loves a prospective retention of Gallicia less than she hates the ascendancy and control of Russia; and were it not for another cause, she would willingly and strongly join with France and England in demanding the fulfilment of the treaty of Vienna. That other cause of fear is the establishment of a constitutional government so near her own hearth, and so contrary to her long-cherished policy.

This, however, is the time for Austria to review the past, to reconsider her station, and to look to the present state of Europe. She forms a great empire, hereditarily, and morally, and naturally. She is in a state of maturity. It is the very reverse with her upstart and warlike confederates of the North; for the one is yet in a state of transition, and the other,—Russia, in an ill-considered course of territorial ambition. Prussia cannot, Russia will not, remain as she is. At whose expense will they thrive? Certainly they will not, as they did not, spare Austria. Indeed, the advantages of a northern alliance lie all on the side of Russia, who is comparatively secure from attack; while her two allies may expose, for her sake, their distant dominions of Lombardy, and the Rhenish provinces, to internal insurrection and foreign invasion. Austria knows and feels this. She sees that she is in a false position. There is a daily decreasing hope of ruling Italy and Hungary by the bayonet. She perceives at length that the upward tendency of nations is daily becoming too strong for the downward pressure of single-handed authority. She sees that the old system of rule is wearing out. Austria believes, and with reason, that the personal character of her emperor, and the authority of a vigilant administration, will probably maintain affairs in their present state till the close of this reign. But there are few Austrians who contemplate the

future without anxiety ; who do not fear the encircling arms of Russia on the one side, and the progress of liberality on the other. They entertain a lessening desire of crushing the last by the force of the first ; for they little court the absolutely necessary assistance, in such a cause, of so over powerful an auxiliary as Russia,—backed, as it would be, by the actual presence and co-operation of her armies in the heart of the empire, or on the plains of Lombardy. Unpleasant as are these anticipations, yet the hatred of French doctrines, as they are called, are, with the old school, still stronger. They hope that affairs in Austria will last as they now are for their time. They are too proud, or too indolent, to unthread the tangled web of a whole political life ; and they, therefore, with an indolent and selfish fatalism, allow the mighty empire that once was Cæsar's to float upon the current, without an active hand to trim her sails, or an anchor to arrest her course. But there are many who scan the times with a bolder eye ; and, seeing the dangers, are prepared to meet them. They do not wish to run into a wild course of liberalism ; but they perceive that, by continuing to advocate absolutism, they can follow only in the wake of Russia ; while, by steering in an opposite direction, they anticipate a safer and a prouder course. Reason, experience, and observation, all tell them that the first great northern power that honestly and practically allies itself with the liberal spirit of the age, will acquire a decided ascendancy in Germany, and in the north. Russia knows this full well ; and she knows also that she herself is as yet unfit for such a part. Besides which, she has the command now by one system ; why therefore should she change it for another ? for she knows, that in a policy founded on battalions, let diplomacy be as astute as it may, the strongest must ever command.

Italy hangs by a thread. Austria must now resolve to pour in more troops to sustain her absolute authority in those unquiet plains, or to pour in the balm of liberal concession. She is already on the threshold ; she is pleading, or affecting to plead, with the Pope, for political privileges for his subjects of the Legations ; and if she succeed at Rome, it will not be easy for her to refuse at Milan. We have no wish to thrust the political jargon of the constitution-mongers upon Austria ; but we have every desire, as we value the progressive improvement of Europe, to see her relax from that absolute sway which she has hitherto exercised over her subjects ; and to which, we repeat, it is highly improbable they will submit beyond the present reign. Let her then join with France and England in firmly

requiring the fulfilment of that important article of the Treaty of Vienna, which 'bound Poland to Russia *by its constitution*,' and which guaranteed the *privileges and nationality* of the Poles generally. She may thus shake off those Russian shackles she never willingly wore; she may conciliate the enthusiastic and excited spirit of Germany; she may win to herself the good-will and the brave hearts of the Poles; and, in strict obedience to the clearly understood arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, interpose a constitutionally governed kingdom between herself and Russia, and so strengthen her own frontiers, and confine her dangerous neighbour.

This breaking up of the old tripartite partitioning league, would be of signal benefit to Europe at large; and the planting and maintaining a good government and liberal constitutions in Poland, would be the precursor of the civilisation and prosperity of the North. For those blessings would flow from Poland to the surrounding nations. Good example is contagious; and Prussia would ere long discover that it was both cheaper and more safe to preserve the allegiance of her Polish subjects by the ties of affection and justice, than by the iron bonds of martial law. Russia, too, might learn the same, and more.

We may have been considered harsh in our exposition of the views and conduct of this empire, but we beg most clearly to disavow any national antipathy. There is much to please,—there are the seeds of much good in the Russian character. Many Russians are highly civilized and liberal; but the government is false, ambitious, and unmerciful. It is against such government, and against the forcing its despotism upon Poland, that we enter our protest; and that we use our best endeavours, by pointing out the justice and policy of maintaining a constitutional government in the one country, to provide for the spread of its blessings over the other. Thus might the leading powers of Europe, while they enforced justice, and protected themselves, confer even on reluctant Russia inestimable benefits. For, under a wise government, gradually improving its institutions, laws, and administration, that empire might nobly emerge from that half barbarous state, which is proud only of military glory and territorial conquests. Her emperor, though less unbounded in authority, might be more secure in person;—the sanguinary intrigues and revolutions that haunt his family and his state might have an end;—the vast territories over which he reigns, though they might receive no more additions, would be less exposed to revolt, separation, or disruption;—without winning one inch of land, or causing a tear to flow, he might redouble his strength

by the inestimable reinforcements of increasing industry, wealth, and happiness.

These are perhaps Utopian dreams ; but there is a plain matter-of-fact task, which, it appears to us, is within the duty, the policy, the honour, and the power of Europe to perform—and that is to require from Russia the fulfilment of the Treaty of Vienna.

At the moment of closing the foregoing observations, a proclamation has appeared by the Russian Emperor, of the 26th of February, by which the guaranteed liberties and constitution of Poland are peremptorily abrogated. We entreat a most earnest attention to it, as fully corroborating all we have stated in regard to the ambitious views of Russia.

In the preamble to this imperial decree, the Emperor Nicholas asserts, *that in 1815, Poland was restored to its national existence by Russia*, while, without deigning to take the slightest notice of the allies, or of the Congress of Vienna, he presumes to claim Poland *as having been conquered by the victorious arms of Russia* ; and in the same arrogant and contemptuous spirit, declares Poland to be an *integral part of the Russian Empire*, and commands its inhabitants to consider themselves henceforth as Russians : ‘ *les habitants de ce pays fassent désormais avec les Russes une seule nation.*’ And then, ‘ *par un statut organique donné par notre clemence,*’ this unblushing autocrat proceeds to dissolve the sole bond by which he lawfully holds Poland—its Constitution. The facts speak for themselves, and loudly ask the question, Whether Russia is already above all European law ?

ART. XI.—*Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Honourable William Cecil Lord Burghley, Secretary of State in the Reign of King Edward the Sixth, and Lord High Treasurer of England in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Containing an Historical View of the Times in which he lived, and of the many eminent and illustrious Persons with whom he was connected; with extracts from his Private and Official Correspondence and other Papers, now first published from the Originals.* By the Reverend EDWARD NARES, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. 3 vols. 4to. London: 1828. 1832.

THE work of Dr Nares has filled us with astonishment similar to that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver felt when first he landed in Brobdignag, and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. The whole book, and every component part of it, is on a gigantic scale. The title is as long as an ordinary preface. The prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book; and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library. We cannot sum up the merits of the stupendous mass of paper which lies before us, better than by saying, that it consists of about two thousand closely printed pages, that it occupies fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and that it weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois. Such a book might, before the deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shalum. But unhappily the life of man is now threescore years and ten; and we cannot but think it somewhat unfair in Doctor Nares to demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence.

Compared with the labour of reading through these volumes, all other labours,—the labour of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of negroes in sugar plantations,—is an agreeable recreation. There was, it is said, a criminal in Italy, who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the history. But the war of Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind, and went to the oar. Guicciardini, though certainly not the most amusing of writers, is a Herodotus, or a Froissart, when compared with Doctor Nares. It is not merely in bulk, but in specific gravity also, that these memoirs exceed all other human compositions. On every subject which the Professor discusses, he produces three times as many pages as another man; and one of his pages is as tedious as another man's three. His book is swelled to its vast dimensions by endless re-

petitions, by episodes which have nothing to do with the main action, by quotations from books which are in every circulating library, and by reflections which, when they happen to be just, are so obvious that they must necessarily occur to the mind of every reader. He employs more words in expounding and defending a truism, than any other writer would employ in supporting a paradox. Of the rules of historical perspective, he has not the faintest notion. There is neither foreground nor background in his delineation. The wars of Charles the Fifth in Germany, are detailed at almost as much length as in Robertson's *Life of that Prince*. The troubles of Scotland are related as fully as in *McCrie's Life of John Knox*. It would be most unjust to deny that Doctor Nares is a man of great industry and research; but he is so utterly incompetent to arrange the materials which he has collected, that he might as well have left them in their original repositories.

Neither the facts which Doctor Nares has discovered, nor the arguments which he urges, will, we apprehend, materially alter the opinion generally entertained by judicious readers of history concerning his hero. Lord Burghley can hardly be called a great man. He was not one of those whose genius and energy change the fate of empires. He was by nature and habit one of those who follow,—not one of those who lead. Nothing that is recorded, either of his words or of his actions, indicates intellectual or moral elevation. But his talents, though not brilliant, were of an eminently useful kind; and his principles, though not inflexible, were not more relaxed than those of his associates and competitors. He had a cool temper, a sound judgment, great powers of application, and a constant eye to the main chance. In his youth he was, it seems, fond of practical jokes. Yet even out of these he contrived to extract some pecuniary profit. When he was studying the law at Gray's Inn, he lost all his furniture and books to his companion at the gaming table. He accordingly bored a hole in the wall which separated his chambers from those of his associate, and at midnight bellowed through this passage threats of damnation, and calls to repentance in the ears of the victorious gambler, who lay sweating with fear all night, and refunded his winnings on his knees next day. 'Many other the like merry jests,' says his old biographer, 'I have heard him tell, too long to be here noted.' To the last, Burghley was somewhat jocose; and some of his sportive sayings have been recorded by Bacon. They show much more shrewdness than generosity; and are, indeed, neatly expressed reasons for exacting money rigorously, and for keeping it carefully. It must, however, be acknowledged that he was rigorous and

careful for the public advantage, as well as for his own. To extol his moral character, as Doctor Nares has extolled it, would be absurd. It would be equally absurd to represent him as a corrupt, rapacious, and bad-hearted man. He paid great attention to the interest of the state, and great attention also to the interest of his own family. He never deserted his friends till it was very inconvenient to stand by them; was an excellent Protestant when it was not very advantageous to be a Papist,—recommended a tolerant policy to his mistress as strongly as he could recommend it without hazarding her favour,—never put to the rack any person from whom it did not seem probable that very useful information might be derived,—and was so moderate in his desires, that he left only three hundred distinct landed estates, though he might, as his honest servant assures us, have left much more, ‘if he would have taken money out of the Exchequer for his own use, as many treasurers have done.’

Burghley, like the old Marquess of Winchester, who preceded him in the custody of the White Staff, was of the willow, and not of the oak. He first rose into notice by defending the supremacy of Henry the Eighth. He was subsequently favoured and promoted by the Duke of Somerset. He not only contrived to escape unhurt when his patron fell, but became an important member of the administration of Northumberland. Doctor Nares assures us over and over again, that there could have been nothing base in Cecil’s conduct on this occasion; for, says he, Cecil continued to stand well with Cranmer. This, we confess, hardly satisfies us. We are much of the mind of Falstaff’s tailor. We must have better assurance for Sir John than Bardolph’s. We like not the security.

Through the whole course of that miserable intrigue which was carried on round the dying bed of Edward the Sixth, Cecil so demeaned himself as to avoid, first, the displeasure of Northumberland, and afterwards the displeasure of Mary. He was prudently unwilling to put his hand to the instrument which changed the course of the succession. But the furious Dudley was master of the palace. Cecil, therefore, according to his own account, excused himself from signing as a party; but consented to sign as a witness. It is not easy to describe his dexterous conduct at this most perplexing crisis, in language more appropriate than that which is employed by old Fuller:—‘His hand wrote it as secretary of state,’ says that quaint writer; ‘but his heart consented not thereto. Yea, he openly opposed it; though at last yielding to the greatness of Northumberland, in an age when it was present drowning not to swim with the stream. But as the philosopher tells us, that, though

‘ the planets be whirled about daily from east to west, by the motion of the *primum mobile*, yet have they also a contrary proper motion of their own from west to east, which they slowly, though surely, move at their leisure ; so Cecil had secret counter-endeavours against the strain of the court herein, and privately advanced his rightful intentions against the foresaid duke’s ambition.’

This was undoubtedly the most perilous conjuncture of Cecil’s life. Wherever there was a safe course, he was safe. But here every course was full of danger. His situation rendered it impossible for him to be neutral. If he acted on either side—if he refused to act at all—he ran a fearful risk. He saw all the difficulties of his position. He sent his money and plate out of London, made over his estates to his son, and carried arms about his person. His best arms, however, were his sagacity and his self-command. The plot in which he had been an unwilling accomplice ended, as it was natural that so odious and absurd a plot should end, in the ruin of its contrivers. In the mean time, Cecil quietly extricated himself, and, having been successively patronised by Henry, Somerset, and Northumberland, continued to flourish under the protection of Mary.

He had no aspirations after the crown of martyrdom. He confessed himself, therefore, with great decorum, heard mass in Wimbledon Church at Easter, and, for the better ordering of his spiritual concerns, took a priest into his house. Doctor Nares, whose simplicity passes that of any casuist with whom we are acquainted, vindicates his hero by assuring us, that this was not superstition, but pure unmixed hypocrisy. ‘ That he did in some manner conform, we shall not be able, in the face of existing documents, to deny ; while we feel in our own minds abundantly satisfied, that, during this very trying reign, he never abandoned the prospect of another revolution in favour of Protestantism.’ In another place, the Doctor tells us, that Cecil went to mass ‘ with no idolatrous intention.’ Nobody, we believe, ever accused him of idolatrous intentions. The very ground of the charge against him is, that he had no idolatrous intentions. Nobody would have blamed him if he had really gone to Wimbledon Church, with the feelings of a good Catholic, to worship the host. Doctor Nares speaks in several places, with just severity, of the sophistry of the Jesuits, and with just admiration of the incomparable letters of Pascal. It is somewhat strange, therefore, that he should adopt, to the full extent, the jesuitical doctrine of the direction of intentions.

We do not blame Cecil for not choosing to be burned. The deep stain upon his memory is, that, for differences of opinion

for which he would risk nothing himself, he, in the day of his power, took away without scruple the lives of others. One of the excuses suggested in these Memoirs for his conforming, during the reign of Mary, to the Church of Rome, is, that he may have been of the same mind with those German Protestants who were called Adiaphorists, and who considered the popish rites as matters indifferent. Melancthon was one of these moderate persons, and ‘appears,’ says Doctor Nares, ‘to have gone greater lengths than any imputed to Lord Burghley.’ We should have thought this not only an excuse, but a complete vindication, if Burghley had been an Adiaphorist for the benefit of others as well as for his own. If the popish rites were matters of so little moment, that a good Protestant might lawfully practise them for his safety, how could it be just or humane that a Papist should be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for practising them from a sense of duty. Unhappily these non-essentials soon became matters of life and death. Just at the very time at which Burghley attained the highest point of power and favour, an Act of Parliament was passed, by which the penalties of high treason were denounced against persons who should do in sincerity what he had done from cowardice.

Early in the reign of Mary, Cecil was employed in a mission scarcely consistent with the character of a zealous Protestant. He was sent to escort the Papal Legate, Cardinal Pole, from Brussels to London. That great body of moderate persons, who cared more for the quiet of the realm than for the controverted points which were in issue between the Churches, seem to have placed their chief hope in the wisdom and humanity of the gentle Cardinal. Cecil, it is clear, cultivated the friendship of Pole with great assiduity, and received great advantage from his protection.

But the best protection of Cecil, during the gloomy and disastrous reign of Mary, was that which he derived from his own prudence, and from his own temper;—a prudence which could never be lulled into carelessness,—a temper which could never be irritated into rashness. The Papists could find no occasion against him. Yet he did not lose the esteem even of those sterner Protestants who had preferred exile to recantation. He attached himself to the persecuted heiress of the throne, and entitled himself to her gratitude and confidence. Yet he continued to receive marks of favour from the Queen. In the House of Commons, he put himself at the head of the party opposed to the Court. Yet, so guarded was his language, that even when some of those who acted with him were imprisoned by the Privy Council, he escaped with impunity.

At length Mary died. Elizabeth succeeded, and Cecil rose at once to greatness. He was sworn in Privy-counsellor and Secretary of State to the new sovereign before he left her prison of Hatfield; and he continued to serve her for forty years, without intermission, in the highest employments. His abilities were precisely those which keep men long in power. He belonged to the class of the Walpoles, the Pelhams, and the Liverpools,—not to that of the St Johns, the Carterets, the Chathams, and the Cannings. If he had been a man of original genius, and of a commanding mind, it would have been scarcely possible for him to keep his power, or even his head. There was not room in one government for an Elizabeth and a Richelieu. What the haughty daughter of Henry needed, was a moderate, cautious, flexible minister, skilled in the details of business,—competent to advise, but not aspiring to command. And such a minister she found in Burghley. No arts could shake the confidence which she reposed in her old and trusty servant. The courtly graces of Leicester, the brilliant talents and accomplishments of Essex, touched the fancy, perhaps the heart, of the woman; but no rival could deprive the Treasurer of the place which he possessed in the favour of the Queen. She sometimes chid him sharply; but he was the man whom she delighted to honour. For Burghley, she forgot her usual parsimony both of wealth and of dignities. For Burghley, she relaxed that severe etiquette to which she was unreasonably attached. Every other person to whom she addressed her speech, or on whom the glance of her eagle eye fell, instantly sank on his knee. For Burghley alone, a chair was set in her presence; and there the old minister, by birth only a plain Lincolnshire esquire, took his ease, while the haughty heirs of the Fitzalans and the De Veres humbled themselves to the dust around him. At length, having survived all his early coadjutors and rivals, he died full of years and honours. His royal mistress visited him on his death-bed, and cheered him with assurances of her affection and esteem; and his power passed, with little diminution, to a son who inherited his abilities, and whose mind had been formed by his counsels.

The life of Burghley was commensurate with one of the most important periods in the history of the world. It exactly measures the time during which the House of Austria held unrivalled superiority, and aspired to universal dominion. In the year in which Burghley was born, Charles the Fifth obtained the imperial crown. In the year in which Burghley died, the vast designs which had for nearly a century kept Europe in constant agitation, were buried in the same grave with the proud and sullen Philip.

The life of Burghley was commensurate also with the period during which a great moral revolution was effected,—a revolution, the consequences of which were felt, not only in the cabinets of princes, but at half the firesides in Christendom. He was born when the great religious schism was just commencing. He lived to see that schism complete,—to see a line of demarcation, which, since his death, has been very little altered, strongly drawn between Protestant and Catholic Europe.

The only event of modern times which can be properly compared with the Reformation, is the French Revolution; or, to speak more accurately, that great revolution of political feeling which took place in almost every part of the civilized world during the eighteenth century, and which obtained in France its most terrible and signal triumph. Each of these memorable events may be described as a rising up of the human reason against a Caste. The one was a struggle of the laity against the clergy for intellectual liberty; the other was a struggle of the people against the privileged orders for political liberty. In both cases, the spirit of innovation was at first encouraged by the class to which it was likely to be most prejudicial. It was under the patronage of Frederic, of Catherine, of Joseph, and of the French nobles, that the philosophy which afterwards threatened all the thrones and aristocracies of Europe with destruction first became formidable. The ardour with which men betook themselves to liberal studies at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, was zealously encouraged by the heads of that very church to which liberal studies were destined to be fatal. In both cases, when the explosion came, it came with a violence which appalled and disgusted many of those who had previously been distinguished by the freedom of their opinions. The violence of the democratic party in France made Burke a tory, and Alfieri a courtier; the violence of the chiefs of the German schism made Erasmus a defender of abuses, and turned the author of *Utopia* into a persecutor. In both cases, the convulsion which had overthrown deeply-seated errors, shook all the principles on which society rests to their very foundations. The minds of men were unsettled. It seemed for a time that all order and morality were about to perish with the prejudices with which they had been long and intimately associated. Frightful cruelties were committed. Immense masses of property were confiscated. Every part of Europe swarmed with exiles. In moody and turbulent spirits zeal soured into malignity, or foamed into madness. From the political agitation of the eighteenth century sprang the Jacobins. From the religious agitation of the six-

teenth century sprang the Anabaptists. The partisans of Robespierre robbed and murdered in the name of fraternity and equality. The followers of Kuiperdoling robbed and murdered in the name of Christian liberty. The feeling of patriotism was, in many parts of Europe, almost wholly extinguished. All the old maxims of foreign policy were changed. Physical boundaries were superseded by moral boundaries. Nations made war on each other with new arms,—with arms which no fortifications, however strong by nature or by art, could resist,—with arms before which rivers parted like the Jordan, and ramparts fell down like the walls of Jericho. Those arms were opinions, reasons, prejudices. The great masters of fleets and armies were often reduced to confess, like Milton's warlike angel, how hard they found it

“To exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.”

Europe was divided, as Greece had been divided, during the period concerning which Thucydides wrote. The conflict was not, as it is in ordinary times, between state and state, but between two omnipresent factions, each of which was in some places dominant and in other places oppressed, but which, openly or covertly, carried on their strife in the bosom of every society. No man asked whether another belonged to the same country with himself, but whether he belonged to the same sect. Party spirit seemed to justify and consecrate acts which, in any other times, would have been considered as the foulest of treasons. The French emigrant saw nothing disgraceful in bringing Austrian and Prussian hussars to Paris. The Irish or Italian democrat saw no impropriety in serving the French Directory against his own native government. So, in the sixteenth century, the fury of theological factions often suspended all national animosities and jealousies. The Spaniards were invited into France by the League; the English were invited into France by the Huguenots.

We by no means intend to underrate or to palliate the crimes and excesses which, during the last generation, were produced by the spirit of democracy. But when we find that men zealous for the Protestant religion, constantly represent the French Revolution as radically and essentially evil on account of those crimes and excesses, we cannot but remember, that the deliverance of our ancestors from the house of their spiritual bondage was effected ‘by plagues and by signs, by wonders and by war.’ We cannot but remember, that, as in the case of the French Revolution, so also in the case of the Reformation, those who

rose up against tyranny were themselves deeply tainted with the vices which tyranny engenders. We cannot but remember, that libels scarcely less scandalous than those of Hebert, mummeries scarcely less absurd than those of Clootz, and crimes scarcely less atrocious than those of Marat, disgrace the early history of Protestantism. The Reformation is an event long past. That volcano has spent its rage. The wide waste produced by its outbreak is forgotten. The landmarks which were swept away have been replaced. The ruined edifices have been repaired. The lava has covered with a rich incrustation the fields which it once devastated; and, after having turned a garden into a desert, has again turned the desert into a still more beautiful and fruitful garden. The second great eruption is not yet over. The marks of its ravages are still all around us. The ashes are still hot beneath our feet. In some directions, the deluge of fire still continues to spread. Yet experience surely entitles us to believe that this explosion, like that which preceded it, will fertilize the soil which it has devastated. Already, in those parts which have suffered most severely, rich cultivation and secure dwellings have begun to appear amidst the waste. The more we read of the history of past ages,—the more we observe the signs of these times,—the more do we feel our hearts filled and swelled up with a good hope for the future destinies of the human race.

The history of the Reformation in England is full of strange problems. The most prominent and extraordinary phenomenon which it presents to us, is the gigantic strength of the government contrasted with the feebleness of the religious parties. During the twelve or thirteen years which followed the death of Henry the Eighth, the religion of the state was thrice changed. Protestantism was established by Edward; the Catholic Church was restored by Mary; Protestantism was again established by Elizabeth. The faith of the nation seemed to depend on the personal inclinations of the sovereign. Nor was this all. An established church was then, as a matter of course, a persecuting church. Edward persecuted Catholics. Mary persecuted Protestants. Elizabeth persecuted Catholics again. The father of those three sovereigns had enjoyed the pleasure of persecuting both sects at once; and had sent to death, on the same hurdle, the heretic who denied the real presence, and the traitor who denied the royal supremacy. There was nothing in England like that fierce and bloody opposition which, in France, each of the religious factions in its turn offered to the government. We had neither a Coligni nor a Mayenne;—neither a Moncontour nor an Ivry. No English city braved sword and famine for the reformed doctrines with the spirit of Rochelle;

nor for the Catholic doctrines with the spirit of Paris. Neither sect in England formed a league. Neither sect extorted a recantation from the sovereign. Neither sect could obtain from an adverse sovereign even a toleration. The English Protestants, after several years of domination, sank down with scarcely a struggle under the tyranny of Mary. The Catholics, after having regained and abused their old ascendancy, submitted patiently to the severe rule of Elizabeth. Neither Protestants nor Catholics engaged in any great and well-organized scheme of resistance. A few wild and tumultuous risings,—suppressed as soon as they appeared,—a few dark conspiracies, in which only a small number of desperate men engaged,—such were the utmost efforts made by these two parties to assert the most sacred of human rights, attacked by the most odious tyranny.

The explanation of these circumstances which has generally been given is very simple, but by no means satisfactory. The power of the crown, it is said, was then at its height, and was in fact despotic. This solution, we own, seems to us to be no solution at all.

It has long been the fashion—a fashion introduced by Mr Hume—to describe the English monarchy in the sixteenth century as an absolute monarchy. And such undoubtedly it appears to a superficial observer. Elizabeth, it is true, often spoke to her parliaments in language as haughty and imperious as that which the Great Turk would use to his divan. She punished with great severity members of the House of Commons, who, in her opinion, carried the freedom of debate too far. She assumed the power of legislating by means of proclamations. She imprisoned her subjects without bringing them to a legal trial. Torture was often employed, in defiance of the laws of England, for the purpose of extorting confessions from those who were shut up in her dungeons. The authority of the Star-Chamber and the Ecclesiastical Commission was at its highest point. Severe restraints were imposed on political and religious discussion. The number of presses was at one time limited. No man could print without a license; and every work had to undergo the scrutiny of the Primate or the Bishop of London. Persons whose writings were displeasing to the court were cruelly mutilated, like Stubbs, or put to death, like Penry. Non-conformity was severely punished. The Queen prescribed the exact rule of religious faith and discipline; and whoever departed from that rule, either to the right or to the left, was in danger of severe penalties.

Such was this government. Yet we know that it was loved by the great body of those who lived under it. We know that,

during the fierce contests of the sixteenth century, both the hostile parties spoke of the time of Elizabeth as of a golden age. That great Queen has now been lying two hundred and thirty years in Henry the Seventh's chapel. Yet her memory is still dear to the hearts of a free people.

The truth seems to be, that the government of the Tudors was, with a few occasional deviations, a popular government, under the forms of despotism. At first sight, it may seem that the prerogatives of Elizabeth were not less ample than those of Louis the Fourteenth,—that her parliaments were as obsequious as his parliaments,—that her warrant had as much authority as his *lettre-de-cachet*. The extravagance with which her courtiers eulogized her personal and mental charms, went beyond the adulation of Boileau and Moliere. Louis would have blushed to receive from those who composed the gorgeous circles of Marli and Versailles, the outward marks of servitude which the haughty Britoness exacted of all who approached her. But the power of Louis rested on the support of his Army. The power of Elizabeth rested solely on the support of her People. Those who say that her power was absolute, do not sufficiently consider in what her power consisted. Her power consisted in the willing obedience of her subjects, in their attachment to her person and to her office, in their respect for the old line from which she sprang, in their sense of the general security which they enjoyed under her government. These were the means, and the only means, which she had at her command for carrying her decrees into execution, for resisting foreign enemies, and for crushing domestic treason. There was not a ward in the city,—there was not a hundred in any shire in England, which could not have overpowered the handful of armed men who composed her household. If a hostile sovereign threatened invasion,—if an ambitious noble raised the standard of revolt,—she could have recourse only to the train-bands of her capital, and the array of her counties,—to the citizens and yeomen of England, commanded by the merchants and esquires of England.

Thus, when intelligence arrived of the vast preparations which Philip was making for the subjugation of the realm, the first person to whom the government thought of applying for assistance was the Lord Mayor of London. They sent to ask him what force the city would engage to furnish for the defence of the kingdom against the Spaniards. The Mayor and Common Council, in return, desired to know what force the Queen's Highness wished them to furnish. The answer was—fifteen ships and five thousand men. The Londoners deliberated on the matter, and two days after 'humbly intreated the council, in

‘sign of their perfect love and loyalty to prince and country, to
‘accept ten thousand men, and thirty ships amply furnished.’

People who could give such signs as these of their loyalty were by no means to be misgoverned with impunity. The English in the sixteenth century were, beyond all doubt, a free people. They had not, indeed, the outward shew of freedom; but they had the reality. They had not a good constitution; but they had that without which the best constitution is as useless as the king's proclamation against vice and immorality,—that which, without any constitution, keeps rulers in awe,—force, and the spirit to use it. Parliaments, it is true, were rarely held; and were not very respectfully treated. The great charter was often violated. But the people had a security against gross and systematic misgovernment, far stronger than all the parchment that was ever marked with the sign manual, and than all the wax that was ever pressed by the great seal.

It is a common error in politics to confound means with ends. Constitutions, charters, petitions of right, declarations of right, representative assemblies, electoral colleges, are not good government; nor do they, even when most elaborately constructed, necessarily produce good government. Laws exist in vain for those who have not the courage and the means to defend them. Electors meet in vain where want renders them the slaves of the landlord; or where superstition renders them the slaves of the priest. Representative assemblies sit in vain unless they have at their command, in the last resort, the physical power which is necessary to make their deliberations free, and their votes effectual.

The Irish are better represented in parliament than the Scotch, who indeed are not represented at all. But are the Irish better governed than the Scotch? Surely not. This circumstance has of late been used as an argument against reform. It proves nothing against reform. It proves only this,—that laws have no magical, no supernatural virtue; that laws do not act like Aladdin's lamp or Prince Ahmed's apple; that priest-craft, that ignorance, that the rage of contending factions, may make good institutions useless; that intelligence, sobriety, industry, moral freedom, firm union, may supply in a great measure the defects of the worst representative system. A people whose education and habits are such, that, in every quarter of the world, they rise above the mass of those with whom they mix, as surely as oil rises to the top of water,—a people of such temper and self-government, that the wildest popular excesses recorded in their history partake of the gravity of judicial proceedings, and of the solemnity of religious rites,—a

people whose national pride and mutual attachment have passed into a proverb,—a people whose high and fierce spirit, so forcibly described in the haughty motto which encircles their thistle, preserved their independence, during a struggle of centuries, from the encroachments of wealthier and more powerful neighbours,—such a people cannot be long oppressed. Any government, however constituted, must respect their wishes, and tremble at their discontents. It is indeed most desirable that such a people should exercise a direct influence on the conduct of affairs, and should make their wishes known through constitutional organs. But some influence, direct or indirect, they will assuredly possess. Some organ, constitutional or unconstitutional, they will assuredly find. They will be better governed under a good constitution than under a bad constitution. But they will be better governed under the worst constitution than some other nations under the best. In any general classification of constitutions, the constitution of Scotland must be reckoned as one of the worst, perhaps as the worst, in Christian Europe. Yet the Scotch are not ill governed. And the reason is simply that they will not bear to be ill governed.

In some of the Oriental monarchies, in Afghanistan, for example, though there exists nothing which an European publicist would call a Constitution, the sovereign generally governs in conformity with certain rules established for the public benefit; and the sanction of those rules is, that every Afghan approves them, and that every Afghan is a soldier.

The monarchy of England in the sixteenth century was a monarchy of this kind. It is called an absolute monarchy, because little respect was paid by the Tudors to those institutions which we have been accustomed to consider as the sole checks on the power of the sovereign. A modern Englishman can hardly understand how the people can have had any real security for good government under kings who levied benevolences, and chid the House of Commons as they would have chid a pack of dogs. People do not sufficiently consider that, though the legal checks were feeble, the natural checks were strong. There was one great and effectual limitation on the royal authority,—the knowledge that if the patience of the nation were severely tried, the nation would put forth its strength, and that its strength would be found irresistible. If a large body of Englishmen became thoroughly discontented, instead of presenting requisitions, holding large meetings, passing resolutions, signing petitions, forming associations and unions, they rose up; they took their halberds and their bows; and, if the sovereign was not sufficiently popular to find among his subjects other halberds

and other bows to oppose to the rebels, nothing remained for him but a petition of the horrible scenes of Berkeley and Pomfret. He had no regular army which could, by its superior arms and its superior skill, 'overawe or vanquish the sturdy Commons of his realm, abounding in the native hardihood of Englishmen, and trained in the simple discipline of the militia.

It has been said that the Tudors were as absolute as the Cæsars. Never was parallel so unfortunate. The government of the Tudors was the direct opposite to the government of Augustus and his successors. The Cæsars ruled despotically, by means of a great standing army, under the decent forms of a republican constitution. They called themselves citizens. They mixed unceremoniously with other citizens. In theory, they were only the elective magistrates of a free commonwealth. Instead of arrogating to themselves despotic power, they acknowledged allegiance to the senate. They were merely the lieutenants of that venerable body. They mixed in debate. They even appeared as advocates before the courts of law. Yet they could safely indulge in the wildest freaks of cruelty and rapacity, while their legions remained faithful. Our Tudors, on the other hand, under the titles and forms of monarchical supremacy, were essentially popular magistrates. They had no means of protecting themselves against the public hatred; and they were therefore compelled to court the public favour. To enjoy all the state and all the personal indulgences of absolute power,—to be adored with Oriental prostrations,—to dispose at will of the liberty and even of the life of ministers and courtiers,—this the nation granted to the Tudors. But the condition on which they were suffered to be the tyrants of Whitehall was, that they should be the mild and paternal sovereigns of England. They were under the same restraints with regard to their people, under which a military despot is placed with regard to his army. They would have found it as dangerous to grind their subjects with cruel taxation, as Nero would have found it to leave his prætorians unpaid. Those who immediately surrounded the royal person, and engaged in the hazardous game of ambition, were exposed to the most fearful dangers. Buckingham, Cromwell, Surrey, Sudley, Somerset, Suffolk, Norfolk, Percy, Essex, perished on the scaffold. But in general the country gentleman hunted, and the merchant traded in peace. Even Henry, as cruel as Domitian, but far more politic, contrived, while reeking with the blood of the Lamiaë, to be a favourite with the cobblers.

The Tudors committed very tyrannical acts. But in their ordinary dealings with the people, they were not, and could not safely be, tyrants. Some excesses were easily pardoned. For

the nation was proud of the high and fiery blood of its magnificent princes; and saw, in many proceedings which a lawyer would even then have condemned, the outbreak of the same noble spirit which so manfully hurled foul scorn at Parma and at Spain. But to this endurance there was a limit. If the government ventured to adopt measures which the great body of the people really felt to be oppressive, it was soon compelled to change its course. When Henry the Eighth attempted to raise a forced loan of unusual amount, by proceedings of unusual rigour, the opposition which he encountered was such as appalled even his stubborn and imperious spirit. The people, we are told, said, that if they were to be treated thus, 'then were it worse than the taxes of France; and England should be bond, and not free.' The county of Suffolk rose in arms. The king prudently yielded to an opposition which, if he had persisted, would, in all probability, have taken the form of a general rebellion. Towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, the people felt themselves aggrieved by the monopolies. The queen, proud and courageous as she was, shrunk from a contest with the nation, and, with admirable sagacity, conceded all that her subjects had demanded, while it was yet in her power to concede with dignity and grace.

It cannot be supposed that a people who had in their own hands the means of checking their princes, would suffer any prince to impose upon them a religion generally detested. It is absurd to suppose, that, if the nation had been decidedly attached to the Protestant faith, Mary could have re-established the Papal supremacy. It is equally absurd to suppose, that, if the nation had been zealous for the ancient religion, Elizabeth could have restored the Protestant Church. The truth is, that the people were not disposed to engage in a struggle either for the new or for the old doctrines. Abundance of spirit was shown when it seemed likely that Mary would resume her father's grants of church property; or that she would sacrifice the interests of England to the husband whom she regarded with unmerited tenderness. That queen found that it would be madness to attempt the restoration of the abbey lands. She found that her subjects would never suffer her to make her hereditary kingdom a fief of Castile. On these points she encountered a steady resistance, and was compelled to give way. If she was able to establish the Catholic worship, and to persecute those who would not conform to it, it was evidently because the people cared far less for the Protestant religion than for the rights of property, and for the independence of the English

crown. In plain words, they did not think the difference between the hostile sects worth a struggle. There was undoubtedly a zealous Protestant party, and a zealous Catholic party. But both these parties were, we believe, very small. We doubt whether both together made up, at the time of Mary's death, the twentieth part of the nation. The remaining nineteen-twentieths halted between the two opinions; and were not disposed to risk a revolution in the government, for the purpose of giving to either of the extreme factions an advantage over the other.

We possess no data which will enable us to compare with exactness the force of the two sects. Mr Butler asserts that, even at the accession of James the First, a majority of the population of England were Catholics. This is pure assertion; and is not only unsupported by evidence, but, we think, completely disproved by the strongest evidence. Dr Lingard is of opinion that the Catholics were one-half of the nation in the middle of the reign of Elizabeth. Richton says, that when Elizabeth came to the throne, the Catholics were two-thirds of the nation, and the Protestants only one-third. The most judicious and impartial of English historians, Mr Hallam, is, on the contrary, of opinion that two-thirds were Protestants, and only one-third Catholics. To us, we must confess, it seems altogether inconceivable, that if the Protestants were really two to one, they should have borne the government of Mary; or that, if the Catholics were really two to one, they should have borne the government of Elizabeth. It is absolutely incredible that a sovereign who has no standing army, and whose power rests solely on the loyalty of his subjects, can continue for years to persecute a religion to which the majority of his subjects are sincerely attached. In fact, the Protestants did rise up against one sister, and the Catholics against the other. Those risings clearly showed how small and feeble both the parties were. Both in the one case and in the other, the nation ranged itself on the side of the government, and the insurgents were speedily put down and punished. The Kentish gentlemen who took up arms for the reformed doctrines against Mary, and the great Northern Earls who displayed the banner of the Five Wounds against Elizabeth, were alike considered by the great body of their countrymen as wicked disturbers of the public peace.

The account which Cardinal Bentivoglio gave of the state of religion in England, well deserves consideration. The zealous Catholics he reckoned at one-thirtieth part of the nation. The people who would without the least scruple become Catholics, if the Catholic religion were established, he estimated at

four-fifths of the nation. We believe this account to have been very near the truth. We believe that the people, whose minds were made up on either side, who were inclined to make any sacrifice, or run any risk for either religion, were very few. Each side had a few enterprising champions, and a few stout-hearted martyrs; but the nation, undetermined in its opinions and feelings, resigned itself implicitly to the guidance of the government, and lent to the sovereign for the time being, an equally ready aid against either of the extreme parties.

We are very far from saying that the English of that generation were irreligious. They held firmly those doctrines which are common to the Catholic and to the Protestant theology. But they had no fixed opinion as to the matters in dispute between the churches. They were in a situation resembling that of those Borderers whom Sir Walter Scott has described with so much spirit;

‘ Who sought the beeves that made their broth
In England and in Scotland both;’

And who

‘ Nine times outlawed had been
By England’s king, and Scotland’s queen.’

They were sometimes Protestants, sometimes Catholics; sometimes half Protestants half Catholics.

The English had not, for ages, been bigotted Papists. In the fourteenth century, the first, and perhaps the greatest of the reformers, John Wickliffe, had stirred the public mind to its inmost depths. During the same century, a scandalous schism in the Catholic Church had diminished, in many parts of Europe, the reverence in which the Roman pontiffs were held. It is clear that a hundred years before the time of Luther, a great party in this kingdom was eager for a change, at least as extensive as that which was subsequently effected by Henry the Eighth. The House of Commons, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, proposed a confiscation of ecclesiastical property, more sweeping and violent even than that which took place under the administration of Thomas Cromwell; and, though defeated in this attempt, they succeeded in depriving the clerical order of some of its most oppressive privileges. The splendid conquests of Henry the Fifth turned the attention of the nation from domestic reform. The Council of Constance removed some of the grossest of those scandals which had deprived the Church of the public respect. The authority of that venerable synod propped up the sinking authority of the Popedom. A considerable reaction took place. It cannot, however, be doubted, that there was still much concealed Lollardism in England; or that many

who did not absolutely dissent from any doctrine held by the Church of Rome, were jealous of the wealth and power enjoyed by her ministers. At the very beginning of the reign of Henry the Eighth, a struggle took place between the clergy and the courts of law, in which the courts of law remained victorious. One of the bishops on that occasion declared, that the common people entertained the strongest prejudices against his order, and that a clergyman had no chance of fair play before a lay tribunal. The London juries, he said, entertained such a spite to the Church, that they would find Abel guilty of the murder of Cain. This was said a few months before the time when Martin Luther began to preach at Wittenberg against indulgences.

As the Reformation did not find the English bigotted Papists, so neither was it conducted in such a manner as to make them zealous Protestants. It was not under the direction of men like that fiery Saxon, who swore that he would go to Worms, though he had to face as many devils as there were tiles on the houses, or like that brave Switzer, who was struck down while praying in front of the ranks of Zurich. No preacher of religion had the same power here which Calvin had at Geneva, and Knox in Scotland. The government put itself early at the head of the movement, and thus acquired power to regulate, and occasionally to arrest, the movement.

To many persons it appears extraordinary that Henry the Eighth should have been able to maintain himself so long in an intermediate position between the Catholic and Protestant parties. Most extraordinary, it would indeed be, if we were to suppose that the nation consisted of none but decided Catholics and decided Protestants. The fact is, that the great mass of the people was neither Catholic nor Protestant; but was, like its sovereign, midway between the two sects. Henry, in that very part of his conduct which has been represented as most capricious and inconsistent, was probably following a policy far more pleasing to the majority of his subjects, than a policy like that of Edward, or a policy like that of Mary would have been. Down even to the very close of the reign of Elizabeth, the people were in a state somewhat resembling that in which, as Machiavelli says, the inhabitants of the Roman empire were, during the transition from heathenism to Christianity;—‘*sendo la maggior parte di loro incerti a quale Dio dovessero ricorrere.*’ They were generally, we think, favourable to the royal supremacy. They disliked the policy of the Court of Rome. Their spirit rose against the interference of a foreign priest with their national concerns. The bull which pronounced sentence of deposition

against Elizabeth, the plots which were formed against her life, the usurpation of her titles by the Queen of Scotland, the hostility of Philip, excited their strongest indignation. The cruelties of Bonner were remembered with disgust. Some parts of the new system—the use of the English language, for example—in public worship, and the communion in both kinds, were undoubtedly popular. On the other hand, the early lessons of the nurse and the priest were not forgotten. The ancient ceremonies were long remembered with affectionate reverence. A large portion of the ancient theology lingered to the last in the minds which had been imbued with it in childhood.

The best proof that the religion of the people was of this mixed kind, is furnished by the Drama of that age. No man would bring unpopular opinions prominently forward in a play intended for representation. And we may safely conclude, that feelings and opinions which pervade the whole Dramatic Literature of an age, are feelings and opinions of which the men of that age generally partook.

The greatest and most popular dramatists of the Elizabethan age treat religious subjects in a very remarkable manner. They speak respectfully of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. But they speak neither like Catholics nor like Protestants, but like persons who are wavering between the two systems; or who have made a system for themselves out of parts selected from both. They seem to hold some of the Romish rites and doctrines in high respect. They treat the vow of celibacy, for example—so tempting, and, in after times, so common a subject for ribaldry—with mysterious reverence. The members of religious orders whom they introduce are almost always holy and venerable men. We remember in their plays nothing resembling the coarse ridicule with which the Catholic religion and its ministers were assailed, two generations later, by dramatists who wished to please the multitude. We remember no Friar Dominic—no Father Foigard—among the characters drawn by those great poets. The scene at the close of the *Knight of Malta* might have been written by a fervent Catholic. Massinger shows a great fondness for ecclesiastics of the Romish Church; and has even gone so far as to bring a virtuous and interesting Jesuit on the stage. Ford, in that fine play, which it is painful to read, and scarcely decent to name, assigns a highly creditable part to the Friar. The partiality of Shakspeare for Friars is well known. In *Hamlet*, the Ghost complains that he died without extreme unction, and, in defiance of the article which condemns the doctrine of purgatory, declares that he is

‘ Confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in his days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away.’

These lines, we suspect, would have raised a tremendous storm in the theatre at any time during the reign of Charles the Second. They were clearly not written by a zealous Protestant, or for zealous Protestants. Yet the author of King John and Henry the Eighth was surely no friend to papal supremacy.

There is, we think, only one solution of the phenomena which we find in the History and in the Drama of that age. The religion of England was a mixed religion, like that of the Samaritan settlers, described in the second book of Kings, who ‘feared the Lord, and served their graven images;’—like that of the Judaizing Christians, who blended the ceremonies and doctrines of the synagogue with those of the church;—like that of the Mexican Indians, who, for many generations after the subjugation of their race, continued to unite with the rites learned from their conquerors the worship of the grotesque idols which had been adored by Motezuma and Guatemozin.

These feelings were not confined to the populace. Elizabeth herself was not exempt from them. A crucifix, with wax-lights burning round it, stood in her private chapel. She always spoke with disgust and anger of the marriage of priests. ‘I was in horror,’ says Archbishop Parker, ‘to hear such words to come from her mild nature and Christian learned conscience, as she spake concerning God’s holy ordinance and institution of matrimony.’ Burghley prevailed on her to connive at the marriages of churchmen. But she would only connive; and the children sprung from such marriages were illegitimate till the accession of James the First.

That which is, as we have said, the great stain on the character of Burghley, is also the great stain on the character of Elizabeth. Being herself an Adiaphorist,—having no scruple about conforming to the Romish Church when conformity was necessary to her own safety,—retaining to the last moment of her life a fondness for much of the doctrine and much of the ceremonial of that church,—she yet subjected that church to a persecution even more odious than the persecution with which her sister had harassed the Protestants. We say more odious. For Mary had at least the plea of fanaticism. She did nothing for her religion which she was not prepared to suffer for it. She had held it firmly under persecution. She fully believed it to be essential to salvation. If she burned the bodies of her subjects, it was in order to rescue their souls. Elizabeth had no such pre-

text. In opinion, she was little more than half a Protestant. She had professed, when it suited her, to be wholly a Catholic. There is an excuse,—a wretched excuse,—for the massacres of Piedmont and the *Autos-da-fe* of Spain. But what can be said in defence of a ruler who is at once indifferent and intolerant?

If the great Queen, whose memory is still held in just veneration by Englishmen, had possessed sufficient virtue and sufficient enlargement of mind to adopt those principles which More, wiser in speculation than in action, had avowed in the preceding generation, and by which the excellent l'Hospital regulated his conduct in her own time, how different would be the colour of the whole history of the last two hundred and fifty years! She had the happiest opportunity ever vouchsafed to any sovereign, of establishing perfect freedom of conscience throughout her dominions, without danger to her government, or scandal to any large party among her subjects. The nation, as it was clearly ready to profess either religion, would, beyond all doubt, have been ready to tolerate both. Unhappily for her own glory and for the public peace, she adopted a policy, from the effects of which the empire is still suffering. The yoke of the Established Church was pressed down on the people till they would bear it no longer. Then a reaction came. Another reaction followed. To the tyranny of the establishment succeeded the tumultuous conflict of sects, infuriated by manifold wrongs, and drunk with unwonted freedom. To the conflict of sects succeeded again the cruel domination of one persecuting church. At length oppression put off its most horrible form, and took a milder aspect. The penal laws against dissenters were abolished. But exclusions and disabilities still remained. These exclusions and disabilities, after having generated the most fearful discontents,—after having rendered all government in one part of the kingdom impossible,—after having brought the state to the very brink of ruin, have, in our times, been removed; but, though removed, have left behind them a rankling which may last for many years. It is melancholy to think with what ease Elizabeth might have united all the conflicting sects under the shelter of the same impartial laws, and the same paternal throne; and thus have placed the nation in the same situation, as far as the rights of conscience are concerned, in which we at length stand, after all the heartburnings, the persecutions, the conspiracies, the seditions, the revolutions, the judicial murders, the civil wars, of ten generations.

This is the dark side of her character. Yet she surely was a great woman. Of all the sovereigns who exercised a power, which was seemingly absolute, but which in fact depended for

support on the love and confidence of their subjects; she was by far the most illustrious. It has often been alleged as an excuse for the misgovernment of her successors that they only followed her example;—that precedents might be found in the transactions of her reign for persecuting the Puritans, for levying money without the sanction of the House of Commons, for confining men without bringing them to trial, for interfering with the liberty of parliamentary debate. All this may be true. But it is no good plea for her successors, and for this plain reason, that they were her successors. She governed one generation, they governed another; and between the two generations there was almost as little in common as between the people of two different countries. It was not by looking at the particular measures which Elizabeth had adopted, but by looking at the great general principles of her government, that those who followed her were likely to learn the art of managing untractable subjects. If, instead of searching the records of her reign for precedents which might seem to vindicate the mutilation of Prynne, and the imprisonment of Eliot, the Stuarts had attempted to discover the fundamental rules which guided her conduct in all her dealings with her people, they would have perceived that their policy was then most unlike to hers, when to a superficial observer it would have seemed most to resemble hers. Firm, haughty,—sometimes unjust and cruel in her proceedings towards individuals or towards small parties,—she avoided with care, or retracted with speed, every measure which seemed likely to alienate the great mass of the people. She gained more honour and more love by the manner in which she repaired her errors, than she would have gained by never committing errors. If such a man as Charles the First had been in her place when the whole nation was crying out against the monopolies, he would have refused all redress; he would have dissolved the Parliament, and imprisoned the most popular members. He would have called another Parliament. He would have given some vague and delusive promises of relief in return for subsidies. When entreated to fulfil his promises he would have again dissolved the Parliament, and again imprisoned his leading opponents. The country would have become more agitated than before. The next House of Commons would have been more unmanageable than that which preceded it. The tyrant would have agreed to all that the nation demanded. He would have solemnly ratified an act abolishing monopolies for ever. He would have received a large supply in return for this concession; and within half a year new patents, more oppressive than those which had been cancelled,

would have been issued by scores. Such was the policy which brought the heir of a long line of kings, in early youth the darling of his countrymen, to a prison and a scaffold.

Elizabeth, before the House of Commons could address her, took out of their mouths the words which they were about to utter in the name of the nation. Her promises went beyond their desires. Her performance followed close upon her promise. She did not treat the nation as an adverse party;—as a party which had an interest opposed to hers;—as a party to which she was to grant as few advantages as possible, and from which she was to extort as much money as possible. Her benefits were given, not sold; and when once given they were not withdrawn. She gave them too with a frankness, an effusion of heart, a princely dignity, a motherly tenderness, which enhanced their value. They were received by the sturdy country gentlemen, who had come up to Westminster full of resentment, with tears of joy and shouts of God save the Queen. Charles the First gave up half the prerogatives of his crown to the Commons; and the Commons sent him in return the Grand Remonstrance.

We had intended to say something concerning that illustrious group of which Elizabeth is the central figure,—that group which the last of the bards saw in vision from the top of Snowdon, encircling the Virgin Queen—

‘ Many a baron bold,
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty.’

We had intended to say something concerning the dexterous Walsingham, the impetuous Oxford, the elegant Sackville, the all-accomplished Sydney;—concerning Essex, the ornament of the court and of the camp, the model of chivalry, the munificent patron of genius, whom great virtues, great courage, great talents, the favour of his sovereign, the love of his countrymen,—all that seemed to ensure a happy and glorious life, led to an early and an ignominious death;—concerning Raleigh, the soldier, the sailor, the scholar, the courtier, the orator, the poet, the historian, the philosopher,—sometimes reviewing the Queen’s guards, sometimes giving chase to a Spanish galleon,—then answering the chiefs of the country party in the House of Commons,—then again murmuring one of his sweet love-songs too near the ears of her Highness’s maids of honour,—and soon after poring over the Talmud, or collating Polybius with Livy. We had intended also to say something concerning the litera-

ture of that splendid period, and especially concerning those two incomparable men, the Prince of Poets, and the Prince of Philosophers, who have made the Elizabethan age a more glorious and important era in the history of the human mind, than the age of Pericles, of Augustus, or of Leo. But subjects so vast require a space far larger than we can at present afford. We therefore stop here, fearing that, if we proceed, our article may swell to a bulk exceeding that of all other reviews, as much as Dr Nares' book exceeds the bulk of all other histories.

No. CX. will be published in July.

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THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW.

JULY, 1832.

N^o. CX.

ART. I.—*The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth. Anglo-Saxon Period ; containing the Anglo-Saxon Policy, and the Institutions arising out of Laws and Usages which prevailed before the Conquest.* By FRANCIS PALGRAVE, F.R.S. and F.S.A. Two volumes, 4to. London : 1832.

The History of England ; Anglo-Saxon Period. (Family Library.) By FRANCIS PALGRAVE, F.R.S. and F.S.A. 12mo. London : 1831.

THE author of these two works, bearing a close relation to each other in spirit and substance, however different in form, is already well known to that part of the literary public which takes an interest in the historical antiquities of Great Britain, both by some very learned articles in periodical publications which have been generally ascribed to him, and by his labours as editor of the Parliamentary Writs, under the Commissioners of Public Records. We know not, however, that he has appeared in the personal character of an original author, till the publication of those works which make the subject of the present article, and in which he has embodied a large portion of his extensive and multifarious erudition.

The word Commonwealth appears to have been chosen by Mr Palgrave as more comprehensive than Constitution, which is ordinarily restrained to the forms of government, and to those laws which regulate the established authorities of the state. 'Political events,' he says, 'generally occupy the first station

‘ in the pages of the historian ; political institutions, the second ;
‘ judicial policy and jurisprudence, the third and last. But the
‘ character of the people mainly depends upon their laws. And
‘ it is utterly impossible to obtain a correct view of the general
‘ administration of the state, unless we fully understand the
‘ spirit of the institutions which pervade the community, and
‘ regulate the daily actings and doings of mankind. For this
‘ purpose, I have traced the Constitution upwards, and analysed
‘ the component elements of the Commonwealth. The ranks
‘ and conditions of society among the Anglo-Saxons, and their
‘ legal institutions, are examined before discussing the political
‘ government of the realm. When the Anglo-Saxon institutions,
‘ subsisting through subsequent ages, have received that deve-
‘ lopement which connects them with our existing English com-
‘ mon law, I have pursued their history. But I have in no case
‘ adhered to a strict chronological arrangement of the matter.
‘ Whatever advantages chronological order may possess, it fre-
‘ quently tends to produce either the most wearisome repetitions,
‘ or the most repulsive obscurity. I have endeavoured, there-
‘ fore, to group the different subjects in such a manner as may
‘ best tell the story of the Constitution. In some cases, the rea-
‘ sons for the classification thus adopted may not at first be
‘ apparent ; but considerable attention has been given to the
‘ *ground-plot* of the work ; and, at the conclusion, the reader
‘ will find that he has been conducted by the shortest as well as
‘ by the easiest path.’ We shall certainly not censure the ar-
‘ rangement which has seemed to so ingenious a person the best
‘ fitted for presenting his theories ; and, in our analysis of his
‘ *English Commonwealth*,’ shall in general pursue the course
‘ of his chapters, beginning, however, with one exception, as we
‘ think the second, in natural order, ought to be introductory to
‘ the first.

The laws and usages of England before the Norman conquest are not to be wholly considered as of Saxon origin. Without at present entering on the influence which the Roman institutions retained among the barbarians, it is to be remembered, that one portion of the native Britons, the Belgic population of Loegria, had once been countrymen of the new invaders, or at least kinsmen of the same Teutonic stock. If we could believe some Welsh antiquaries, the ‘ *Triads of the Community*,’ or *Mulmutian laws*, ascribed to Dyvnwal Moelmud, king of Britain, are now extant in the identical form which they assumed in the fourth century before the Christian era ; and though this may be deemed untenable, yet they indicate a state of society and government unlike that of the historical age of Cambria.

The laws of Hoel Dda, about 940, differ widely from the Mulmutian Triads, but the customs which they comprehend bear marks of great antiquity. It is not to be concealed, that these laws are by no means free from suspicion of having undergone interpolation. This should not induce us to question their substantial authenticity; and they excel, in Mr Palgrave's opinion, 'the Anglo-Saxon and other Teutonic customals as much as the odes of Taliessin soar above the ballads of the Edda.' These laws agree with the enactments of our Saxon kings in the main principles of their jurisprudence,—in the redemption of homicide by a fixed payment to the relations of the slain, in the use of trial by ordeal, and of compurgation; so that it is an equally difficult and nugatory question, whether these customs are of British or Teutonic origin.

The more immediate source of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence was the statute law of its various sovereigns, both during the Heptarchy, and after the consolidation of the monarchy; which statutes, though known to us only by their promulgation in that form, are in a great measure but declaratory of acknowledged rights and usages. Of these the earliest are enacted by Ethelbert, the first Christian king of Kent, about the end of the sixth century. They are preserved in a single manuscript, purporting to be compiled by Ernulfus, bishop of Rochester, in the reign of Henry the First; but the language has evidently been modernized, and some passages are quite unintelligible through corruption. These are followed by several other laws of the kings of Kent, and by those of Ina in Wessex, about the year 700. After an interval of nearly two centuries, we find a few, but rather unimportant, provisions of Alfred; and from his time to that of Canute inclusive, the collection is as copious as we could reasonably expect in such a state of government; and certainly more so than the records of any continental kingdom could furnish during the same period. Edward the Confessor was required, on his accession, to confirm the laws of Canute, which are themselves, in their spirit, re-enactments of the ancient code; and hence the body of Anglo-Saxon law acquired in later times the name of 'the Laws of the Confessor.' The three great divisions of England—Wessex, or West Saxnalage, Mercia, and the northern region, often called Danelage—were distinguished by some variances in legal and judicial policy; but these are insignificant, even in the eyes of the antiquary, when compared with the sweeping changes, which were gradually brought about in consequence of the Norman conquest.

It is asserted by ancient, though not contemporary authorities, that William, about the year 1070, summoned an assembly,

consisting of English *notables*, in order to become acquainted with their laws; and the result of this consultation has been supposed to be the statute preserved in French by Ingulfus, entitled, 'The laws which King William granted to the people of England after the Conquest, being the same which King Edward his cousin held before him.' This French text Mr Palgrave has printed at length in his volume of *Proofs and Illustrations*, p. lxxxviii., from a more correct manuscript in the library of Mr Coke at Holkham, which formerly belonged to Sir Edward. It is also accompanied by a Latin text, which Mr Palgrave states to be hitherto unpublished, but conceives to be the original language of the legislator; for the use of French, in any solemn writing whatever, at so early an epoch, is wholly unprecedented; nor do we find any charter, or private deed, in that language, before the reign of Henry III. The Anglo-Saxon tongue was generally employed till that of Henry II., when it was superseded by Latin. Hence he expresses a 'strong suspicion, that the French text, together with the introductory statement, must be numbered among the passages which place the chronicle of Ingulfus among the apocrypha of English history.' Notwithstanding this opinion, we cannot avoid adhering to the belief, that the Latin text, now published by Mr Palgrave, is a translation from the French; and this we rest on a more racy style of expression in the latter, and also on some apparent mistakes in the Latin. Thus, in the very first chapter, it is said, that whoever lays violent hands on one who has fled to the church's sanctuary, shall restore the person, and pay a fine to the church: *rendist CEO qu'il aureit pris*. But in the Latin we find, *restituatur plenarie ablata*; though the whole context shows that the person only could be the subject of restitution. The thirty-seventh chapter also, as will strike any one on comparison, has a far more original air in the French. If Ingulfus indeed be not a spurious production, and we know of no writer but Mr Palgrave who has suspected it, the originality of the French text can hardly admit of dispute; though the converse proposition would not be equally conclusive. In point of fact, the question is much less important relatively to English legal antiquities, than to the history of the French language; wherein there are not only no other solemn documents, but no metrical compositions whatever hitherto discovered, of so early a date as the reign of William, and his contemporary Philip the First.

The last authentic monument of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence is the code ascribed to Henry I., being rather a treatise by some unknown hand on the laws of England. This may have been compiled for the use of the Norman justiciars who sat in the

king's tribunals : the circumstance of the manuscript being deposited in the Exchequer renders this conjecture probable. The laws which bear the name of Edward the Confessor are not even noticed by Mr Palgrave in this place ; yet though destitute of all legislative authority, they certainly belong to the first Norman reigns. Of the Anglo-Saxon laws in general he observes, that the text is often obscure and corrupt ; and that they are frequently very ill translated into Latin by their editors, Lambard and Wilkins. They are full of repetitions, and new enactments of long-established provisions ; so that we must be cautious in presuming a law to be original, when we discover it for the first time in our imperfect collection. They are, moreover, not always good vouchers for the matter of fact asserted in them ; as when Alfred informs us, that pecuniary compositions for homicide and other crimes were introduced, through the merciful counsels of the bishops, after the conversion of the English to Christianity ; though nothing is more certain, than that they had prevailed immemorially among the Teutonic nations.

The distinctions of rank subsisting among the Anglo-Saxons have been illustrated, not only by more general historians, but in a separate volume published in 1818, by the late Mr Sergeant Heywood, which did not perhaps obtain a consideration equal to its utility. Mr Palgrave, in his first chapter, discusses the same subject ; and we do not perceive that, in essential points, he disagrees with his learned predecessor ; though we find several proofs of that hardy and ingenious, but sometimes rather precipitate, spirit of original conjecture which distinguishes his writings. The Anglo-Saxon chieftains were descended from Odin, like all other royal families of the north ; and though it is admitted that these genealogies had no foundation in truth, we are a little startled by the proposition, that ‘ it does not appear that an Anglo-Saxon king was ever legally united otherwise than to a daughter of Odin ; the few marriages with foreign princesses are hardly to be considered as exceptions.’—P. 11. As he has just informed us that Odin and his consorts had long been held no better than a parcel of fiends, we should be slow to credit the necessity of this diabolical ancestry to a legal marriage of Anglo-Saxon kings in the tenth or eleventh centuries. Where, too, do we find that Elfrida, queen of Edgar, or Editha, queen of the Confessor, both daughters of Saxon earls, were of the blood of Odin ? Godwin, father of Editha, is represented by some contemporaries as the son of a shepherd. The subsequent clause of the sentence we here quoted, that ‘ an ignoble mother ought to have incapacitated her offspring from succeeding to the throne,’ whether strictly true or not, is

at least a very different proposition from that which would confine the marriages of kings to their own family.

The caste of nobility were originally called *eorls*, or *eorlcundmen*. This distinction was in their blood, and was not effaced by the loss of possessions, or by the seclusion of the cloister. The restrictive sense of the word *earl* to chiefs, or governors of provinces, appears to be Scandinavian, and is not found till the invasion of the Danes; if the Anglo-Saxons ever employed it with limitation, it was perhaps to denote the royal family, or *athelings*; and it is a tradition of some authority, that the younger sons of the crown are *earls* without creation. The nobility are frequently, and in later records generally, styled *Thanes*; which honour seems to be a territorial designation. They are also indicated by the fines imposed on them for crimes, and by the composition payable for their lives. And thus we find them divided into *Twelfhyndmen* and *Sixhyndmen*; according as 1200 or 600 shillings was the amount of their *were*, or composition. We are enabled to connect the latter class with the *Sithcundmen*, an appellation which has been reckoned obscure, and of whom we find no mention after the reign of Alfred (as Mr Palgrave says, but we are not aware that the word occurs later than the laws of Ina, 200 years before); and the author has suggested, for the first time, so far as we know, but with great probability, that these *sithcundmen*, *sixhyndmen*, or lesser *thanes*, are the same tenants as in Domesday are denominated *sokemen*, holding freely of a lord, and bound by the general obligation of the Anglo-Saxon polity to be *commended* to some lord, but at liberty to shift this dependance from one superior to another, unless the land itself had been received under a feudal grant. This personal commendation, in his opinion, though not founded on a beneficiary tenure, involved in it the duty of military service, in return for protection; which he infers from some phrases in Domesday Book, and which we think conformable both to reason and to the analogy of early customs on the Continent. The tendency of modern enquiries into Anglo-Saxon antiquities is to confirm a belief in the affirmative of a long contested question, the existence of a feudal system, in spirit and principle, before the Norman Conquest, though doubtless in a less perfect state than after that epoch.

The great body of the people were styled *Ceorls*, whence the words *carle* and *churl* in later, though ancient English. Concerning these, three propositions seem to be clearly predicated; that they were bound, as we have seen their superiors were, to depend on a lord, whose *suitors*, that is, followers, they were,

and whose land they cultivated, rendering known services; that they could not depart from this land, or change their lord, wherein they differed from the class of sokemen, or freeholders; and that they were strictly freemen, who might obtain and possess property, could not be compelled to any services but by contract or custom, were law-worthy, as the phrase was, and estimated in the composition for their lives at 200 shillings for the benefit of their kindred, not of the lord. They were the *leode*, the *folk*, forming of course the numerical majority of the nation. It is highly improbable, and not at present, we believe, maintained by any competent judge, that these ceorls were, directly or indirectly, concerned in the legislative powers of the Wittenagemote; but it is not less against all evidence, to suppose that they were in the servile condition which our law-books describe under the name of villenage. Nor could they be sold away from the land to which they were appurtenant; answering to the *Liti*, or *Coloni*, of the continental laws and charters. They are called *Villani* in *Domesday*; in which, however, we find many other denominations, as *Bordarii*, *Cotarii*, *Cotzes*, &c., all expressing classes of peasantry, but incapable at present of definite interpretation. Last of all came the *Theowes*, or *Servi*, strictly without legal rights, whom the church, rather than the law, strove to protect from oppression. They, or their ancestors, were chiefly reduced to this servitude by inability to pay the heavy mulcts upon offences, and especially the compositions for homicide; the alternative of which was a sale into slavery; and it seems not impossible that some may have been the offspring of captives, either in the British wars, or those among the *Heptarchal* kingdoms.

There is no great difficulty in explaining the inequality of ranks between the Anglo-Saxon thanes and ceorls, either by supposing that it already existed among those who thronged over from the banks of the Elbe,—no very paradoxical conjecture,—or that it was occasioned by the many vicissitudes of semi-barbarous life, which, upon the Continent, appear to have deteriorated, for several centuries, the social condition of the poorer class. Mr Palgrave, without rejecting these causes, seems inclined to an hypothesis hardly so tenable; namely, that the ceorls, or husbandmen, of whom we read in Anglo-Saxon documents, were the conquered people, the ancient British inhabitants, subdued, but not extirpated, by the Jutes and Angles, who reigned over them as lords. He thinks it ‘difficult to believe that the keels of these invaders could contain the original population of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms as they arose successively in Britain.’—P. 26. But we know little of this

population with any numerical distinctness, till the period of the compilation of Domesday; by which time the progeny of those who were once contained in the keels of the Saxons might well have increased to millions. It is more difficult, on the contrary, to account for the eradication of the Cymric language, which is very little found even in local, and much less in personal names. Nor does the long series of Anglo-Saxon laws intimate, in the slightest degree, any national difference between the Thane or Eorlcund, and the Ceorl. In those of Ina we find the Welsh subjects of that King of Wessex frequently mentioned, but with marks of distinction as well as inferiority. Thus it is enacted, c. 32, (Wilkins, p. 20,) that a Welsh proprietor of a hyde of land shall be estimated in his *were* at 120 shillings; but if he have no land, it shall be 60 shillings. The real ceorl, though not a proprietor of land, was valued at 200 shillings. Five hydres of land, 600 acres, raised the Welshman's composition to 600 shillings, c. 24; and this placed him on the level of a lesser Thane. We have a strong persuasion, that the chief part of the people, east of the Severn and the Exe, were as truly Teutonic as those who drank the Rhine.

In the third chapter, which is among the most important in the work, Mr Palgrave enters upon the scheme of Anglo-Saxon society, in its arrangements for the preservation of order, and the administration of justice. His governing principle in this long disquisition, though not wholly novel, which no sound principle can reasonably be expected to prove, is at least supported with an extent of knowledge in the recondite antiquities of jurisprudence, which has never before been brought to bear upon its illustration; and with an ingenuity always captivating, if not in every instance quite satisfactory. After showing, that originally kings were the leaders of the people, not the lords of the soil; and that Nomad tribes, settling in a country they determine to retain, derive their rights to the land from occupancy, and from the internal sovereignty of their several clans or septs, not from any royal concession, he proceeds to explain his theory in the following passage:

‘ In this manner the first establishment of the Teutonic States was effected. They were assemblages of septs, clans, and tribes; they were confederated hosts and armies, led on by princes, magistrates, and chieftains; each of whom was originally independent, and each of whom lost a portion of his pristine independence, in proportion as he and his compeers became united under the supremacy of a sovereign, who was superinduced upon the state, first as a military commander, and afterwards as a king. Yet, notwithstanding this political connexion, each member of the state continued to retain a considerable portion of the

rights of sovereignty. Every ancient Teutonic monarchy must be considered as a federation; it is not an unit, of which the smaller bodies politic therein contained are the fractions, but they are the integers, and the state is the multiple which results from them. Dukedoms and Counties, Burghs and Baronies, Towns and Townships, and Shires, form the Kingdom; all, in a certain degree, strangers to each other, and separate in jurisdiction, though all obedient to the supreme executive authority. This general description, though not always strictly applicable in terms, is always so substantially and in effect; and hence it becomes necessary to discard the language which has been very generally employed in treating on the English Constitution. It has been supposed that the kingdom was reduced into a regular and gradual subordination of government, and that the various legal districts of which it is composed, arose from the divisions and subdivisions of the country.* But this hypothesis, which tends greatly to perplex our history, cannot be supported by fact; and instead of viewing the Constitution as a whole, and then proceeding to its parts, we must examine it synthetically,† and assume that the supreme authorities of the state were created by the concentration of the powers originally belonging to the members and corporations of which it is composed.

According to the analysis of the Anglo-Saxon state, the first and primary element appears to be the community, which, in England, during the Saxon period, was denominated the Town or Township.‡ In times comparatively modern, this term has become less frequently used, and it has been often superseded by the word Manor.|| The latter is of Norman origin, and merely describes a residence, and is frequently applied in ancient records to any dwelling or mansion, without any reference to situation, territory, or appendant jurisdiction. An explanation of the Saxon term may be required. Denoting, in its primary sense, the enclosure which surrounded the mere homestead or dwelling of the lord, it seems to have been gradually extended to the whole of the land which constituted the domain. Amongst the Scandinavians, the settlement of the cultivator was designated as the Habitation or "By," a syllable of frequent occurrence in the names of places in those parts of the island which were peopled by the Danes, who seem to have used it with great latitude.§ Every Anglo-Saxon Township was subjected, in demesne, to a superior; to the Sovereign, whether King or Ealdorman, who succeeded to the very extensive possessions of the British Princes; or to a Lord, a "Hlaford," or "Lan-

* Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. iv. p. 411.

† Is this word quite correctly used? *Analytically* seems to be meant.

‡ 'Tun,' from *Tynan*, to enclose. See Lye.

|| Spelman's Glossary, v. Manerium.

§ *By*, pagus. Hesych. *βυγιον, οικημα*.—Gothe's Antiquit. *Byr*, or *Bo*, habitare. Composita nonnulla hujus significatus remanent; ut *Byfogde*, præfectus civitatis. *By-lag*, jus civitatis. *Ihre*.

bria.”* In some few instances the township belonged to small corporations, if such a term may be used, whose members held the township as a joint property.†

‘ If it could be proved that all inheritances were partible amongst the male heirs, according to the custom of gavelkind, a joint tenancy of this description would receive an easy explanation ; but our ignorance of the laws of succession will prevent our assigning it with certainty to this cause. The right of the lord over the township was accompanied by the sovereignty of the land. I apply the term of sovereignty, rather than that of ownership, because the superiority of the township was unquestionably vested in him, although his right of possession does not seem to have extended beyond the demesne or “ inlands,” which he enjoyed in severalty, and which he cultivated as his own. Another portion of the township consisted of the feuds which he or his predecessors had granted, by “ Landboc,” or charter, to the Sokemen. Such a benefice, “ præstarium” or feud, which in Anglo-Saxon was denominated a “ Læn,” was usually created for one, two, or three lives, to be nominated by the grantee, after which it reverted to the lord, and during the existence of those derivative estates, the lord, according to the language of the later law, had only the services and the reversion. Some benefices, however, were granted in perpetuity. Analogous, in many respects, to the benefices, were the lands which were held by the tenants, whether Sokemen or Bondes, by folkright or customary tenure ; but these do not appear to have been generally subject to devise or alienation. Lastly, every township contained those extensive common fields, or common leasowes, which the law assumed to belong to every town, and of which the usufruct was shared between the lord and the men of the community.’—P. 64.

Such is the picture, and we believe it to be very nearly an exact one, of an Anglo-Saxon lordship, or community, with its definite rights of property and powers for the maintenance of social well-being, *in seipso totus teres atque rotundus* ; not absolutely indigent of any superior assistance for their exercise, yet subordinate to the more comprehensive authority of the federation, and to its supreme chief, as compact or custom had established. It is more than probable, that a considerable analogy subsisted between these arrangements of territorial possession and those which prevailed in the dominions of Charlemagne, especially where Roman usages did not retain their influence. It may be worth while, also, to notice the Welsh tenures, recorded in the laws of Hoel, and which may probably have been more ancient than the Saxon Conquest. The primary British settlement was the ‘ Tref’ or hamlet. Fifty of these constituted

* Constitutions of Northumbria, § 59. Edgar III. § 9 and 11.

† Domesday, vol. i. 23, 6, 27, 6, 47, 53, 54, &c.

a Commot, and two Commots a Cantred. The trefs were also united, by fours, into maenawls, or townships, for the purposes of jurisdiction. In each of these trefs there was a portion of the land free or noble, and another portion in villenage, according to the description of occupiers. But in the tenure of these, we find the strange and barbarous custom, as we think it, of Irish gavelkind. Barbarous in truth it was, and calculated to perpetuate barbarism; but its principle rested upon the fundamental charter of a Nomad tribe, that no man may hold land to him and his heirs for ever. Hence, in Ireland, and perhaps in Celtic Scotland, upon the death of every possessor, a fresh partition was made among the male individuals of the sept; the children coming in merely for their share as integral parts of the society. This was adhered to in Wales as to the lands in villenage; but freeholds descended to the issue in English gavelkind, subject, however, to a modification which breathes the patriarchal spirit of Celtic institutions,—that on the death of the last male of a family of brothers, all the grandchildren of the common ancestor could demand a second partition, which was to be renewed, when all the descendants came to be in the third degree, but no farther. It is not, we think, very likely that the Saxons should have been much influenced by imitation of a people whom they subdued, and whom they soon excelled in the necessary arts of civilized life. Mr Palgrave, who now and then betrays a little too much regard for the aboriginal Britons, admits, that ‘the general subjugation of the Celtic tribes, who, though gifted, and in no ordinary degree, with strength, courage, and activity, have yielded to every stranger, may probably be traced to their stubborn adherence to this system, which annihilated all inducements to industry, destroyed the sources of individual opulence, and exposed the nation at large to all the evils of sloth and disunion.’ The Teutonic race, more readily susceptible of improvement, soon adopted the great rule of private ownership in land; but the common fields, and common pasture, which have but lately begun generally to give way, bear witness to the primeval mutability of possession.

Nec cultura placet longior annuâ;
Defunctumque laboribus
Æquali recreat forte vicarius.

In East Friesland, a very simple agricultural district, every boor has still a right to one Erb-Theel, or allotment from the common land, which descends to the youngest son, as in the anomalous custom of Borough English; while the elder brothers receive each his fresh slice from the great loaf, which it seems

has never been quite exhausted. In case of a boor dying without issue, his Erb-Theel reverts to the community.

Every township was the seigniorship of a lord, but his jurisdiction could not be exercised without the concurrence of the inhabitants. This was the foundation of Courts Baron and Courts Leet, which are, indeed, not distinctly to be traced before the Conquest, though an obscure passage in Domesday seems to hint that the lord's jurisdiction could not be supported without a due number of suitors, or sokemen. These communities had a sort of legislative power, as is indicated by the word By-laws,—laws of the By, or township,—which is usually understood in a mistaken sense for subordinate and accessory regulations. Hence the ancient laws of the Goths are termed by Jornandes, *Bellagines*. We find proofs of these judicatures in the By-law Courts of Scotland, explained by Skene, and in the Bauren Gericht, or peasant-law, subsisting in parts of Germany. The jurisdiction of the lord is more unequivocally proved than that of the tenants, and was expressed by the Saxon words so usual in charters, *Sac and Soc*. The lord was assisted by a *gerefa*, or reeve; a sort of bailiff over the *ceorls*, and chosen, it seems, by them on presentment of the Leet jury.

The inhabitants of a township were bound to preserve the peace, and, if a crime was committed, to raise the hue and cry, in order to apprehend the offender. This was in later times superseded by the institution of frank-pledges, which bound the tythings. In the public meetings of the Hundred and the Shire, the *gerefa*, accompanied by four of the inhabitants, represented their interests, and protected such as were accused by their testimony or compurgation. It is not, however, to be inferred, that they formed a constituent part of the tribunals. They were composed, as we read in the *Leges Henrici Primi*, c. 7, of the chief civil and ecclesiastical functionaries of the neighbourhood, and of all lords of land, *terrarum domini*,—a phrase which may or may not include the free socagers. The presiding magistrate was the Ealdorman; but much obscurity hangs about that celebrated appellation, which must apparently have been applied to magistrates of very different degrees of importance. The name of Hundred is evidently derived from the *Centena* of Germany; and perhaps this may seem to account for the capricious manner in which the word has been used to designate territorial divisions in England, so unequal in size, and, apparently, in population, that we cannot satisfactorily adopt any numerical explanation. The word may not improbably have acquired its meaning, as a territorial district, in whatever manner determined, and without

reference to number, before the settlement of the Germans in Britain. This, however, is our own, and not Mr Palgrave's conjecture. It is well known to those who have looked at the early continental laws, that the Centenarius frequently appears as the chief magistrate of his district, till the full tide of the feudal system overwhelmed the surviving monuments of primitive Teutonic policy. The Centena, or Gau, of Germany, is thought by the author to have some conformity with a Scandinavian division, called Hærred, or Hard, upon which he pours forth his large stores of antiquarian erudition; and in its Næmda, or court of twelve men, he finds the mystic number, so favoured in Greece and Etruria, as well as in the North, which after recurring, singly or in its multiples, in various judicial or arbitral bodies, has been preserved with rigorous uniformity in the English jury. The Hundred Court itself, though properly composed of all the thanes or landholders, delegated its jurisdiction to twelve select men of their number, who, with the Sheriff, as we read in a law of Ethelred, swore that they would condemn no man unjustly, nor screen the guilt of any offender. The Hundred Court possessed both civil and criminal jurisdiction, and was also the place where contracts for transfers of land were promulgated by reading the charter or land-boc, and by payment of the purchase-money. Boroughs, with their burghmoot or portmoot, may be considered as a species of hundreds, and in some places went by the name.

The Hundred Court was held monthly, but that of the county assembled only twice a year, under the presidency of the bishop and alderman. The authority of the latter was not necessarily bounded by the shire; thus we read that Aylwin was alderman of East Anglia. This ancient name, in the time of Canute, was changed for that of earl. Concerning this institution we seem to know little; according to the *Leges Henrici Primi*, c. 7, it was composed of the same members as the Hundred Court; but each hundred was probably represented in it by twelve men, who corresponded to the *Scabini*, or delegates to the *Placita*, held in France by the *Missi* of Charlemagne. To this court most of the pleas, wherein the king was a party, belonged, and especially the violation of his peace, which perhaps the inferior tribunal had not adequate power to chastise. The rights of the church, and those of the unprotected in general, were placed under the shield of this great remedial tribunal.

In the chosen representatives of the owners and occupiers of land, appearing in the Hundred and County Courts, as jurors, compurgators, or witnesses to their own knowledge, the author traces the original source of the popular branch of the legisla-

ture in every kingdom. 'I have observed,' he says, p. 119, 'that the *Næmda* was the foundation of the representation of the people in the Scandinavian Diets; the conversion of jurors or *echevins* (*scabini*), into virtual representatives of the people, in assemblies possessing the powers of legislation, is one of the most singular events in the history of the Teutonic jurisprudence; and it is so general, as to lead to the supposition, that almost every court, parliament, or assembly, in which the commons obtained a share in legislation, has arisen, in part, from a tribunal, in the nature of a court of *echevins*, of an inquest, or of a jury.' After adverting to the compilation of the code of *Hoel*, by an assembly of six persons from each *comot* in Wales, and to that of twelve from every county in England, summoned by the Conqueror, if we believe Roger Hoveden, to present the laws, which were then confirmed by the king,—neither of which, especially the latter, seem to us very clear cases of popular representation,—he brings ample illustrations of this theory from the minor institutions of the middle ages, several of them still subsisting; in which the triple capacity of a court emanating, in part, from the people, to determine controversies, to declare and testify the ancient law, and to provide a remedy for its defects, is exhibited. Thus, in the court of the Duchy of Cornwall, four leet juries, empanelled from different quarters of that county, and as much of Devon as lies within its jurisdiction, being elected, sworn, and united in one assembly, constitute the ancient Stannary Parliament, whose acts and ordinances have the force of law. A similar constitution, but with varieties too minute to be specified in this place, is shown to have subsisted, and partly to subsist, in the Isle of Man, and in those of Jersey and Guernsey. Yet the author doubts whether popular elections, in the modern sense of the word, ever subsisted amongst the Anglo-Saxons. That popular elections, according to modern practice, were utterly impossible in the regular order of Anglo-Saxon society, few probably, since the loss of Granville Sharp and Major Cartwright, will venture to deny; but if four *ceorls* were sent from each township, with their own *gerefa*, to the Hundred Court, as we understand Mr Palgrave to assert,—if the enactment of new provisions was, in many courts or parliaments of the European kingdoms, inseparably blended with the judicial authority exercised by jurors duly chosen by their community,—it seems as if the right of popular election must have been acknowledged; and the proofs, if any, of nomination by persons of superior rank, can only be construed, like similar occurrences in much later times, into signs of acquiescence, which imply no abdication of a right.

These tribunals of the northern nations were commonly held in the open air, on some conspicuous mount, by the side of some sacred stream, under the shadow of some ancient oak, or some time-hallowed stone. The spell of primeval superstition lingered round many of these places, and conspired with the precepts of a purer faith to one of the main objects of religion, an increased reverence for truth and justice. Charlemagne seems to have been the first, who ordered the *Mallus*, or county court, to be held in a building, under the pretext of greater convenience in winter; but very probably with the view of rendering its assemblies more select and less tumultuous. But if a diminution in their attendance had some advantages with respect to good order, it took off from their utility as witnesses of matters transacted in them. Among our ancestors, at least, no records being kept, the judgments of the court were only registered in the memory of the suitors. But the transfer of inheritable land required more permanent evidence. The *land-boc*, having been read before the suitors in full court, was carefully preserved by the owner; and sometimes it recited the compromise of a hostile claim, whence it may be truly said, that in substance, though not in all its forms, the fine levied in the Court of Common Pleas is more ancient than the Norman Conquest.

We shall pass over the fifth chapter, relating to the ecclesiastical polity of the Anglo-Saxons, with no further notice than that the author wholly denies that the charter of Ethelwulf in 855, so often maintained to convey a general grant of tithes, can possibly be construed to have any relation to the produce of land, when it clearly grants the possession; an opinion in which we incline to concur, notwithstanding the authority of Selden to the contrary. In opposition, also, to this great legal antiquary, he asserts, that ‘the right of the church had already been recognised in the most unequivocal manner; and the grants, many of which are extant, do not afford any voucher for the opinion which Selden erroneously entertained;’—meaning, of course, his opinion as to the origination of tithes at so late a period. In the sixth chapter, we return to the administration of justice. According to the primitive rudeness of manners, no writ issued in the first instance from the Anglo-Saxon court. The plaintiff took the law into his own hands, by distraining the effects of his debtor or trespasser; and the statutes of Canute regulate, without abolishing this privilege. We easily perceive that the summary proceeding by distress, in its two branches for damage-feasance by cattle, and for arrears of rent, has come down from those early times. The right of re-

prisals, especially in the important instance of taking vengeance for the death of a kinsman, may be deemed an unsundered portion of natural independence, which, under the imperfect protection afforded by politic law, every man justly valued as a privilege for the security of himself and his family. This leads us to the scheme of mutual responsibility, devised by the legislators of those ages; first in the simpler shape of rendering the kindred accountable for the composition due from a criminal whom they omitted to produce in order to stand his trial; next, in the similar obligation of the lord and inhabitants of a township; and latterly, in the territorial arrangements of tythings, bound by the law of frank-pledge, for each other's obedience to justice.

The former of these subsisted to comparatively recent times among the native Irish, who clung with Celtic tenaciousness to the relics of patriarchal society, but is also very prominent in the Anglo-Saxon and other Teutonic laws. A singular custom prevailed among the Salian Franks, and perhaps in England; by which any one might divest himself of the liabilities to which quarrelsome kinsmen were likely to expose him. Entering the Mallus in the presence of the Centenarius, he broke five elm wands over his head, and casting the fragments around, declared that he renounced all share in the inheritance, and, of course, all responsibility for the offences of his kindred.

But the securities provided by the Anglo-Saxon code, under its later kings, were of a nature more consonant to a firm central government, and less likely to produce worse mischief by the remedy than by the disease. The lord of every township was surety for the appearance of his tenants, *commendati*; every householder was bound in like manner for those who had lodged three nights within his dwelling; he who had no *borh*, or pledge, was out of the law's pale, and was not unjustly suspected of an intention to live by transgressing it. So considerable an improvement has taken place in our knowledge of these antiquities, that Mr Palgrave does not even notice the theory which refers the institution of frank-pledges in tythings to the prudence of Alfred, though laid down by almost every writer before the present century. Their date and origin, he observes, cannot be distinctly shown; 'though it appears that this legal 'clanship, if we may so denominate the associations of the 'Twyhwend class, was gradually exchanged, at some unknown 'period, probably anterior to the Conquest, for the ancient 'union formed by real or imaginary consanguinity.' P. 193. A sentence, which, through an unlucky incorrectness of expression, conveys a meaning diametrically opposite to that intended

by the author. A law of Canute (Wilkins, 196) has been construed by some late writers into an enactment of frankpledges; but it seems to create or preserve only a personal liability in each individual's 'borh' or surety, not a collective one in the tything. We must therefore look for accounts of this singular institution in later times,—in the legal writers under Henry III. and Edward I.,—Bracton, Britton, and the Mirror. Mr Palgrave conjectures, that the decennary arrangement was originally connected with military organization, or, more properly perhaps, with the scheme of domestic police, known by the name of 'watch and ward;' the latter word, it may be remarked, denoting a local division as well as a protective force. The law of frank-pledge was by no means universal; it never prevailed in the northern counties, nor in some parts of the old realm of Mercia; the responsibility, in these districts, devolving, as in former times, on the whole township.

Crimes were divided into two classes; those for which a definite pecuniary compensation might be made, and those called 'bote-los,' or inexpressible, for which nothing but the death of the offender could atone. To the latter belonged house-breaking, and probably some other violent outrages against property. Murder was also capital, if we understand the word in its ancient sense of secret assassination; for wherever the party had time to be on his guard, it seems to have been counted a redeemable homicide. A thief taken in the mainour, or act, or with the recently stolen goods in his manual possession, 'back-ba-' 'rend and hand-haberd,' might in a summary manner be hanged by any lord who had the privilege called 'infangthef.' It is probable that the strong hand of power did not always wait for such unequivocal circumstances; a stranger lurking in the woods, without blowing his horn, or giving some proof how he came there, was, by the laws of Ina, punishable as a thief. The right of punishing under the franchise of infangthef was considerably modified by the king's courts after the Conquest; and the latest instance the author has found of a thief taken 'cum manuopere,' being hanged by the Hundred Court, is in the 4th year of Edward III.; except that the ancient privilege continued as a local custom in one borough, that of Halifax, down to a comparatively recent period, we believe as late as the reign of Elizabeth.

If the crime was not of a nature to be thus summarily punished, it came for regular trial before the Hundred Court, or other appointed tribunal; sometimes on presentment by twelve chief thanes, in which we see a striking analogy to the Grand Jury;

sometimes on the accusation of three or four men of the township, but more frequently at the suit of the injured party. The accused, if not a superior thane, was required to obtain the testimony of his lord, who swore that he had not been convicted of theft since a limited time. If he obtained this testimony on oath, confirmed by that of two others, he was admitted to the simple compurgation; swearing to his own innocence, together with a certain number of his neighbours, the value of whose oaths was estimated according to their station and wealth, and also, at least in civil suits, with reference to that of the property in question. If he failed to bring a sufficient weight of compurgation, he had no choice but to plunge his hand up to the wrist in boiling water, or to carry a red-hot iron nine paces. This was called the simple ordeal; but if the lord refused to certify to the previous conduct of the accused, he was driven to a triple compurgation, or to a triple ordeal, which consisted in plunging his arm up to the elbow, or bearing a triple weight of hot iron. Though the right of compurgation was taken away by the assizes of Clarendon under Henry II., (Mr Palgrave quotes a chapter which does not convey that meaning, but the first chapter seems to imply it), yet we find it in some local courts, and especially in the hundred of Winchelsea, down to the reign of Henry VI. It may be presumed, that in great laxity of moral sentiment as to the obligation of oaths, it was not difficult for a man, whose character would in the slightest degree warrant his friends in vouching for him, to escape the terrible alternative of a wet or dry ordeal; but it might be wished that the author had not even *seemed* to extenuate the absurdity of that superstition, and had spared some comparisons of ancient and modern procedure in criminal law, which really appear to us as unworthy of his good sense as they are invidious and severe.

Trial by battle, so frequently noticed in the continental codes of law, does not appear in that of the Anglo-Saxons. It has been ascribed, therefore, to William the Conqueror, in one of whose charters it first appears; but Mr Palgrave seems not to determine this question, and rather inclines to the opinion, that, notwithstanding the silence of extant documents, it may have subsisted before the Conquest. He has, however, previously shown, that trial by battle, as a mode of judicial procedure, was not known to the Scandinavian kingdoms; which, coupled with the want of all mention of it in any Anglo-Saxon law or charter, renders its Norman origin more probable to our judgment.

The Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence kept its ground with little alteration which can at present be shown, whatever silent inno-

vations may have crept in, till the reign of Henry II., whom Mr Palgrave has ventured to call 'the founder of the common law.' It is now that we find the trial by jury, towards which there had been some approximations from the time of the Conqueror, in constant use, though, according to the present writer, with a character wholly unlike that to which we have so long been accustomed. As his opinions on this subject appear rather novel, though we apprehend that he has been anticipated by Reeves, in his *History of the Common Law*, we shall extract his own words.

' Trial by jury, according to the old English law, was a proceeding essentially different from the modern tribunal, still bearing the ancient name, by which it has been replaced; and whatever merits belonged to the original mode of judicial investigation—and they were great and unquestionable, though accompanied by many imperfections—such benefits are not to be exactly identified with the advantages now resulting from the great bulwark of English liberty. Jurymen, in the present day, are triers of the issue; they are individuals who found their opinion upon the evidence, whether oral or written, adduced before them; and the verdict delivered by them, is their declaration of the judgment which they have formed. But the ancient jurymen were not empanelled to examine into the credibility of the evidence; the question was not discussed and argued before them; they, the jurymen, were the witnesses themselves; and the verdict was substantially the examination of those witnesses, who, of their own knowledge, and without the aid of other testimony, afforded their evidence respecting the facts in question, to the best of their belief. In its primitive form, a trial by jury was, therefore, only a trial by witnesses; and jurymen were distinguished from any other witnesses only by the customs, which imposed upon them the obligation of an oath, and regulated their number, and which prescribed their rank, and defined the territorial qualifications from whence they obtained their degree and influence in society.

' I find it necessary to introduce this description of the ancient "Trial by Jury;" because unless the real functions of the original jurymen be distinctly presented to the reader, his familiar knowledge of the existing course of jurisprudence will lead to the most erroneous conclusions. Many of those who have descanted upon the excellence of our venerated national franchise, seem to have supposed that it has descended to us unchanged from the time of Alfred; and the patriot who claims the jury as the "judgment of his peers," secured by Magna Charta, can never have suspected how distinctly the trial is resolved into a mere examination of witnesses. Thus, according to the law of Normandy, criminals were convicted or absolved by an inquest, composed of twenty-four good and lawful men of the country, summoned by the sergeant from the neighbourhood where the murder or theft had been committed. The officer is directed to select "those

"who are believed to be best informed of the truth of the matter, "and how it happened." None were to be adduced whose integrity or credibility might be reasonably distrusted, either by the accuser or the accused. Known friends, or declared enemies, and near relations of either party, were excluded from the inquest; and they were to be brought into court suddenly and without notice, so that they might not be bribed, intimidated, or corrupted. Before the culprit was put on his trial, a preliminary inquest was taken by four knights, who were questioned touching their belief of his guilt; and in their presence the bailiff afterwards interrupted the twenty-four jurors, not as composing one body, but privately and separately from each other. They were then assembled and confronted with the culprit, who could challenge any one for lawful cause; and if the challenge was allowed, the testimony of that juror was rejected. The judge then "record-ed," or declared the verdict, in which twenty, at least, were required to concur.—P. 243.

The same character of sworn witnesses is shown to belong to the juries of our Anglo-Norman era. They swore with uplifted hands—'Hear this, ye Justices! we will say the truth concerning those matters which ye shall ask on the king's behalf; and for no cause will we be hindered, that we shall not speak the truth.' It is unnecessary to observe, that the word verdict (*verè dictum*), though not absolutely improper in the modern sense, more naturally imports the truth of testimony. We may certainly find some difficulty in reconciling ourselves to the doctrine, that twelve, or a greater number of persons, could swear to their positive knowledge of the questions in litigation. But in the principal civil suits, wherein recourse was first had to jurors, the assizes of *mort d'ancestor*, and of *novel disseisin*, the facts were generally such as could be proved by notorious repute; that the demandant's ancestor, in the first of these suits, was seised of the lands—that the party himself was his acknowledged lineal heir—that the abator, or wrongful occupier, the tenant in the suit, had entered upon the lands; or, in the other species of assize, that the demandant had himself been recently disseised, and turned out of a possession which he had peaceably enjoyed. These were matters within the knowledge of the vicinage, and to which any persons summoned from thence might depose. As for any technical and constructive subtleties, touching the nature of disseisins and the rights of succession, they were probably the growth of later times, or, at all events, would be determined by the judge. It is more strange, that, in criminal processes, the jurors should be left with no other evidence of the charge than their own knowledge could furnish. But here we may observe, that the testimony of a few would be held sufficient to warrant the verdict of their fel-

lows; testimony not given in open court, but privately among themselves. It seems probable, that the Sheriff took care to place on the pannel those who had avowed themselves ready to substantiate the alleged charges; and as unanimity was not required at so early an era, this mixture of accusers and judges might seem less unfavourable to the prisoner. There is much reason to suppose, that his general reputation, or even less valid grounds of belief, swayed the verdicts of these sworn jurors in the want of regular evidence.

It would be a matter of very interesting enquiry, but which hardly comes within the limits of Mr Palgrave's present volumes, at what times, and by what steps, the legitimate proceeding, by *vivâ voce* evidence, was introduced into the English courts, so that juries became judges, not witnesses, of the facts in controversy.* Written examinations may probably have sometimes been read to them; a practice which did not wholly cease till about the time of the Restoration. Confessions by the prisoner were obtained, if possible, no matter by what means. But we shall hesitate to believe, unless on something more than negative proof, that oral evidence was never adduced even in the Anglo-Norman tribunals. It seems impossible but that occasions must have arisen, when the consciences of the sworn inquest required to be enlightened; and if persons could be found capable of deposing to a material fact, who by any accident had not been summoned as jurors, no reason could be found for refusing to hear them before agreeing upon a verdict. All was irregular in the earlier stage of jurisprudence, till custom became established by tradition, and by the writings of learned sages of the law. But no part of our law has been settled so lately, or so little noticed in ancient text-books, as that of *vivâ voce* evidence; which can hardly be said to have acquired any thing of a systematic character till the reign of Charles II.

In personal actions the jury was less frequently employed than in criminal processes, or suits relating to land. The plaintiff asserted his right before the justices, and the defendant was admitted to wage his law, or swear that he was not liable to pay, with the addition of certain compurgators, who swore to their belief in his oath. Even real actions in the manorial

* In the age of Fortescue, the mode of proceeding was just what it is at present. *De Laudibus legum*, c. 25. And several passages in Sir Edward Coke's 1st and 2d Institute, seem to carry this up a good deal higher; but we have not consulted the Year-books.

courts, seem to have been tried by wager of law; and this was preserved in such incidental traverses as might arise in the king's court, such as the denial of the summons by the tenant, which were determined by the help of compurgators. It does not appear at what time juries began to be employed in pleas of debt, or other personal actions; but we may presume that it was not till they had become accustomed to hear parole testimony.

Notwithstanding the federal spirit of the Teutonic polity, a central controlling power was always recognised in the crown. 'Originally uniting the characters of king, priest, and warrior, the rulers of the Anglo-Saxons seem, from the earliest period of their authentic history, to have possessed a transcendent jurisdiction, which extended to all those cases where the ordinary courts were inefficient, or the local authorities destitute of energy and vigour.' Without adverting to the very obscure prerogatives of the Bretwalda, or primate of the princes of the heptarchy, the Anglo-Saxon sovereign in later time, besides his jurisdiction of a feudal kind over his own Thanes, was supreme, according to our author, in his exercise of martial law. 'Offences committed in the Fyrd, or army, were punished by the king in his capacity of military commander of the people. He could condemn the criminal, and decree the forfeiture of his property, without the intervention of any other judge or tribunal.' P. 282. Whatever may be thought of this proposition, Mr Palgrave has certainly not proved it by the passage in the anonymous history of Ely, to which he refers at the bottom of the page; for we can find there only the following words: 'Eodem tempore Oslacus forte fuit accusatus apud regem Ædgarum, jussitque rex ut desaisitus de totâ terrâ suâ fuisset, et ut privaretur omnibus quæ habebat.' 3 Gale, 476. Not a word in the context indicates that Oslac's offence was of a military nature; and Mr Palgrave seems to have assumed this on conjecture, because it is hard to imagine that the king could have exerted so despotic a power, as despoiling him of his property without trial on a civil charge. But when we remark the dry conciseness of this monkish performance,—far more a register of acquisitions made by the Monastery of Ely than a chronicle of England,—it seems very reasonable to suppose, that Oslac, whose story is merely introduced to account for an alienation made by him to the church, had been accused and convicted of some heinous crime, probably treason, in the King's Court, and that the sentence of Edgar was merely judicial, and not arbitrary.

The suitor could have no recourse, in civil actions, to the King's Court, except for denial of justice. This appears to be

consonant to the feudal principles of jurisprudence, as they were established in France down to the age of St Louis. 'Let 'no man,' says a statute of Edgar, 'apply to the king for any 'complaint, unless he is not treated as law-worthy' [cannot obtain right] 'at home. But if the law is too heavy, let him 'seek mitigation of the king.' The demand of right was to be made thrice in the Hundred Court. And the 'writ of right 'close,' after the new Norman system came to prevail, was founded on a supposed default in the Lord's Court. We may even trace, in our author's opinion, the equitable jurisdiction once exercised by the King's Council, and since by the Court of Chancery, to this ancient prerogative of alleviating the severity of the law. But it may perhaps be doubted, whether the royal privilege of mitigation, in the Anglo-Saxon period, was not rather confined to pecuniary fines, and compositions for offences.

The king was supreme conservator of the peace; and crimes committed upon his highway,—which, though it originally meant only the four great Roman roads which traverse England, was extended to all ways between one town and another,—fell under his immediate cognizance. Breaches of the peace within the verge of his own residence, were deemed more aggravated, and more severely punished, as has ever since been declared by the law. 'Three miles, three furlongs, and three acre-breadths, nine feet, 'nine palms, and three barley-corns, constituted the mystical 'radius of the verge, which was reckoned from the town or 'mansion where the king held his court; and within this ambit 'the protection afforded by royalty was to remain unviolated.' Beyond this basis of tranquillity, the cattle-stealer and the burglar, the prowling outlaw of the forest, the *lordless* man, no friend to the world and the world's law, from whose shackles he had fled, might practise 'the simple plan' of getting and keeping what he could with more hope of impunity, and sometimes with less punishment on detection; while, if private warfare was not so legitimate as in countries more completely feudal, there seems no reason to doubt, that the resentment of powerful thanes, or the vengeance of injured families, kept alive the fierce spirit of retaliation at the expense of pillage and bloodshed. But some time after the Conquest, a general proclamation of the king's peace, made at his accession, put all disturbers of it under the ban of the law; and from this time, at least, we conceive, notwithstanding an ambiguous passage in Glanvil, that the pugnacious temper of the times could never have been displayed, except against the king's enemies, without a liability to the penalties of his laws. These, as is well known, were far better

observed under the stern dominion of the conqueror than before. Three general *Placita* were held by him annually, at Winchester, Westminster, and Gloucester,—most probably for the dispensation of justice, among other things,—though it is difficult to decide positively in such a scarcity of definite information. But we shall not follow the king's court through the Anglo-Norman period, referring the reader to the copious and interesting observations of Mr Palgrave on the origin of parliaments.

Nine chapters having been dedicated to the judicial system of the Anglo-Saxons, interspersed with a few digressions, we find ourselves embarked in broader waters, and carried onward by the adventurous spirit of this author, through regions where we do not always keep sight of the coast, nor perceive clearly the bearings of our course to 'the rise and progress of the English 'commonwealth.' A theory appears now to have taken possession of the author's mind, which, in great part of the volume, it is his main object to establish;—that the kingdoms formed by the barbaric nations out of the Roman empire, were connected with it not only by adoption of many institutions, but by an acknowledged derivation of authority. In this hypothesis he has been, to a certain extent, preceded by Du Bos, whose 'History of the Establishment of the French Monarchy in Gaul,' he justly vindicates against the acrimonious censures of Montesquieu; and he is inclined to press Savigny and Allen into the service. But neither of these judicious writers, as indeed Mr Palgrave admits, has dreamed of going the length of resting the legitimacy of any Teutonic sovereign's title on the basis of a delegation from the empire; nor does Du Bos perhaps assert this, even with respect to France (and he is silent as to other nations), in so unlimited a manner as it is laid down in this work. The greater part, however, of several chapters,—the tenth, eleventh, and seventeenth,—relates less to Anglo-Saxon times, than to the state of the Roman empire, and of the new kingdoms, down to Charlemagne and his successors, which arose out of its ruins. In these we are led on by brilliant coruscations, through which we snatch uncertain glimpses, and sometimes are forced to own, that the torch in the hands of a Guizot has diffused a steadier light through the Cimmerian gloom of those ages. But, though we think Mr Palgrave's conjectures not always well founded, and his learning, extensive as it is, not quite so exhaustive of the subject as when he has to deal with the legal antiquities of England (nor indeed was this humanly possible), we would do justice to his acute discrimination of several very important points in the constitutional history of Europe.

The municipal government, by an order of decurions or curiales,—an aristocracy of office, but hereditary, as established by the Roman emperors, and preserved, in a considerable degree, after the barbaric conquests,—is now sufficiently known by the writings of Savigny and Guizot, whom Sismondi has followed in his late *History of France*. Mr Palgrave finds slight, but perhaps sufficient, traces of this in Britain. From these Roman institutions the antiquaries of the imperial school, if we may use the term, derive our corporations, companies, and civic magistracy. The territorial policy of the middle ages, commonly called the feudal system, they by no means attribute, as has been the prevalent theory, to general enactments of conquerors, or even to the encroachments of powerful lords on the smaller proprietors, though in course of time the latter cause may have had some operation, but deduce the tenure of beneficiary lands on condition of military service from the grants made by Alexander Severus and his successors to the milites limitanei, bound to protect the frontier, and garrison the strongholds, called castella, or burgi; but still more from those afterwards bestowed on the Læti, or barbarian settlers, permitted to occupy and defend large deserted tracts in the provinces. The word Lætus is probably derived from Leod, and equivalent to the Leudes, the people or lieges, so frequently mentioned in the Frankish period. ‘Cum quidam,’ says Gothofred (ad Cod. Theod. L. vii. tit. 20, p. 12), ‘è gentibus Barbaris sponte Romanum in solum transibant, terræ iis eorumque progeniei desertæ excolendæ dabantur; et ut illi coloni Læti, sic terræ quas colerent Lætici dicebantur. Et eâ tamen conditione terras illas excolendas Læti consequerentur, ut delectibus quoque obnoxii essent, et legionibus insererentur.’ Notwithstanding this authority, which is founded upon undeniable ancient testimonies, Eumenius, the contemporary author of a panegyric on Constantine, in a passage quoted by Mr Palgrave, seems to speak of the Lætus as a provincial colonist, restored by Maximian to the lands from which he had been driven; at least we can understand no otherwise his words: ‘Nerviorum ac Trevirorum arva jacentia Lætus postliminio restitutus, et receptus in leges Francus excoluit.’* And Mr Palgrave admits, that Zosimus erroneously calls the

* The superficial, though ingenious Du Bos, is unfortunate enough to take Lætus in this passage for the common Latin adjective, and makes such a desperate plunge, as may be imagined in translating it on this supposition. *Hist. de la Monarchie Française*, t. i. p. 144.

Læti a Gaulish tribe, Λεῖτες, ἔθνος Γαλατικόν. Do we mean to doubt that the Læti were barbarian settlers? Far from it; but we think the passage shows the ignorance of Eumenius; and we notice it, because Mr Palgrave is sometimes, in our opinion, too prone to rely on these declamatory writers of the Lower empire. Thus, he tells us, p. 371, of Galerius, the Illyrian neatherd, 'that so strongly was he attached to the nation whence he depended, that it was his desire to have obliterated the name of Rome, and to have converted his dominions into a Dacian empire.' For this positive assertion we have only a few words from the rhetorical treatise of Lactantius (if indeed it be his), *De Mortibus Persecutorum*. The habitual spirit of exaggeration which belongs to such writers, ought to prevent any historian from relying enough on their authority to state any thing from their testimony, except with qualifying expressions of doubt. In truth, it is only from the want of good writers that bad ones are regarded at all; but, though we must sometimes catch at straws in pursuing antiquarian enquiries, there is no more common error than to mistake them for pillars. Gibbon is, on the whole, a model of historical discretion in weighing the value of his authorities; though this has served to diffuse that indefiniteness of statement and sceptical balancing of probabilities over his pages, of which the reader, anxious to believe that he knows something, is often apt to complain.

It is generally admitted, though on the single authority of Gregory of Tours, and in spite of the silence of the *Fasti Consulares*, that the Emperor of Constantinople, Anastasius, in 510, conferred the dignity of Roman consul upon Clovis, who at that time had ruled France by right of conquest more than twenty years. He appeared on that occasion, the historian tells us, in the church of St Martin at Tours, with the purple robe, and with a crown on his head; and from thenceforth was called Consul and Augustus. Du Bos has endeavoured to deduce from this circumstance, and from the subsequent renunciation of the rights of the Eastern empire over Provence (not the whole of France, as may easily be shown), by Justinian to the children of Clovis, the surprising paradox, that the victorious offspring of Meroveus derived their right to govern even their own people within the limits of Gaul from those Roman Emperors whom they had subdued, and whom they knew to be incapable of disturbing their possession; and this, not only according to a jurist's theory of legitimacy, but in their own opinion, and in that of their barbarian followers. Mr Palgrave has extended this hypothesis to the other states formed by the northern nations within the em-

pire. 'Such was the force of opinion, that a barbarian ruling on Roman ground—an Odoacer, a Leuvigild, an Edwin, a Theodoric—had no other means of legitimating his authority. The diadem, or the Tufa, was his warrant for executing lawful obedience.' P. 552.

It is difficult to comprehend what is here meant by the force of opinion, or by legitimate obedience; and the four kings of four different nations, mentioned by way of instances, stood in circumstances widely remote from each other. That Odoacer, at the head of no very numerous host of barbarians, might so far respect the usages of his Italian subjects, as to nominate consuls; that Theodoric might display respect towards the Byzantine court, and even suffer the head of the Emperor to appear on the coin struck in his own mint, is perfectly consistent with the precarious usurpation of the one, and the moderate temper of the other. But even they never conceived that their authority over the Heruli or the Ostrogoths stood in need of any confirmation from a foreign sovereign. The mere circumstance of being settled on Italian ground could not alter their relation to the barbarians, who, as Mr Palgrave has elsewhere well shown, always considered their king as chief of the tribe, but not as lord of the soil. Leuvigild, ruling the Visigoths of Spain by hereditary right, or free election, as we may please to suppose, could still less have thought his title dependant on a *firmā* from Constantinople, which indeed he never received, nor upon the exterior attributes of imperial power, a diadem or a sceptre. And least of all, can we believe this of an Anglo-Saxon king, literally without a single subject who had ever owned allegiance to the Roman name; in a country where two centuries had elapsed since the last of the eagles, more like a coward kite than the bird of conquest, had winged its flight to the south. A few phrases in the chroniclers, or other writers of the time, all of them, it is to be observed, being ecclesiastics, many of Roman or provincial extraction,—even were such phrases far more explicit than any which Mr Palgrave has brought forward,—ought not, as it seems to us, to weigh against the general tenor of history, and the probabilities founded on the analogy of human nature. If we could learn, that in our own time the Russian soldier regards with awe the majestic shadows of Amurath and Bajazet, —if the servants of the Honourable Company had ever troubled themselves about the legitimacy of its title to India, or rested their obedience on the Mogul's grant of the Dewannee,—we might look with less distrust on the supposition, that a Goth or Burgundian cared at all for the Emperor of Constantinople, or for

the traditional glories of Rome. If indeed he knew any thing of the matter, he could not reason more justly, than, as he doubtless would reason, that his own title, being that of the better sword, was exactly the same as what had legitimated the dominion of the Republic and the Empire; and it required the effrontery of a Roman ecclesiastic, or Byzantine courtier, to set up any claim to right in the common enemies of mankind against those who were braver and better than themselves.

We do not, however, pretend, that the provincial subjects of the empire did not retain a strong disinclination to the barbaric yoke; and that some of their more politic conquerors did not attempt to conciliate their dispositions by accommodation to the institutions of the empire, and even by a show of deference to its chief. The instance of Theodoric, to which we have alluded, is the most remarkable. With respect to Clovis, we have little doubt that he also was influenced by the prudent and liberal desire of being acknowledged, with voluntary obedience, by the numerous part of the inhabitants of France. It is probable, too, that his knowledge of their political pliancy to despotic authority might incline him to adopt, as far as possible, some of their usages; and to assimilate, in some degree, the two very different titles of king of the Salian Franks, and Roman consul, under the diploma of Anastasius. In this policy, and in his consequent behaviour, he strongly resembles two still more conspicuous rulers of men, one long before his time, one long after, Alexander and Napoleon. The adoption of the Persian dress, and the affectation of Oriental ceremonies by the former, were not mere indications of a generous desire to elevate the subdued nations, and reign as a sovereign rather than a conqueror; but sprung also from that ambitious policy, and that overweening pride, which could not brook the free censures and controlling firmness of the Macedonian veterans. Their indignation at the Asiatic manners assumed by Alexander is well pourtrayed by Arrian. And it is well known, that the tendency so strongly manifested by Napoleon to invest himself with the forms of the ancient monarchy, and especially his coronation by the Pope at Notre-Dame, wounded the prejudices, though it did not shake the fidelity, of those stern republican battalions who had conquered in a very different cause. The situation of Clovis in regard to the two great divisions of his subjects, was not very dissimilar. For though of the same nation, yet in spirit and principle it may be said, that 'Royalist and Catholic France,' in 1804, was almost as much separated from the soldiers of the Revolution, as the provincials of Gaul were, in the fifth century,

from the followers of the sons of Pharamond. The same enlarged and wise, but ambitious policy, may be fairly presumed to have actuated the two rulers of France in consolidating their recent acquisition; while both were equally repaid by the apparent readiness with which their title was recognised; and especially by the adulation of the church, and the successful encouragement of those principles of absolute monarchy, which were wholly uncongenial to their free-spirited armies. The companions of the soldier who snatched the vase of Soissons from Clovis were still living, when he paced the church of St Martin in his diadem and imperial purple. They must have looked on with sullen indignation; but we may ask in vain for any record of their sentiments in the pages of Gregory of Tours, or other ecclesiastic of Roman origin. These writers, imperfect and ill-informed perhaps at the best, hardly deign to notice the manners, the opinions, or even the established polity of the barbarians. It is generally better to rely on those presumptions which the analogy of human nature affords, than on the *negative* evidence of their silence. But no supposition that can be made with respect to the influence of the Eastern empire on the kingdom of Clovis and his successors, will authorize us to believe, that the Anglo-Saxon princes of the Heptarchy, the sturdy Bretwaldas, sons of Odin, acknowledged any derivation of their right from a Greek emperor at the other extremity of Europe; who could by no possibility molest their possession, and with whom they had no relations of any kind.

In the twelfth and four ensuing chapters, the author treats of the warfare protracted for some centuries between the invaders of this island and its ancient inhabitants, the Britons and Scots. They contain a great deal of new and curious matter; and, if the reader is surprised at finding so little of the domestic Anglo-Saxon history, he has some compensation in a very elaborate chronological summary, which occupies above one hundred pages in the second volume, or that entitled *Proofs and Illustrations*. In this summary, which seems to be constructed on the model of Lord Hailes's *Annals of Scotland*, he has had the assistance of a gentleman well known for his accurate erudition, Mr Allen, 'whose zeal in the cause of historical investigation induced him to undertake the very tedious labour of examining and verifying the summaries of Anglo-Saxon history.'

The seventeenth chapter brings us back to the continental history under the Carlovingian empire. The same spirit of identifying the new European states with the Roman, or what he prefers to call 'the Fourth Monarchy,' appears again, and some-

times leads to what we think exaggerated and inexact phrases. 'Formed out of the fourth great monarchy, the states which had replaced the Roman empire still regarded each other as members of the same community;'—a proposition which evidently implies that their mutual sympathies did not arise from identity of Teutonic race, from resemblance of language, from intermarriage of royal families, or such causes, but from that *privity of estate* which the author fancies between imperial Rome and its northern conquerors. We agree with Mr Palgrave, in his criticism on a passage in Sismondi, who speaks of Charlemagne as the successor of Augustulus in the Western empire. Though the expression is usual in modern writers, Charlemagne was never termed, we believe, Western emperor, but emperor of the Romans. It is by no means, however, so clear, that he was deemed a 'joint-tenant, or rival co-regent,' with the Byzantine emperor; or that the usurpation of Irene gave a pretext for throwing off the yoke of Constantinople. In the opinion of Muratori, it is very difficult to ascertain whether Rome acknowledged the superiority of that empire during the half century which elapsed between the conquest of the exarchate of Ravenna by Pepin, and the coronation of Charlemagne. For all practical purposes of government, the city was independent from the year 755; so that Charlemagne was rather the successor of Constantine Copronymus, the last of the Greeks who was obeyed at Rome, than, as Mr Palgrave asserts, of Constantine V. who died in 796. 'After his elevation there was but one empire, though held by 'joint-tenants as before.' P. 492. This is a bold enunciation of the author's theory; but it seems to us not more novel than untrue.*

We could object to some other positions with respect to Charlemagne, and especially to what is intimated of his influence, or even authority, over England. The restoration of Eardulf, king of Northumbria, was effected by his mediation, jointly with that of the Pope; and even the Annals of Metz, written on the emperor's dominions, do not hint at any compulsory interference. Offa doubtless was the friend of Charlemagne, and Egbert was trained at his court; whence it is conjectured,

* In p. 490 we read, 'Byzantium was defended, not by her lofty ramparts, but by the memory of Constantine.' Against whom? Not certainly the Crusaders of 1204. Such language sounds to us more like the declamation of a schoolboy, sacrificing truth to a bold figure, than the deliberate judgment of a philosophical historian.

that 'we may still, perhaps, discover that the important points of 'similarity to the Carlovingian institutions, discernible in the 'Anglo-Saxon empire, resulted from the instruction which the 'royal exile had obtained.' It is more natural to believe that, so far as such a similarity existed, it was the result of similar circumstances; but it would first be required to prove in what degree institutions, which can be shown to be originally those of Charlemagne, were adopted in this country. Notwithstanding our hesitation to fall into this hypothesis of the supremacy of the Roman empire in the middle ages, we consider the seventeenth chapter of Mr Palgrave's work as a brilliant sketch of the feudal system on the continent, and of the early political constitution of the French monarchy.

The remaining portion of this interesting volume relates to the prerogatives of the Anglo-Saxon sovereigns, the feudality of tenures, the constitution and powers of the Wittenagemote, and a variety of miscellaneous subjects. One chapter is dedicated to the revival of an ancient controversy, the feudal dependance of Scotland, or at least of Lothian (for Mr P. hesitates as to the entire kingdom), on the English crown, both before and after the Norman conquest. The author's glove is in the lists, and we presume knights of the north will not be wanting to take it up. We have neither leisure nor inclination for the present to fight the battle.

The second volume, entitled *Proofs and Illustrations*, might almost as well have been denominated *Supplementary Thoughts* of the Author; some of which seem to have sprung up while the earlier sheets were passing through the press. The references to it in the first volume are too indefinite, and the arrangement is immethodical; there is, however, an excellent table of contents to both volumes, but no index. We have perhaps sometimes failed in giving an adequate representation of Mr Palgrave's theories, which are to be collected from different portions of the work; and in the preceding pages, we may, in a very few instances, have intermingled, without notice, propositions of our own, though always, according to our intention, for the purpose of confirming the positions of the author. Upon the whole, we consider this as, beyond all competition, the most luminous work that has ever been produced on the early institutions of England; and though Mr Turner's valuable history must always be a standard book of reference, it is to Mr Palgrave that recourse will be had by the curious antiquary, the enquirer into the origin of English jurisprudence, and by him who loves to trace, in the calm mirror of history, the restless waves of human action.

The *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth* is very far from being an elementary work; nor can it be recommended to the perusal of those who are not tolerably conversant with the familiar parts of Anglo-Saxon history. This knowledge Mr Palgrave has himself afforded to those who may have need of it in the second work, the title of which we have prefixed to this article, published last year by Mr Murray in the *Family Library*. It is written with much liveliness of style, and in a popular manner, though abounding with knowledge of the subject, as might well be expected from the author. Its chief fault is an occasional excess of the 'Family' style, into which Mr Palgrave seems to have been misled by imitation of the *Stories of a Grandfather*, and which is hardly in keeping with the more erudite disquisitions that are interspersed through his pages. A proneness to credulity may perhaps have been deemed not unbecoming a history partly addressed to children: it certainly displays itself now and then at the expense of the author's critical reputation. Thus he concludes the volume with relating, in such a manner as to sway the youthful reader's belief, a strangely romantic story, that forty years after the battle of Hastings, 'a decrepit anchorite,' in the Abbey of St John at Chester, declared to the attendant monks with his dying breath, that he was Harold. The want of attestation and of internal likelihood in such a legend (for what could have prevented him from heading the frequent insurrections of the English?) are not the only objections to its truth. For it will probably occur to the reader, that the same story has been told of Roderic, King of Spain, three centuries before, and has been immortalized in the beautiful poem of Southey. We believe, too, that similar legends will be found in the history of other countries. Mr Palgrave might also have remembered, that this romance not only contradicts the engraving he has given us, where Harold is represented with an arrow as fairly driven through the centre of his *os frontis*, as the Conqueror could desire; but a still more beautiful and better attested story, which he has also told, that the fair mistress of Harold, 'Editha with the swan-like neck,' had sought out from the heaps of slain the mangled corse of the last Anglo-Saxon sovereign.

If our limits had permitted, we would gladly have extracted from the preface to this History, a remarkable description of the court of Edward the Confessor, to which the author with much spirit and ingenuity has given a sort of dramatic form, that relieves the dryness commonly belonging to such subjects. But we must content ourselves with a very short passage, which

will show that, if Mr Palgrave is sometimes hasty in his judgments on modern times, and throws out a little sneer at the 'theory of population,' without quite understanding it, he is capable of extensive and profound reflections, where most are contented with the commonplaces of the day.

'It is not unusual for us to overlook the imbecility of human wisdom, and to extol the printing press as defying time. We sometimes consider* that the art of printing not only secures the ever-enduring possession of our present stock of worldly learning, but that we have the certain power of adding to that store to an unlimited extent. This is a fallacious assumption, grounded upon error. Mankind can only "darken counsel by words without knowledge;" and the proud empire of intellect and science may be as easily destroyed as those temporal dominions which were scattered to the winds of heaven.

'Let it be granted, that no one conflagration could destroy the myriads of volumes which have become the records of the human mind; yet it does not necessarily follow that the inhabitants of Britain, a thousand, or even a hundred years hence, will be able to profit by the lore of their ancestors. Men may be in possession of tools, and at the same time be utterly unable to use them. The cultivation of the vastly diversified field of human acquirement depends wholly on the supply of labourers, and the capability which they have of reaping the harvest. Learning and science are wholly sustained by our artificial and perishable state of society. If, in consequence of a total subversion of our laws and institutions, property should be so divided, that, instead of that gradation of ranks which is now established, there should be only a working class, degraded by poverty, debased by infidelity, without wealth to reward learning, or leisure to enjoy enquiry, all the attainments upon which we pride ourselves may ultimately disappear. Those who are now stimulated to study by the hopes of worldly advancement, would fall off; and that class by whom learning is pursued only for its own sake, would cease to exist. With the decline of public prosperity, with the destruction of private capital, all the arts which are directly or indirectly connected with commerce and manufactures, would decay. The abstract sciences would be neglected or forgotten. And though some branches might be pursued by a solitary sage, still they would be as null, to a world in which he would find none able and willing to profit by his knowledge.'—P. 157.

* This modern vulgarism, *consider for believe*, should have been avoided.

ART. II.—1. *Corn-Law Rhymes*. Third Edition. 8vo. London: 1831.

2. *Love*; a Poem. By the Author of *Corn-Law Rhymes*. Third Edition. 8vo. London: 1831.

3. *The Village Patriarch*; a Poem. By the Author of *Corn-Law Rhymes*. 12mo. London: 1831.

SMELFUNGUS REDIVIVUS, throwing down his critical assaying-balance, some years ago, and taking leave of the Belles-Lettres function, expressed himself in this abrupt way: ‘The end having come, it is fit that we end. Poetry having ceased to be read, or published, or written, how can it continue to be reviewed? With your Lake Schools, and Border-Thief Schools, and Cockney and Satanic Schools, there has been enough to do; and now, all these Schools having burnt or smouldered themselves out, and left nothing but a wide-spread wreck of ashes, dust, and cinders,—or perhaps dying embers, kicked to and fro under the feet of innumerable women and children in the Magazines, and at best blown here and there into transient sputters, with vapour enough, so as to form what you might name a boundless Green-sick, or New-Sentimental, or Sleep-Awake School,—what remains but to adjust ourselves to circumstances? Urge me not,’ continues the able Editor, suddenly changing his figure, ‘with considerations that Poetry, as the inward voice of Life, must be perennial, only dead in one form to become alive in another; that this still abundant deluge of Metre, seeing there must needs be fractions of Poetry floating scattered in it, ought still to be net-fished, at all events, surveyed and taken note of: the survey of English Metre, at this epoch, perhaps transcends the human faculties; to hire out the reading of it, by estimate, at a remunerative rate per page, would, in few Quarters, reduce the cash-box of any extant Review to the verge of insolvency.’

What our distinguished contemporary has said remains said. Far be it from us to censure or counsel any able Editor; to draw aside the Editorial veil, and, officiously prying into his interior mysteries, impugn the laws he walks by! For Editors, as for others, there are times of perplexity, wherein the cunning of the wisest will scantily suffice his own wants, say nothing of his neighbour’s.

To us, on our side, meanwhile, it remains clear that Poetry, or were it but Metre, should nowise be altogether neglected. Surely it is the Reviewer’s trade to sit watching, not only the

tillage, crop-rotation, marketings, and good or evil husbandry of the Economic Earth, but also the weather-symptoms of the Literary Heaven, on which those former so much depend : if any promising or threatening meteoric phenomenon make its appearance, and he proclaim not tidings thereof, it is at his peril. Farther, be it considered how, in this singular poetic epoch, a small matter constitutes a novelty. If the whole welkin hang overcast in drizzly dinginess, the feeblest light-gleam, or speck of blue, cannot pass unheeded.

The Works of this Corn-Law Rhymer we might liken rather to some little fraction of a rainbow : hues of joy and harmony, painted out of troublous tears. No round full bow, indeed ; gloriously spanning the Heavens ; shone on by the full sun ; and, with seven-striped, gold-crimson border (as is in some sort the office of Poetry) dividing Black from Brilliant : not such ; alas, still far from it ! Yet, in very truth, a little prismatic blush, glowing genuine among the wet clouds ; which proceeds, if you will, from a sun cloud-hidden, yet indicates that a sun does shine, and above those vapours, a whole azure vault and celestial firmament stretch serene.

Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that here we have once more got sight of a Book calling itself Poetry, yet which actually is a kind of Book, and no empty pasteboard Case, and simulacrum or 'ghost-defunct' of a Book, such as is too often palmed on the world, and handed over Booksellers' counters, with a demand of real money for it, as if it too were a reality. The speaker here is of that singular class, who have something to say ; whereby, though delivering himself in verse, and in these days, he does not deliver himself wholly in jargon, but articulately, and with a certain degree of meaning, that has been *believed*, and therefore is again believable.

To some the wonder and interest will be heightened by another circumstance : that the speaker in question is not school-learned, or even furnished with pecuniary capital ; is, indeed, a quite unmonied, russet-coated speaker ; nothing or little other than a Sheffield worker in brass and iron, who describes himself as 'one of the lower, little removed above the lowest class.' Be of what class he may, the man is provided, as we can perceive, with a rational god-created soul ; which too has fashioned itself into some clearness, some self-subsistence, and can actually see and know with its own organs ; and in rugged substantial English, nay, with tones of poetic melody, utter forth what it has seen.

It used to be said that lions do not paint, that poor men do not write ; but the case is altering now. Here is a voice coming

from the deep Cyclopean forges, where Labour, in real soot and sweat, beats with his thousand hammers 'the red son of the furnace;' doing personal battle with Necessity, and her dark brute Powers, to make them reasonable and serviceable; an intelligible voice from the hitherto Mute and Irrational, to tell us at first hand how it is with him, what in very deed is the theorem of the world and of himself, which he, in those dim depths of his, in that wearied head of his, has put together. To which voice, in several respects significant enough, let good ear be given.

Here too be it premised, that nowise under the category of 'Uneducated Poets,' or in any fashion of dilettante patronage, can our Sheffield friend be produced. His position is unsuitable for that; so is ours. Genius, which the French lady declared to be of no sex, is much more certainly of no rank; neither when 'the spark of Nature's fire' has been imparted, should Education take high airs in her artificial light,—which is too often but phosphorescence and putrescence. In fact, it now begins to be suspected here and there, that this same aristocratic recognition, which looks down with an obliging smile from its throne, of bound Volumes and gold Ingots, and admits that it is wonderfully well for one of the uneducated classes, may be getting out of place. There are unhappy times in the world's history, when he that is the least educated will chiefly have to say that he is the least perverted; and with the multitude of false eyeglasses, convex, concave, green, even yellow, has not lost the natural use of his eyes. For a generation that reads Cobbett's Prose, and Burns's Poetry, it need be no miracle that here also is a man who can handle both pen and hammer like a man.

Nevertheless, this serene-highness attitude and temper is so frequent, perhaps it were good to turn the tables for a moment, and see what look it has under that reverse aspect. How were it if we surmised, that for a man gifted with natural vigour, with a man's character to be developed in him, more especially if in the way of Literature, as Thinker and Writer, it is actually, in these strange days, no special misfortune to be trained up among the Uneducated classes, and not among the Educated; but rather of two misfortunes the smaller?

For all men doubtless obstructions abound; spiritual growth must be hampered and stunted, and has to struggle through with difficulty, if it do not wholly stop. We may grant too that, for a mediocre character, the continual training and tutoring, from language-masters, dancing-masters, posture-masters of all sorts, hired and volunteer, which a high rank in any time and

country assures, there will be produced a certain superiority, or at worst, air of superiority, over the corresponding mediocre character of low rank: thus we perceive, the vulgar Do-nothing, as contrasted with the vulgar Drudge, is in general a much prettier man; with a wider perhaps clearer outlook into the distance; in innumerable superficial matters, however it may be when we go deeper, he has a manifest advantage. But with the man of uncommon character, again, in whom a germ of irrepressible Force has been implanted, and *will* unfold itself into some sort of freedom,—altogether the reverse may hold. For such germs, too, there is, undoubtedly enough, a proper soil where they will grow best, and an improper one where they will grow worst. True also, where there is a will, there is a way; where a genius has been given, a possibility, a certainty of its growing is also given. Yet often it seems as if the injudicious gardening and manuring were worse than none at all; and killed what the inclemencies of blind chance would have spared. We find accordingly that few Fredericks or Napoleons, indeed none since the Great Alexander, who unfortunately drank himself to death too soon for proving what lay in him, were nursed up with an eye to their vocation; mostly with an eye quite the other way, in the midst of isolation and pain, destitution and contradiction. Nay, in our own times, have we not seen two men of genius, a Byron and a Burns: they both, by mandate of Nature, struggle and must struggle towards clear Manhood, stormfully enough, for the space of six-and-thirty years; yet only the gifted Ploughman can partially prevail therein; the gifted Peer must toil, and strive, and shoot out in wild efforts, yet die at last in Boyhood, with the promise of his Manhood still but announcing itself in the distance. Truly, as was once written, ‘it is only ‘the artichoke that will not grow except in gardens: the acorn ‘is cast carelessly abroad into the wilderness, yet on the wild ‘soil it nourishes itself, and rises to be an oak.’ All woodmen, moreover, will tell you that fat manure is the ruin of your oak; likewise that the thinner and wilder your soil, the tougher, more iron-textured is your timber,—though, unhappily, also the smaller. So too with the spirits of men: they become pure from their errors by suffering for them; he who has battled, were it only with Poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger, more expert, than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the Provision-waggons, or even not unwatchfully ‘abiding by the stuff.’ In which sense, an observer, not without experience of our time, has said: ‘Had I a man of clearly developed character (clear, sincere within its limits), of insight, ‘courage, and real applicable force of head and of heart, to

‘ search for ; and not a man of luxuriously distorted character,
‘ with haughtiness for courage, and for insight and applicable
‘ force, speculation and plausible show of force,—it were rather
‘ among the lower than among the higher classes that I should
‘ look for him.’

A hard saying, indeed, seems this same : that he, whose other wants were all beforehand supplied ; to whose capabilities no problem was presented except even this, How to cultivate them to best advantage, should attain less real culture than he whose first grand problem and obligation was nowise spiritual culture, but hard labour for his daily bread ! Sad enough must the perversion be, where preparations of such magnitude issue in abortion ; and a so sumptuous Art with all its appliances can accomplish nothing, not so much as necessitous Nature would of herself have supplied ! Nevertheless, so pregnant is Life with evil as with good ; to such height in an age rich, plethorically overgrown with means, can means be accumulated in the wrong place, and immeasurably aggravate wrong tendencies, instead of righting them, this sad and strange result may actually turn out to have been realized.

But what, after all, is meant by *uneducated*, in a time when Books have come into the world ; come to be household furniture in every habitation of the civilized world ? In the poorest cottage are Books ; is one Book, wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light, and nourishment, and an interpreting response to whatever is Deepest in him ; wherein still, to this day, for the eye that will look well, the Mystery of Existence reflects itself, if not resolved, yet revealed, and prophetically emblemed ; if not to the satisfying of the outward sense, yet to the opening of the inward sense, which is the far grander result. ‘ In Books lie the creative Phœnix-ashes of ‘ the whole Past.’ All that men have devised, discovered, done, felt or imagined, lies recorded in Books ; wherein whoso has learned the mystery of spelling printed letters, may find it, and appropriate it.

Nay, what indeed is all this ? As if it were by universities and libraries and lecture-rooms, that man’s Education, what we can call Education, were accomplished ; solely, or mainly, by instilling the dead letter and record of other men’s Force, that the living Force of a new man were to be awakened, enkindled, and purified into victorious clearness ! Foolish Pedant, that sittest there compassionately descanting on the Learning of Shakespeare ! Shakespeare had penetrated into innumerable things ; far into Nature with her divine Splendours and infernal Terrors, her Ariel Melodies, and mystic mandragora Moans ; far into

man's workings with Nature, into man's Art and Artifice: Shakspeare knew (*henned*, which in those days still partially meant *can-ned*) innumerable things; what men are, and what the world is, and how and what men aim at there, from the Dame Quickly of modern Eastcheap to the Cæsar of ancient Rome, over many countries, over many centuries: of all this he had the clearest understanding and constructive comprehension; all this was his Learning and Insight; what now is thine? Insight into none of those things; perhaps, strictly considered, into no thing whatever; solely into thy own sheepskin diplomas, fat academic honours, into vocables and alphabetic letters, and but a little way into these!—The grand result of schooling is a mind with just vision to discern, with free force to do: the grand schoolmaster is Practice.

And now, when *kenning* and *can-ning* have become two altogether different words; and this, the first principle of human culture, the foundation-stone of all but false imaginary culture, That men must, before every other thing, be trained to *do* somewhat, has been, for some generations, laid quietly on the shelf, with such result as we see,—consider what advantage those same uneducated Working classes have over the educated Un-working classes, in one particular: herein, namely, that they must *work*. To work! What incalculable sources of cultivation lie in that process, in that attempt; how it lays hold of the whole man, not of a small theoretical calculating fraction of him, but of the whole practical, doing and daring and enduring man; thereby to awaken dormant faculties, root out old errors, at every step! He that has done nothing has known nothing. Vain is it to sit scheming and plausibly discoursing: up and be doing! If thy knowledge be real, put it forth from thee: grapple with real Nature; try thy theories there, and see how they hold out. Do one thing, for the first time in thy life do a thing; a new light will rise to thee on the doing of all things whatsoever. Truly, a boundless significance lies in work: whereby the humblest craftsman comes to attain much, which is of indispensable use, but which he who is of no craft, were he never so high, runs the risk of missing. Once turn to Practice, Error and Truth will no longer consort together: the result of Error involves you in the square-root of a negative quantity; try to *extract* it, or any earthly substance or sustenance from it, if you will! The honourable Member can discover that ‘there is a reaction,’ and believe it, and wearisomely reason on it, in spite of all men, while he so pleases, for still his wine and his oil will not fail him: but the sooty Brazier, who discovered that brass was green-cheese, has to act on his discovery; finds there-

fore that, singular as it may seem, brass cannot be masticated for dinner, green-cheese will not beat into fireproof dishes ; that such discovery, therefore, has no legs to stand on, and must even be let fall. Now, take this principle of difference through the entire lives of two men, and calculate what it will amount to ! Necessity, moreover, which we here see as the mother of Accuracy, is well known as the mother of Invention. He who wants every thing, must know many things, do many things, to procure even a few : different enough with him, whose indispensable knowledge is this only, that a finger will pull the bell !

So that, for all men who live, we may conclude, this Life of Man is a school, wherein the naturally foolish will continue foolish though you bray him in a mortar, but the naturally wise will gather wisdom under every disadvantage. What, meanwhile, must be the condition of an Era, when the highest advantages there become perverted into drawbacks ; when, if you take two men of genius, and put the one between the handles of a plough, and mount the other between the painted coronets of a coach-and-four, and bid them both move along, the former shall arrive a Burns, the latter a Byron : two men of talent, and put the one into a Printer's chapel, full of lamp-black, tyrannous usage, hard toil, and the other into Oxford universities, with lexicons and libraries, and hired expositors and sumptuous endowments, the former shall come out a Dr Franklin, the latter a Dr Parr !—

However, we are not here to write an Essay on Education, or sing *misereres* over a ' world in its dotage ' but simply to say that our Corn-Law Rhymers, educated or uneducated as Nature and Art have made him, asks not the smallest patronage or compassion for his Rhymes, professes not the smallest contrition for them. Nowise in such attitude does he present himself ; not supplicatory, deprecatory, but sturdy, defiant, almost menacing. Wherefore, indeed, should he supplicate or deprecate ? It is out of the abundance of the heart that he has spoken ; praise or blame cannot make it truer or falser than it already is. By the grace of God this man is sufficient for himself ; by his skill in metallurgy, can beat out a toilsome but a manful living, go how it may ; has arrived too at that singular audacity of believing what he knows, and acting on it, or writing on it, or thinking on it, without leave asked of any one : there shall he stand, and work, with head and with hand, for himself and the world ; blown about by no wind of doctrine ; frightened at no Reviewer's shadow ; having, in his time, looked substances enough in the face, and remained unfrightened.

What is left, therefore, but to take what he brings, and as he brings it? Let us be thankful, were it only for the day of small things. Something it is that we have lived to welcome once more a sweet Singer wearing the likeness of a Man. In humble guise, it is true, and of stature more or less marred in its development; yet not without a genial robustness, strength and valour built on honesty and love; on the whole, a genuine man, with somewhat of the eye and speech and bearing that beseeems a man. To whom all other genuine men, how different soever in subordinate particulars, can gladly hold out the right hand of fellowship.

The great excellence of our Rhymer, be it understood then, we take to consist even in this, often hinted at already, that he *is genuine*. Here is an earnest, truth-speaking man; no theorizer, sentimentalizer, but a practical man of work and endeavour, man of sufferance and endurance. The thing that he speaks is not a hearsay, but a thing which he has himself known, and by experience become assured of. He has used his eyes for seeing; uses his tongue for declaring what he has seen. His voice, therefore, among the many noises of our Planet, will deserve its place better than the most; will be well worth some attention. Whom else should we attend to but such? The man who speaks with some half shadow of a Belief, and supposes, and inclines to think; and considers not with undivided soul, what is true, but only what is plausible, and will find audience and recompense; do we not meet him at every street-turning, on all highways and byways; is he not stale, unprofitable, ineffectual, wholly grown a weariness of the flesh? So rare is his opposite in any rank of Literature, or of Life, so very rare, that even in the lowest he is precious. The authentic insight and experience of any human soul, were it but insight and experience in hewing of wood and drawing of water, is real knowledge, a real possession and acquirement, how small soever: *palabra*, again, were it a supreme pontiff's, is wind merely, and nothing, or less than nothing. To a considerable degree, this man, we say, has worked himself loose from cant, and conjectural halfness, idle pretences and hallucinations, into a condition of Sincerity. Wherein perhaps, as above argued, his hard social environment, and fortune to be 'a workman born,' which brought so many other retardations with it, may have forwarded and accelerated him.

That a man, Workman or Idleman, encompassed, as in these days, with persons in a state of willing or unwilling Insincerity, and necessitated, as man is, to learn whatever he does traditionally learn by *imitating* these, should nevertheless shake off

Insincerity, and struggle out from that dim pestiferous marsh-atmosphere, into a clearer and purer height,—betokens in him a certain originality; in which rare gift Force of all kinds is presupposed. To our Rhymers, accordingly, as hinted more than once, vision and determination have not been denied: a rugged, homegrown understanding is in him; whereby, in his own way, he has mastered this and that, and looked into various things, in general honestly and to purpose, sometimes deeply, piercingly, and with a Seer's eye. Strong thoughts are not wanting, beautiful thoughts; strong and beautiful expressions of thought. As traceable for instance in this new illustration of an old argument, the mischief of Commercial Restrictions:

‘ These, O ye quacks, these are your remedies :
 Alms for the Rich, a bread-tax for the Poor !
 Soul-purchased harvests on the indigent moor !—
 Thus the winged victor of a hundred fights,
 The warrior Ship, bows low her banner'd head,
 When through her planks the scaborn reptile bites
 Its deadly way ;—and sinks in ocean's bed,
 Vanquish'd by worms. What then ? The worms were fed.—
 Will not God smite thee black, thou whited wall ?
 Thy life is lawless, and thy law a lie,
 Or Nature is a dream unnatural :
 Look on the clouds, the streams, the earth, the sky ;
 Lo all is interchange and harmony !
 Where is the gorgeous pomp which, yester morn,
 Curtain'd yon Orb, with amber, fold on fold ?
 Behold it in the blue of Rivelin, borne
 To feed the all-feeding sea ! the molten gold
 Is flowing pale in Loxley's waters cold,
 To kindle into beauty tree and flower,
 And wake to verdant life hill, vale, and plain.
 Cloud trades with river, and exchange is power :
 But should the clouds, the streams, the winds disdain
 Harmonious intercourse, nor dew nor rain
 Would forest-crown the mountains : airless day
 Would blast on Kinderscout the heathy glow ;
 No purple green would meeken into grey
 O'er Don at eve ; no sound of river's flow
 Disturb the Sepulchre of all below.’

Nature and the doings of men have not passed by this man unheeded, like the endless cloud-rack in dull weather; or lightly heeded, like a theatric phantasmagoria: but earnestly enquired into, like a thing of reality; reverently loved and worshipped, as a thing with divine significance in its reality, glimpses of which divineness he has caught and laid to heart. For his

vision, as was said, partakes of the genuinely Poetical; he is not a Rhymers and Speaker only, but, in some genuine sense, something of a Poet.

Farther we must admit him, what indeed is already herein admitted, to be, if clear-sighted, also brave-hearted. A troublous element is his; a Life of painfulness, toil, insecurity, scarcity, yet he fronts it like a man; yields not to it, tames into some subjection, some order: its wild fearful dinning and tumult, as of a devouring Chaos, becomes a sort of wild war-music for him; wherein too are passages of beauty, of melodious melting softness, of lightness and briskness, even of joy. The stout heart is also a warm and kind one; Affection dwells with Danger, all the holier and the lovelier for such stern environment. A working man is this; yet, as we said, a man: in his sort, a courageous, much-loving, faithfully enduring and endeavouring man.

What such a one, so gifted and so placed, shall say to a Time like ours; how he will fashion himself into peace, or war, or armed neutrality, with the world and his fellow men, and work out his course in joy and grief, in victory and defeat, is a question worth asking; which in these three little Volumes partly receives answer. He has turned, as all thinkers up to a very high and rare order in these days must do, into Politics; is a Reformer, at least a stern Complainer, Radical to the heart: his poetic melody takes an elegiaco-tragical character; much of him is converted into Hostility, and grim, hardly-suppressed Indignation, such as Right long denied, Hope long deferred, may awaken in the kindest heart. Not yet as a rebel against anything does he stand; but as a free man, and the spokesman of free men, not far from rebelling against much; with sorrowful appealing dew, yet also with incipient lightning, in his eyes; whom it were not desirable to provoke into rebellion. He says, in Vulcanic dialect, his feelings have been *hammered* till they are *cold-short*; so they will no longer bend; 'they snap, and fly off,'—in the face of the hammerer. Not unnatural, though lamentable! Nevertheless, under all disguises of the Radical, the Poet is still recognisable; a certain music breathes through all dissonances, as the prophecy and ground-tone of returning harmony; the man, as we said, is of a poetical nature.

To his Political Philosophy there is perhaps no great importance attachable. He feels, as all men that live must do, the disorganization, and hard-grinding, unequal pressure of the Social Affairs; but sees into it only a very little farther than far inferior men do. The frightful condition of a Time, when public and private Principle, as the word was once understood, having

gone out of sight, and Self-interest being left to plot, and struggle, and scramble, as it could and would, Difficulties had accumulated till they were no longer to be borne, and the Spirit that should have fronted and conquered them seemed to have forsaken the world;—when the Rich, as the utmost they could resolve on, had ceased to govern, and the Poor, in their fast-accumulating numbers, and ever-widening complexities, had ceased to be able to do without governing; and now the plan of ‘Competition’ and ‘*Laissez-faire*’ was, on every side, approaching its consummation; and each bound up in the circle of his own wants and perils, stood grimly distrustful of his neighbour, and the distracted Common-weal was a Common-woe, and to all men it became apparent that the end was drawing nigh:—all this black aspect of Ruin and Decay, visible enough, experimentally known to our Sheffield friend, he calls by the name of ‘Corn-Law,’ and expects to be in [good part delivered from, were the accursed Bread-tax repealed.

In this system of political Doctrine, even as here so emphatically set forth, there is not much of novelty. Radicals we have many; loud enough on this and other grievances; the removal of which is to be the one thing needful. The deep, wide flood of Bitterness, and Hope becoming hopeless, lies acrid, corrosive in every bosom; and flows fiercely enough through any orifice Accident may open: through Law Reform, Legislative Reform, Poor Laws, want of Poor Laws, Tithes, Game Laws, or, as we see here, Corn Laws. Whereby indeed only this becomes clear, that a deep, wide flood of evil does exist and corrode; from which, in all ways, blindly and seeingly, men seek deliverance, and cannot rest till they find it; least of all till they know what part and proportion of it is to be found. But with us foolish sons of Adam this is ever the way; some evil that lies nearest us, be it a chronic sickness, or but a smoky chimney, is ever the acme and sum-total of all evil; the black hydra that shuts us out from a Promised Land: and so, in poor Mr Shandy’s fashion, must we ‘shift from trouble to trouble, and ‘from side to side; button up one cause of vexation, and unbutton another.’

Thus for our keen-hearted singer, and sufferer, has ‘the ‘Bread-tax,’ in itself a considerable but no immeasurable smoke-pillar, swoln out to be a world-embracing Darkness, that darkens and suffocates the whole Earth, and has blotted out the heavenly stars. Into the merit of the Corn Laws, which has often been discussed, in fit season, by competent hands, we do not enter here; least of all in the way of argument, in the way of blame, towards one who, if he read such merit with some

emphasis 'on the scantier trenchers of his children,' may well be pardoned. That the 'Bread-tax,' with various other taxes, may ere long be altered and abrogated, and the Corn Trade become as free as the poorest 'bread-taxed drudge' could wish 'it, or the richest satrap bread-tax-fed' could fear it, seems no extravagant hypothesis: would that the mad Time could, by such simple hellebore-dose, be healed! Alas, for the diseases of a 'world lying in wickedness,' in heart-sickness and atrophy, quite another alcahest is needed;—a long, painful course of medicine and regimen, surgery and physic, not yet specified or indicated in the Royal-College Books!

But if there is little novelty in our friend's Political Philosophy, there is some in his political Feeling and Poetry. The peculiarity of this Radical is, that with all his stormful destructiveness, he combines a decided loyalty and faith. If he despise and trample under foot on the one hand, he exalts and reverences on the other: the 'landed pauper in his coach-and-four' rolls all the more glaringly, contrasted with the 'Rockinghams and Savilles' of the past, with 'the Lansdowns and Fitzwilliams,' many a 'Wentworth's lord,' still 'a blessing' to the present. This man, indeed, has in him the root of all reverence,—a principle of Religion. He believes in a Godhead, not with the lips only, but apparently with the heart; who, as has been written, and often felt, 'reveals Himself in Parents, in all true Teachers, and 'Rulers,'—as in false Teachers and Rulers quite Another may be revealed! Our Rhymer, it would seem, is no Methodist: far enough from it. He makes 'the Ranter,' in his hot-headed way, exclaim over

'The Hundred Popes of England's Jesuitry;'

and adds, by way of note, in his own person, some still stronger sayings: How 'this baneful corporation,' 'dismal as its Reign 'of Terror is, and long-armed its Holy Inquisition, must con-
'descend to learn and teach what is useful, or go where all 'nuisances go.' As little perhaps is he a Churchman; the 'Cadi-Dervish' being nowise to his mind. Scarcely, however, if at all, does he show aversion to the Church as Church; or, among his many griefs, touch upon Tithes as one. But, in any case, the black colours of Life, even as here painted, and brooded over, do not hide from him that a God is the Author and Sustainer thereof; that God's world, if made a House of Imprisonment, can also be a House of Prayer; wherein for the weary and heavy-laden, Pity and Hope are not altogether cut away.

It is chiefly in virtue of this inward temper of heart, with the clear disposition and adjustment which for all else results there-

from, that our Radical attains to be Poetical ; that the harsh groanings, contentions, upbraidings, of one who unhappily has felt constrained to adopt such mode of utterance, become ennobled into something of music. If a land of bondage, this is still his Father's land, and the bondage endures not for ever. As worshipper and believer, the captive can look with seeing eye : the aspect of the Infinite Universe still fills him with an Infinite feeling ; his chains, were it but for moments, fall away ; he soars free aloft, and the sunny regions of Poesy and Freedom gleam golden afar on the widened horizon. Gleanings, we say, prophetic dawns from those far regions, spring up for him ; nay, beams of actual radiance. In his ruggedness, and dim contractedness (rather of place than of organ), he is not without touches of a feeling and vision, which, even in the stricter sense, is to be named poetical.

One deeply poetical idea, above all others, seems to have taken hold of him : the idea of TIME. As was natural to a poetic soul, with few objects of Art in its environment, and driven inward, rather than invited outward, for occupation. This deep mystery of ever-flowing Time ; ' bringing forth,' and as the Ancients wisely fabled, ' devouring' what it has brought forth ; rushing on, on, *in* us, yet above us, all uncontrollable by us ; and under it, dimly visible athwart it, the bottomless Eternal ;—this is, indeed, what we may call the primary idea of Poetry ; the first that introduces itself into the poetic mind. As here :

‘ The bee shall seek to settle on his hand,
But from the vacant bench haste to the moor,
Mourning the last of England's high-soul'd Poor,
And bid the mountains weep for Enoch Wray.
And for themselves,—albeit of things that last
Unalter'd most ; for they shall pass away
Like Enoch, though their iron roots seem fast,
Bound to the eternal future as the past :
The Patriarch died ; and they shall be no more !
Yes, and the sailless worlds, which navigate
The unutterable Deep that hath no shore,
Will lose their starry splendour soon or late,
Like tapers, quench'd by Him, whose will is fate !
Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,
Who numbers worlds and writes their names in light,
One day, O Earth, will look in vain for thee,
And start and stop in his unerring flight,
And with his wings of sorrow and affright,
Veil his impassion'd brow and heavenly tears !’

And not the first idea only, but the greatest, properly the parent of all others. For if it can rise in the remotest ages, in the

rudest states of culture, wherever an 'inspired thinker' happens to exist, it connects itself still with all great things; with the highest results of new Philosophy, as of primeval Theology; and for the Poet, in particular, is as the life-element wherein alone his conceptions can take poetic form, and the whole world become miraculous and magical.

‘We are such stuff’

As Dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a Sleep!

Figure that, believe that, O Reader; then say whether the *Arabian Tales* seem wonderful!—‘Rounded with a sleep (*mit Schlaf umgeben*)!’ says Jean Paul; ‘these three words created whole volumes in me.’

To turn now on our worthy Rhymers, who has brought us so much, and stingily insist on his errors and shortcomings, were no honest procedure. We had the whole poetical encyclopædia to draw upon, and say commodiously, Such and such an item is *not* here; of which encyclopædia the highest genius can fill but a portion. With much merit, far from common in his time, he is not without something of the faults of his time. We praised him for originality; yet is there a certain remainder of imitation in him; a tang of the Circulating Libraries, as in Sancho’s wine, with its key and thong, there was a tang of iron and leather. To be reminded of Crabbe, with his truthful severity of style, in such a place, we cannot object; but what if there were a slight bravura dash of the fair tuneful Hemans? Still more, what have we to do with Byron, and his fierce vociferous mouthings, whether ‘passionate,’ or not passionate and only theatrical? King Cambyzes’ vein is, after all, but a worthless one; no vein for a wise man. Strength, if that be the thing aimed at, does not manifest itself in spasms, but in stout bearing of burdens. Our Author says, ‘It is too bad to exalt into a hero the coxcomb who would have gone into hysterics if a tailor had laughed at him.’ Walk not in his footsteps, then, we say, whether as hero or as singer; repent a little, for example, over somewhat in that fuliginous, blue-flaming, pitch-and-sulphur ‘Dream of Enoch Wray,’ and write the next otherwise.

We mean no imitation in a bad palpable sense; only that there is a tone of such occasionally audible; which ought to be removed;—of which, in any case, we make not much. Imitation is a leaning on something foreign; incompleteness of individual developement, defect of free utterance. From the same source, spring most of our Author’s faults; in particular, his

worst, which after all is intrinsically a defect of manner. He has little or no Humour. Without Humour of character he cannot well be; but it has not yet got to utterance. Thus, where he has mean things to deal with, he knows not how to deal with them; oftenest deals with them more or less meanly. In his vituperative prose Notes, he seems embarrassed; and but ill hides his embarrassment, under an air of predetermined sarcasm, of knowing briskness, almost of vulgar pertness. He says, he cannot help it; he is poor, hard-worked, and 'soot is soot.' True, indeed; yet there is no connexion between Poverty and Discourtesy; which latter originates in Dulness alone. Courtesy is the due of Man to Man; not of suit of clothes to suit of clothes. He who could master so many things, and make even Corn-Laws rhyme, we require of him this farther thing,—a bearing worthy of himself, and of the order he belongs to,—the highest and most ancient of all orders, that of Manhood. A pert snappishness is no manner for a brave man; and then the manner so soon influences the matter; a far worse result. Let him speak wise things, and speak them wisely; which latter may be done in many dialects, grave and gay, only in the snappish seldom or never.

The truth is, as might have been expected, there is still much lying in him to be developed; the hope of which development it were rather sad to abandon. Why, for example, should not his view of the world, his knowledge of what is and has been in the world, indefinitely extend itself? Were he merely the 'uneducated Poet,' we should say, he had read largely; as he is not such, we say, Read still more, much more largely. Books enough there are in England, and of quite another weight and worth than that circulating-library sort; may be procured too, may be read, even by a hard-worked man; for what man (either in God's service or the Devil's, as himself chooses it) is not hard-worked? But here again, where there is a will there is a way. True, our friend is no longer in his teens; yet still, as would seem, in the vigour of his years: we hope too that his mind is not finally shut in, but of the improveable and enlargeable sort. If Alfieri (also kept busy enough, with horse-breaking and what not) learned Greek after he was fifty, why is the Corn-Law Rhymer too old to learn?

However, be in the future what there may, our Rhymer has already done what was much more difficult, and better than reading printed Books;—looked into the great prophetic-manuscript Book of Existence, and read little passages there. Here, for example, is a sentence tolerably spelled:

' Where toils the Mill by ancient woods embraced,
 Hark, how the cold steel screams in hissing fire !
 Blind Enoch sees the Grinder's wheel no more,
 Couch'd beneath rocks and forests, that admire
 Their beauty in the waters, ere they roar
 Dash'd in white foam the swift circumference o'er.
 There draws the Grinder his laborious breath ;
 There coughing at his deadly trade he bends :
 Born to die young, he fears nor man nor death ;
 Scorning the future, what he earns he spends ;
 ' Debauch and riot are his bosom friends.'
 Behold his failings ! Hath he virtues too ?
 He is no Pauper, blackguard though he be :
 Full well he knows what minds combined can do,
 Full well maintains his birthright : he is free,
 And, frown for frown, outstares monopoly.
 Yet Abraham and Elliot both in vain
 Bid science on his cheek prolong the bloom :
 He *will* not live ! He seems in haste to gain
 The undisturb'd asylum of the tomb,
 And, old at two-and-thirty, meets his doom !'

Or this, ' of Jem, the rogue avowed,

' Whose trade is Poaching ! Honest Jem works not,
 Beggars not, but thrives by plundering beggars here.
 Wise as a lord, and quite as good a shot,
 He, like his betters, lives in hate and fear,
 And feeds on partridge because bread is dear.
 Sire of six sons apprenticed to the jail,
 He prowls in arms, the Tory of the night ;
 With them he shares his battles and his ale,
 With him they feel the majesty of might,
 No Despot better knows that Power is Right.
 Mark his unpaidish sneer, his lordly frown ;
 Hark how he calls the beadle and flunky liars ;
 See how magnificently he breaks down
 His neighbour's fence, if so his will requires,
 And how his strut emulates the squire's !'
 ' Jem rises with the Moon ; but when she sinks,
 Homeward with sack-like pockets, and quick heels,
 Hungry as boroughmongering gowl, he slinks.
 He reads not, writes not, thinks not ; scarcely feels ;'
 Steals all he gets ; serves Hell with all he steals !

It is rustic, rude existence ; barren moors, with the smoke of
 Forges rising over the waste expanse. Alas, no Arcadia ; but the
 actual dwelling-place of actual toil-grimed sons of Tubalcain :
 yet are there blossoms and the wild natural fragrance of gorse

and broom ; yet has the Craftsman pauses in his toil ; the Craftsman too has an inheritance in Earth ; and even in Heaven.

‘ Light ! All is not corrupt, for thou art pure,
 Unchanged and changeless. Though frail man is vile,
 Thou look’st on him, serene, sublime, secure,
 Yet, like thy Father, with a pitying smile.
 Even on this wintry day, as marble cold,
 Angels might quit their home to visit thee,
 And match their plumage with thy mantle roll’d
 Beneath God’s Throne, o’er billows of a sea
 Whose isles are Worlds, whose bounds Infinity.
 Why then is Enoch absent from my side ?
 I miss the rustle of his silver hair ;
 A guide no more, I seem to want a guide,
 While Enoch journeys to the house of prayer ;
 Ah, ne’er came Sabbath-day but he was there !
 Lo, how, like him, erect and strong, tho’ grey,
 Yon village tower time-touch’d to God appeals !
 And hark ! the chimes of morning die away :
 Hark ! to the heart the solemn sweetness steals,
 Like the heart’s voice, unfelt by none who feels
 That God is Love, that Man is living Dust ;
 Unfelt by none whom ties of brotherhood
 Link to his kind ; by none who puts his trust
 In nought of Earth that hath survived the flood,
 Save those mute charities, by which the good
 Strengthen poor worms, and serve their Maker best.

‘ Hail Sabbath ! Day of mercy, peace, and rest !
 Thou o’er loud cities throw’st a noiseless spell,
 The hammer there, the wheel, the saw molest
 Pale Thought no more : o’er Trade’s contentious hell
 Meek Quiet spreads her wings invisible.
 And when thou com’st, less silent are the fields,
 Thro’ whose sweet paths the toil-freed townsman steals.
 To him the very air a banquet yields.
 Envious he watches the poised hawk that wheels
 His flight on chainless winds. Each cloud reveals
 A paradise of beauty to his eye.
 His little Boys are with him, seeking flowers,
 Or chasing the too-venturous gilded fly.
 So by the daisy’s side he spends the hours,
 Renewing friendship with the budding bowers :
 And while might, beauty, good without alloy,
 Are mirror’d in his children’s happy eyes,—
 In His great Temple offering thankful joy
 To Him, the infinitely Great and Wise,
 With soul attuned to Nature’s harmonies,
 Serene and cheerful as a sporting child,—

His *heart* refuses to believe that man
 Could turn into a hell the blooming wild,
 The blissful country where his childhood ran
 A race with infant rivers, ere began—

—‘King-humbling’ bread-tax, ‘blind Misrule,’ and enough
 else.

And so our Corn-Law Rhymer plays his part. In this wise, does he indite and act his Drama of Life, which for him is all too Domestic-Tragical. It is said, ‘the good actor soon makes ‘us forget the bad theatre, were it but a barn; while, again, ‘nothing renders so apparent the badness of the bad actor ‘as a theatre of peculiar excellence.’ How much more in a theatre and drama such as these of Life itself! One other item, however, we must note in that ill-decorated Sheffield theatre: the back-scene and bottom-decoration of it all; which is no other than a Workhouse. Alas, the Workhouse is the bourne whither all these actors and workers are bound; whence none that has once passed it returns! A bodeful sound, like the rustle of approaching world-devouring tornadoes, quivers through their whole existence; and the voice of it is, Pauperism! The thanksgiving they offer up to Heaven is, that they are not yet Paupers; the earnest cry of their prayer is, that ‘God would ‘shield them from the bitterness of Parish Pay.’

Mournful enough, that a white European Man must pray wistfully for what the horse he drives is sure of,—That the strain of his whole faculties may not fail to earn him food and lodging. Mournful that a gallant manly spirit, with an eye to discern the world, a heart to reverence it, a hand cunning and willing to labour in it, must be haunted with such a fear. The grim end of it all, Beggary! A soul loathing, what true souls ever loathe, Dependence, help from the unworthy to help; yet sucked into the world-whirlpool,—able to do no other: the highest in man’s heart struggling vainly against the lowest in man’s destiny! In good truth, if many a sickly and sulky Byron, or Byronlet, glooming over the woes of existence, and how unworthy God’s Universe is to have so distinguished a resident, could transport himself into the patched coat and sooty apron of a Sheffield Blacksmith, made with as strange faculties and feelings as he, made by God Almighty all one as he was,—it would throw a light on much for him.

Meanwhile, is it not frightful as well as mournful to consider how the wide-spread evil is spreading wider and wider? Most persons, who have had eyes to look with, may have verified, in their own circle, the statement of this Sheffield Eye-witness, and ‘from their own knowledge and observation fearlessly de-

‘clare that the little master-manufacturer,’ that the working man generally, ‘is in a much worse condition than he was in ‘twenty-five years ago.’ Unhappily, the fact is too plain; the reason and scientific necessity of it is too plain. In this state of things, every new man is a new misfortune; every new market a new complexity; the chapter of chances grows ever more incalculable; the hungry gamesters (whose stake is their life) are ever increasing in numbers; the world-movement rolls on: by what method shall the weak and help-needing, who has none to help him, withstand it? Alas, how many brave hearts, ground to pieces in that unequal battle, have already sunk; in every sinking heart, a Tragedy, less famous than that of the Sons of Atreus; wherein, however, if no ‘kingly house,’ yet a manly house, went to the dust, and a whole manly ‘lineage was swept ‘away.’ Must it grow worse and worse ‘till the last brave heart is broken in England; and this same ‘brave Peasantry’ has become a kennel of wild-howling ravenous Paupers? God be thanked! There is some feeble shadow of hopes that the change may have begun while it was yet time. You may lift the pressure from the free man’s shoulders, and bid him go forth rejoicing; but lift the slave’s burden, he will only wallow the more composedly in his sloth: a nation of degraded men cannot be raised up, except by what we rightly name a miracle.

Under which point of view also, these little Volumes, indicating such a character in such a place, are not without significance. One faint symptom perhaps that clearness will return, that there is a possibility of its return. It is as if from that Gehenna of Manufacturing Radicalism, from amid its loud roaring and cursing, whereby nothing became feasible, nothing knowable, except this only, that misery and malady existed there, we heard now some manful tone of reason and determination, wherein alone can there be profit, or promise of deliverance. In this Corn-Law Rhymer we seem to trace something of the antique spirit; a spirit which had long become invisible among our working as among other classes; which here, perhaps almost for the first time, reveals itself in an altogether modern political vesture. ‘The Pariahs of the Isle of Woe,’ as he passionately names them, are no longer Pariahs if they have become Men. Here is one man of their tribe; in several respects a true man; who has abjured Hypocrisy and Servility, yet not therewith trodden Religion and Loyalty under foot; not without justness of insight, devoutness, peaceable heroism of resolve; who, in all circumstances, even in these strange ones, will be found quitting himself like a man. One such that has found a voice: who knows how many mute but not inactive brethren he may have in his own

and in all other ranks? Seven thousand that have not bowed the knee to Baal! These are the men, wheresoever found, who are to stand forth in England's evil day, on whom the hope of England rests. For it has been often said, and must often be said again, that all Reform except a moral one will prove unavailing. Political Reform, pressingly enough wanted, can indeed root out the weeds (gross deep-fixed lazy dock-weeds, poisonous obscene hemlocks, ineffectual spurry in abundance); but it leaves the ground *empty*,—ready either for noble fruits, or for new worse tares! And how else is a Moral Reform to be looked for but in this way, that more and more Good Men are, by a bountiful Providence, sent hither to disseminate Goodness; literally to *sow* it, as in seeds shaken abroad by the living tree? For such, in all ages and places, is the nature of a Good Man; he is ever a mystic creative centre of Goodness; his influence, if we consider it, is not to be measured; for his works do not die, but being of Eternity, are eternal; and in new transformation, and ever-wider diffusion, endure, living and life-giving. Thou who exclaimest over the horrors and baseness of the Time, and how Diogenes would now need *two* lanterns in daylight, think of this; over the Time thou hast no power; to redeem a World sunk in dishonesty has not been given thee; solely over one man therein thou hast a quite absolute uncontrollable power; him redeem, him make honest; it will be something, it will be much, and thy life and labour not in vain.

We have given no epitomized abstract of these little Books, such as is the Reviewer's wont: we would gladly persuade many a reader, high and low, who takes interest not in rhyme only, but in reason, and the condition of his fellow-man, to purchase and peruse them for himself. It is proof of an innate love of worth, and how willingly the Public, did not thousand-voiced Puffery so confuse it, would have to do with substances, and not with deceptive shadows, that these Volumes carry 'Third Edition' marked on them,—on all of them but the newest, whose fate with the reading world we yet know not; which, however, seems to deserve not worse but better than either of its fore-runners.

Nay, it appears to us as if in this humble chant of the *Village Patriarch* might be traced rudiments of a truly great idea; great though all undeveloped. The Rhapsody of 'Enoch Wray' is, in its nature, and unconscious tendency, Epic; a whole world lies shadowed in it. What we might call an inarticulate, half-audible Epic! The main figure is a blind aged man; himself a ruin, and encircled with the ruin of a whole Era. Sad and great does that image of a universal Dissolution hover visible as a poetic

background. Good old Enoch ! He could do so much, was so wise, so valiant. No Ilion had he destroyed ; yet somewhat he had built up : where the Mill stands noisy by its cataract, making corn into bread for men, it was Enoch that reared it, and made the rude rocks send it water ; where the mountain Torrent now boils in vain, and is mere passing music to the traveller, it was Enoch's cunning that spanned it with that strong Arch, grim, time-defying. Where Enoch's hand or mind has been, Disorder has become Order ; Chaos has receded some little handbreadth ; must give up some new handbreadth of his realm. Enoch too has seen his followers fall round him (by stress of hardship, and the arrows of the gods), has performed funeral games for them, and raised sandstone memorials, and carved his *Abiit ad Phures* thereon, with his own hand. The living chronicle and epitome of a whole century ; when he departs, a whole century will become dead, historical.

Rudiments of an Epic, we say ; and of the true Epic of our Time,—were the genius but arrived that could sing it ! Not ' Arms and the Man ; ' ' Tools and the Man,' that were now our Epic. What indeed are Tools, from the Hammer and Plummet of Enoch Wray to this Pen we now write with, but Arms, wherewith to do battle against UNREASON without or within, and smite in pieces not miserable fellow men, but the Arch Enemy that makes us all miserable ; henceforth the only legitimate battle !

Which Epic, as we granted, is here altogether imperfectly sung ; scarcely a few notes thereof brought freely out ; nevertheless with indication, with prediction that it will be sung. Such is the purport and merit of the *Village Patriarch* ; it struggles towards a noble utterance, which however it can nowise find. Old Enoch is from the first, speechless, heard of rather than heard or seen ; at best, mute, motionless like a stone-pillar of his own carving. Indeed, to find fit utterance for such meaning as lies struggling here is a problem, to which the highest poetic minds may long be content to accomplish only approximate solutions. Meanwhile, our honest Rhymer, with no guide but the instinct of a clear natural talent, has created and adjusted somewhat, not without vitality of union ; has avoided somewhat, the road to which lay open enough. His *Village Patriarch*, for example, though of an elegiac strain, is not wholly lachrymose, not without touches of rugged gayety ;—is like Life itself, with tears and toil, with laughter and rude play, such as metallurgic Yorkshire sees it ;—in which sense, that wondrous Courtship of the sharp-tempered, oft-widowed Alice Green may pass, questionable, yet with a certain air of soot-

stained genuineness. And so has, not a Picture, indeed, yet a sort of genial Study or Cartoon come together for him; and may endure there, after some flary oil-daubings, which we have seen framed with gilding, and hung up in proud galleries, have become rags and rubbish.

To one class of readers especially, such Books as these ought to be interesting;—to the highest, that is to say, the richest class. Among our Aristocracy, there are men, we trust there are many men, who feel that they also are workmen, born to toil, ever in their great Taskmaster's eye, faithfully with heart and head for those that with heart and hand do, under the same great Taskmaster, toil for them;—who have even this noblest and hardest work set before them—To deliver out of that Egyptian bondage to Wretchedness, and Ignorance, and Sin, the hardhanded millions, of whom this hardhanded, earnest witness, and writer, is here representative. To such men his writing will be as a Document, which they will lovingly interpret: what is dark and exasperated and acrid, in their humble Brother, they for themselves will enlighten and sweeten; taking thankfully what is the real purport of his message, and laying it earnestly to heart. Might an instructive relation, and interchange between High and Low, at length ground itself, and more and more perfect itself; to the unspeakable profit of all parties; for if all parties are to love and help one another, the first step towards this, is that all thoroughly understand one another. To such rich men an authentic message from the hearts of poor men, from the heart of one poor man, will be welcome.

To another class of our Aristocracy, again, who unhappily feel rather that they are *not* workmen; and profess not so much to bear any burden, as to be themselves, with utmost attainable *steadiness*, and if possible, *gracefulness*, borne,—such a phenomenon as this of the Sheffield Corn-Law Rhymers, with a Manchester Detrosier, and much else, pointing the same way, will be quite unwelcome; indeed, to the clearer-sighted, astonishing and alarming. It indicates that they find themselves, as Napoleon was wont to say, 'in a new position;'—a position wonderful enough; of extreme singularity; to which, in the whole course of History, there is perhaps but one case in some measure parallel. The case alluded to stands recorded in the *Book of Numbers*: the case of Balaam the son of Beor. Truly, if we consider it, there are few passages more notable and pregnant in their way, than this of Balaam. The Midianitish Soothsayer (Truth-speaker, or as we should now say, Counsel-giver and Senator) is journeying forth, as he has from of old quite prosperously done, in the way of his vocation; not so much to 'curse the people of the Lord,'

as to earn for himself a comfortable penny by such means as are possible and expedient ; something, it is hoped, midway between cursing and blessing ; which shall not, except in case of necessity, be either a curse or a blessing, or anything so much as a Nothing that will look like a Something and bring wages in. For the man is not dishonest ; far from it : still less is he honest ; but above all things, he is, has been, and will be, respectable. Did calumny ever dare to fasten itself on the fair fame of Balaam ? In his whole walk and conversation, has he not shown consistency enough ; ever doing and speaking the thing that was decent ; with proper spirit, maintaining his status : so that friend and opponent must often compliment him, and defy the spiteful world to say, Herein art thou a Knave ? And now as he jogs along, in official comfort, with brave official retinue, his heart filled with good things, his head with schemes for the suppression of Vice, and the Cause of civil and religious Liberty all over the world ;—consider what a spasm, and life-clutching, ice-taloned pang, must have shot through the brain and pericardium of Balaam, when his Ass not only on the sudden stood stock-still, defying spur and cudgel, but—*began to talk*, and that in a reasonable manner ! Did not his face, elongating, collapse, and tremor occupy his joints ? For the thin crust of Respectability has cracked asunder ; and a bottomless preternatural Inane yawns under him instead. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness ! the spirit-stirring Vote, the ear-piercing Hear ; the big Speech that makes ambition virtue ; soft Palm-greasing first of raptures, and Cheers that emulate sphere-music : Balaam's occupation's gone !—

As for our stout Corn-Law Rhymers, what can we say by way of valediction but this,—Well done ; come again, doing better ? Advices enough there were ; but all lie included under one,—To keep his eyes open, and do honestly whatsoever his hand shall find to do. We have praised him for sincerity ; let him become more and more sincere ; casting out all remnants of Hearsay, Imitation, ephemeral Speculation ; resolutely ‘ *clearing* his mind of Cant.’ We advised a wider course of reading : would he forgive us if we now suggested the question, Whether Rhyme is the only dialect he can write in ; whether Rhyme is, after all, the natural or fittest dialect for him ? In good Prose, which differs inconceivably from bad Prose, what may not be written, what may not be read ; from a Waverley Novel, to an Arabic Koran, to an English Bible ! Rhyme has plain advantages ; which, however, are often purchased too dear. If the inward Thought *can* speak itself, and not sing itself, let it, especially in these quite unmusical days, do the former. In any case, if the inward Thought do not sing itself, that singing of the outward Phrase is a tim-

ber-toned, false matter we could well dispense with. Will our Rhymer consider himself, then ; and decide for what is actually best. Rhyme, up to this hour, never seems altogether obedient to him ; and disobedient Rhyme,—who would ride on it that had once learned walking ?

He takes amiss that some friends have admonished him to quit Politics : we will not repeat that admonition. Let him, on this as on all other matters, take solemn counsel with his own Socrates'-Demon ; such as dwells in every mortal ; such as he is a happy mortal who can hear the voice of, follow the behests of, like an unalterable law. At the same time, we could truly wish to see such a mind as his engaged rather in considering what, in his own sphere, could be *done*, than what, in his own or other spheres, ought to be *destroyed* ; rather in producing or preserving the True, than in mangling and slashing asunder the False. Let him be at ease : the False is already dead, or lives only with a mock life. The death-sentence of the False was of old, from the first beginning of it, written in Heaven ; and is now proclaimed in the Earth, and read aloud at all market-crosses ; nor are innumerable volunteer tipstaves and headsmen wanting to execute the same : for which needful service men inferior to him may suffice. Why should the heart of the Corn-Law Rhymer be troubled ? Spite of ' Bread-tax,' he and his brave children, who will emulate their sire, have yet bread ; the Workhouse, as we rejoice to fancy, has receded into the safe distance ; and is now quite shut out from his poetic pleasure-ground. Why should he afflict himself with devices of ' Boroughmongering gowls,' or the rage of the Heathen imagining a vain thing ? This matter, which he calls Corn-Law, will not have completed itself, adjusted itself into clearness, for the space of a century or two : nay after twenty centuries, what will there, or can there be for the son of Adam but Work, Work, two hands quite *full* of Work ! Meanwhile, is not the Corn-Law Rhymer already a king, though a belligerent one ; king of his own mind and faculty ; and what man in the long run is king of more ? Not one in the thousand, even among sceptred kings, of so much. Be diligent in business, then ; fervent in spirit. Above all things, lay aside anger, uncharitableness, hatred, noisy tumult ; avoid them, as worse than Pestilence, worse than ' Bread-tax' itself :

For it well beseemeth kings, all mortals it beseemeth well,
To possess their souls in patience, and await what can betide.

- ART. III.—1. *Italian Republics ; or, the Origin, Progress, and Fall of Italian Freedom.* By J. C. L. Sismonde de Sismondi. (*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.*) 12mo. London: 1832.
2. *Des Espérances et des Besoins de l'Italie.* Par J. C. L. Sismonde de Sismondi. 8vo. Paris: 1832.
3. *Précis Politique sur les derniers Evenemens des Etats Romains.* 8vo. Paris: 1832.

THERE are eras of discovery, when books on experimental science require, like almanacks, to be re-written every year. The sciences of theology, politics, and morals are more stationary. But serious alterations in the course of the currents of opinion, and in the shifting of those sandbanks where dangers are most to be apprehended, frequently occur even on those subjects. It becomes necessary to take fresh soundings from time to time in their case also, till the accumulated labours of successive generations remain rather as materials for enquiry, and cautions against rash presumption, than as authoritative instructions for immediate use. This is true, too, even of history itself; at least of its philosophy and application; of every thing in it more significant than a dry catalogue of facts. Blackstone has truly observed, that no individual historian can hope to attain to all the knowledge which a particular history, that of England for instance, comprehensively regarded, ought to contain. Of course, no single narrative pretends to comprehend more than some selected portions and partial views. What shall be the selected portions—with what object they shall be investigated and combined—and in what point of view they shall be presented and moralized to the public, will depend on the spirit of the individual and of the age; for each age in this respect has its appropriate wants, and some problem or other more peculiarly its own.

The European problem of the nineteenth century is full of consequences and of glory. We are called on to make good by argument, and, where necessary, by arms, the claim of man, as a member of society, to a distinct and vivid political existence. As man in his social state is always moving backwards or forwards, the abstract claim can, in the case of no two societies, be quite alike; and important modifications of it must in practice constantly arise. For the right of self-government, whether on the part of an individual or of a people, is founded on the fact, of its being a source of happiness to the parties. In this point of view it can be no fixed quantity; still less, when more general consequences are taken into consideration. To the ex-

tent that questions of competition may unfortunately occur, the exercise of the right, and indeed the right itself, must be subordinate to the paramount test of the general happiness of mankind. Every schoolboy politician is aware that the principle of the right, or the necessity of any limits, were little thought of by the patriots of antiquity in their ravings after liberty. Their acquaintance with political history led them no farther than to see that despotic governments were the creatures of force, and popular governments the work of art; and to determine peremptorily, that Barbarians were born to be slaves,—Greeks and Romans to be free. However, when we consider all that was accomplished for human nature by the classical enthusiasm for liberty, even under this terrible mistake, it would be a strange abuse of that experience, to propose that we should give up the principle in despair. The true obligation imposed by the warning cannot be put higher, than a conscientious recollection that the right (especially as it grows altogether out of society) must, in the character of a personal right, be pre-eminently a conditional one. On the other hand, although the means of happiness, which are commonly called absolute rights, may be more uniform and universal, nevertheless those which the institution of society is capable of affording, become, as they are gradually developed and ascertained, no less positive and sacred than any other. To throw away happiness of any kind is the worst sort of suicide. Man, therefore, is not merely entitled in point of right, but is bound in point of duty, to strive to derive from his social just as much as from his physical, moral, or intellectual existence, the greatest possible enjoyment. In this light, political rights exist not merely for the purpose of guarantee, but are good in themselves, for the sake of the immediate satisfaction and exalted feelings which they inspire.

A political existence implies a body politic. A body politic implies a regularly organized system of society. Vitality can be breathed into it only by a community of interests and of feelings. Before it can live and move and have its being, there must be formed in it the life-blood of public opinion, to circulate through the parts, connect them as a whole, and inspire them with one common character and principle of action. Where one or other of these preliminary facts is wanting, as in the case of a population pulverized by Oriental servitude, or in that of unamalgamating races, like the inhabitants of Holland and of Belgium, it passes the power of all legislation in the first instance, or of all diplomacy in the second, by artificial constructions and reconstructions, to create a real political life, or keep together any substantial civil identity. On the other hand, if

we look at the people of Poland, Greece, and Italy, we find in them a spirit and a love of country strong enough to live through ages of oppression. Their indestructible nationality has defied, and still defies, the intrigues of partitioning cabinets, and the intimidation of a perpetually suspended sword. This consciousness of individuality and self-will is every thing in man, whether his value is to be estimated singly or in masses. A man who does not feel an independence of mind, purpose, and volition, is not a man. A nation without national will and sentiment is not a nation. Its nominal personification can answer none of the conditions of a living being, beyond that of keeping a precarious and degraded place upon the geography of a map. Now this sense of political existence, in its humblest form, pants after national independence. There must be complete security that the weight of a foreign sword shall not be, directly or indirectly, substituted in the place of the general opinion, as far as such general opinion has been formed and can be taken. For though this element is admirably elastic in its nature, and though no limit can be put to its ultimate extent, yet it is only by the creation of a public mind, and according to the diffusion of political sympathy and knowledge, that the capacity for political existence can in practice possibly dilate or act. The frame, therefore, of different internal institutions, the amount of popular will which shall be let loose on the machinery of any particular system, as also the mode in which public opinion shall be collected and brought to bear, are questions which involve a multitude of local considerations. Variances in the laws and distribution of property, in the degree of general civilisation and habitude of self-discipline, in the thousand influences, past and present, of history and of fact, by which national character is formed, will constantly decide these questions in a great variety of ways.

The only satisfactory solution of the present European problem must assume and proceed upon the following practical conclusions: An independent national existence becomes necessary to a people in proportion as it has retained, or shall acquire, a separate nationality. The form of internal government, probably best adapted to a nation, will be that to which in spite of unsuccessful struggles, of diplomatic arrangements, and of artificial prejudices, it shall have shown itself most attached. At all events, there is room for no possible argument in behalf of institutions or dynasties, under which the governors have been so utterly incapable of conciliating the affections or respect of those whom they, nevertheless, dare to insist on governing, that their authority is maintained only from week to week, by the presence, or the terror, of auxiliary arms. It is equally

clear, that the precise degree of liberty, on which particular communities are qualified to enter, is a point which third parties are neither competent nor authorized to decide. They have no materials for forming any such scale. It must be left to the discretion of the parties principally concerned. It is certainly possible that sanguine patriots may err occasionally, by consulting their spirit rather than their means : and by giving their countrymen credit for greater patriotism than, as a body, they turn out to possess. However, this risk is at once the least and the most legitimate. Every community is entitled to the presumption, that it is qualified for the exercise of that degree of liberty, which its champions have the ability and the virtue to reclaim from out of the old established domain of domestic despotism and misrule. Yet strangers frequently speak and act as if these terms were not alone sufficient. Proud of their own immunities, the history of which apparently they understand as little as they deserve them, they require of others another, although a plainly irrelevant, and, alas ! in many cases, an altogether impossible condition. Yet such has been the standing reproach taken up against the seasonableness of Spanish and Italian constitutions. According to this objection, the period at which Italy is mature enough for a constitutional government, or entitled to the interposition of at least the sympathy of intelligent Europe in its behalf, seems not to have yet arrived—and why ? Because, forsooth, broken up into different states, its population scattered and disarmed, has not risen as one man against the Austrian armies summoned from time to time to trample under foot the germs of Italian freedom. The argument is in itself too absurd to be any thing but hypocrisy and calumny. Is there a people on the face of the earth who can find in their own history the shadow of a pretence for holding language of this sort to Italy ? Certainly it will not be France, who at a foreign bidding so lately received back twice the rejected Bourbons. Certainly not the Germans, who, only the other day bound hand and foot under a foreign yoke, owe their escape from it to the snows of Russia. Wherever else these nominal and candid friends of constitutional liberty may seek an apology for their lukewarmness in her cause, or some justification of the cruel taunts by which they have heaped insult on misfortune, the opposite moral might much more fairly be deduced from the crisis of American and of English institutions. Probably we may, as usual, be prepared to compliment ourselves with the conjecture, that our American kindred and our English ancestors, so far from wanting foreign assistance, would have overcome any amount of foreign opposition. But what was the

fact? Their annals tell us that they were not merely secure from foreign opposition in their great emergencies. They both sought, they both obtained, and they were both successfully carried through their struggles by foreign aid. The Bourbons of France, for their own selfish objects, rocked the cradle of American independence. French armies were invited to protect the rising privileges of England against King John. Fleming troops put down the Roman Catholic hostility to our Reformation, and watched over our religious liberties. In times still too recent for so notorious an incident to be forgotten, it was under the bayonets of Dutch guards that that glorious revolution was accomplished, by which our civil, and also our religious emancipation was finally secured. Now, Italy wants neither French nor German aid. She asks nothing from the foreigner but that he would remove his hand from off her throat, and leave her a fair and open stage. Her own cause, against her own and native enemies, she can vindicate for herself. What has their appeal in arms to the justice, the law, the admiration of Europe, profited the Poles? One might be almost excused the suspicion, that men, who, under these circumstances, reproach a compulsory subjection with the name of servile cowardice, would have inveighed against resistance as rebellion. In case the Italians had rushed into a similar and unequal contest, would they not have basely stood by, as over another Poland, and calmly looked down on the extermination of its citizens, and the extinction of its very name?

The form of institutions is strictly a domestic question. It requires understanding and feelings of home growth. The impossibility that foreigners can meddle with them, except divided to do mischief and rouse resentment, is nowhere more deeply felt, than over the liberal part of Germany. Recent recollections of French oppression have made the thought of anti-national influence, under any pretext, so odious to Prussia, that her theatres can welcome with shouts even the exclamation, 'Out on the freedom which the stranger brings!' The Germans are not the honest people which they are represented, and which we take them to be, if they cannot believe that the Italians are as national as themselves; and that Austrian influence at Bologna is as hateful to the full, as French influence at Berlin. If freedom itself would lose its value to German patriots coming from a stranger, let them imagine whether servitude from such a quarter is likely to be so prepared as to suit the Italian taste. They are dealing with a people susceptible of quick impressions, and who retain them long; who are brooding over the memory of former glories, as

an inheritance to be resumed—over the memory of hereditary wrongs, as an indignity to be revenged. The reputation of the German name—of the Greek-subscribing Germans—has a direct and personal interest in releasing Italy from the Austrian house of bondage. Austria is to Italy what Turkey was to Greece. The Italians feel it to be so. So does the rest of Europe. We see no distinction. Lord Byron saw none, and would have shed his blood as gladly in one cause as in the other. Until Austria returns within her own boundaries, and until her system of domination over Italy is renounced, Austria must make up her mind to be detested as an oppressor, and the whole of Germany to be compromised in the infamy of her guilt.

At the present moment, every page of the history of Italy, consulted as a *sortes Virgilianæ*, should teach its would-be-rulers a far different lesson. It is one which they will have to learn at last: the sooner, therefore, they study it, the better for their repose. It will show them the only chance of their yet averting the catastrophe of the tragedy they have prepared. In this temper M. Sismondi, in the year 1832, about to address the same work to the people of both France and England, refused to reduce his sixteen volumes on the Italian Republics into a duodecimo by mere compression. Honourably faithful to the necessities of a country, whose traditional character from age to age nobody has observed so closely, and illustrated so profoundly, he has taken advantage of the occasion to cut out, as it were, the decayed wood from his old history, and bring its leading shoots,—those which have in them still their native life and vigour, once more into the light of day. It is the object of his present volume to lay before ‘the two powerful nations, which ‘glory in being without a master, the claims of ill-fated Italy to ‘enjoy the same freedom.’ Ever since the fall of the Roman empire, violence and fraud have combined, alternated, and exhausted their resources over the labour of denationalizing Italy; and in vain. At this very moment, from the foot of the Simplon to the southernmost point of Calabria, she is more intensely national than ever. The Ghibellines were once a party; but beyond the antechambers, and except in Austrian uniform, there is no imperial party now. Domestic tyrannies have long deprived her of the enjoyment of those institutions, which she first taught Europe how to constitute, appreciate, and defend; but they have not destroyed in her the memory of rights thus exclusively identified with her ancient glory. Like the subterraneous fire of her volcanoes—most to be feared when most silent—this inextinguishable passion is collecting its means, and ever

ready to break out on the slightest possible occasion. There is not a fact in modern politics, when tried by its appropriate tests, more thoroughly established than the spirit and competence of Italy to walk by her own light and in her own strength. In all countries—most of all has that been the case in England—improvements are carried, in the first instance, by enlightened minorities. This must be particularly the fact where no public press exists to rouse the inert part of a nation, to enlighten the populace on the evils of a plausible despotism, and to shame the vicious from the sordid advantages with which despotism bribes and panders to its partisans. It is enough for a time, that the numerical minority makes good its way by superior vigour and ability;—the neutrals will come up with the baggage, when the victory is won. Once dispose of the German bayonets, and Italy would not be left to itself a month before constitutional governments would every where quietly arise upon the crumbling ruins of despotisms so thoroughly worn out and incapable, that they are not now more hated than despised.

It must have been a melancholy office to unfold the roll of lamentations of Italian story, written from within and from without with woe. But not all melancholy—for there are noble passages in it also, and points which radiate through the gloom encouragement to the standard interests of mankind. The age of popular institutions is at hand. Rising from the consideration of the Italian Republics, we have contemplated with an increased confidence the fortune of future generations. No history affords for a longer period the means of continuing a comparison side by side between liberty and despotism; or establishes a more glorious result. Tyrannies may be the favourable theatre for talents such as disgrace the abhorred picture of the ‘Prince’ of Machiavel. This appears to be the fact. On the other hand, it is proved that the breath of liberty is absolutely necessary to secure for long together whatever is great or manly in virtue, genius, and fame. ‘How rich in virtues was Italy in the twelfth century, when covered with republics, and when every city simultaneously fought for liberty! . . . But the field of virtue contracted from age to age, while that of crime enlarged itself. . . . Italy may justly glory in the fact, that wherever she was free, she was always found constant in the road of virtue; she is not answerable for the crimes with which she was sullied by her tyrants. Several thousand citizens always contributed, by their vote, to all that Florence did that was grand and noble; while about fifty princes, distributed in as many palaces, with the few wretches which it belongs to tyrannical governments always to bring forward, sufficed to

‘commit, in spite of a whole population, all the crimes which
‘affrighted Italy.’

Civilisation may take pride in another reflection. It is so true and so important, and is so necessary an inference from a review of the whole history of Italy in connexion with its present state, that it seems impossible to escape from the conviction. The brutal ambition of military violence, and of mere superiority in arms, can never execute but a small part of even its own arbitrary purpose. The mind of a nation cannot be conquered except by mind. As long as the governed remain more intelligent than the governors, the will of a people shrinks from being brought into bondage to the masters of their persons and of their soil. Writhing under the indignity and manifest unnaturalness of a forced submission of this description, they ‘bide their time,’ and only watch more earnestly every favourable opportunity for revolt. The rod of Transalpine dominion has never put out shoots in Italy, where it was as misplaced as that of the Moor in Spain. Sooner or later it must follow the same fate. Were it possible for it to be domesticated and vernacularized by the circumstance of commingling races and dispositions, there would be no question of the kind remaining at issue now. For ages, one century has transmitted to its successor the same experiment—it has failed in the hands of Germans, of Spaniards, and of the French. Italian history is nothing else than a repetition of these outrages; the recollection of them is burnt deep into every page of it; and the hereditary detestation of them flames up in every heart. For ages, war and diplomacy have made Italy French one day, Austrian the next. But Italy, instead of accepting such transformation, has resisted all infusion of alien blood into her veins. She will not (nor ought she to) distinguish between foreign interference, in support of a government anti-national in its intelligence and spirit, and direct foreign domination. It is time to ask, how much longer is this system to be endured? Every year it becomes worse and more intolerable—as her martyrs multiply—as her intelligence advances—and as the tidings reach her from other countries of more fortunate, but not more deserving efforts. Independence and liberty will alone pacify Italy. Her history, early and late, are one continuous proof that a spark has always lurked under the ashes; and that, through every period of degradation, the latent elements of past and future greatness have survived. Italy disclaims the usurpation of stupid force, and asserts the superiority which she feels. The scaffolds of Modena and Naples,—the prisons of Hungary or of Rome,—her exiles—her honourable exiles—at Paris or in London,—the repeated tale, year after

year, of successive revolt and of perpetual conspiracy—are surely sufficient to verify so simple and so old a truth. It is not that Italy can find no charm for her inhabitants but in revolution; it is that in her actual condition all other charms are a bitterness and a reproach. Her best citizens have learned that a higher duty has risen up for them in their desecrated home, than to continue sauntering like travellers in their delicious climate, gazing at the monumental beauty of their country, and talking over its historical renown. It is too late! The Austrians may overrun them, but civilisation will not be the less appreciated. The universities may be shut up, but the necessity of liberal institutions will not be the less acknowledged. Their economists and philosophers, their Beccarias and Filangieris, have not written in vain. For the eighteen years during which the education of the present generation of Italians was forming their opinions, they received at every pore those sentiments, the restless vehemence of which every year is now more and more revealing to us in France. Were there nothing else, their participation in the flame of their own great Italian leader, and their co-operation in his triumphs, must make it absurd to think they can return to a degraded and convulsive torpor, under provincial satraps dependent on Vienna.

•We would fain persuade ourselves that moral lessons, of the class which enlightened history so well teaches, are about to take their proper station, and to have greater influence in deciding the destiny of nations, than treaty-Latin and civilian learning. This hope is the only light which can cheer a reader through the labyrinth of Italian annals, complicated by perjury, and reeking in honourable blood. Except for this hope, few persons at this time of day would think it worth their while to enquire into the circumstances under which the Popes, one way or another, either through foreigners or by themselves, have been the ruin of Italy.

They were fatal days—that on which Leo III. called in the temporal arm of Charlemagne, (Christmas day, A. D. 800,) and placed upon his head the delusive crown of a western Roman Empire. There was even less excuse for its wretched pendant, when long afterwards Urban IV., himself a Frenchman, (A. D. 1261,) invited Charles of Anjou to take possession of the kingdom of the heroic Manfred, under the blessing of a consecrated sword. The first of these events was the formal introduction of the Germans; and from it was derived the claim of imperial supremacy, which has been, in these our own days, at last relinquished, but hitherto relinquished little more than in name. Occasionally lost or suspended—and on a sudden fiercely revi-

ved—during a thousand years it has continued to be exercised in every variety of pretension. It legislated for Italy in the Diets of Roncaglia: it renewed from reign to reign vain attempts to establish over its fiefs a more positive and arbitrary authority. At one time, it was content with setting up investitures and noble dignities to sale. At another, in spite of European negotiations for Italian independence, it excited Charles V. to halloo the Constable Bourbon to the storm of Rome. These are the inveterate recollections on which even now the ravenous anticipations and projects of Austria principally feed.

The second of these events was the formal introduction of the French. It occurred at a moment, after which the historian acknowledges his inability to continue to bind up the politics of more than 200 small states in a supposed concurrence, the object of which had been the maintenance of a sort of balance between the Empire, the Church, and Naples. It occurred at a crisis, when the concentration of power in the hands of Manfred appeared to be on the point of securing for the Peninsula that union and consistency, the want of which is at the bottom of all its misfortunes. This successful intrigue with France must have encouraged Boniface VIII. to send Charles of Valois on that treacherous mission of pious interposition to Florence;—memorable only above other instances of papal perfidy, because Dante was among the victims. Its ultimate consequences, however, were still worse; for the invasion of Charles VIII., (A. D. 1494,) arose out of it, in the pretensions of the second house of Anjou upon the kingdom of Naples. Italy has never recovered from the political effects of that invasion. Neighbouring kingdoms, recently aggrandized by a consolidation of their disunited provinces, ascertained their military advantages over opulent, civilized, but disunited Italy. The struggles were no longer questions of apparently disputed rights. Henceforth they became a squabble for plunder—a quarrel over their respective shares in a conquered territory, scised, treated, and portioned out into dependent colonies. In these the feelings of the inhabitants were no more than those of so many aboriginal tribes of red men or negroes. Charles the VIII., Lewis XII., Francis I., instead of being contented with the Italians for allies, strove to take possession of them as subjects. In this contest they wasted the country to its very marrow; and disorganized its institutions from one end of the peninsula to the other. Italy, between the hammer and the anvil, lay at mercy. France for once was foiled; after having brought the Spaniards into Naples, and the Germans into Venice. The French monarchs had the mortification of discovering, that ‘for Banquo’s issue they had find’d their

‘mind,’ and that their enemies alone would have the profit of their crimes.

The sole contemporary and urgent interest which we can take at present in these transactions, is in contemplating and recording the invincible hostility by which their moral influence has been counteracted. The zeal with which the cities resisted the illustrious house of Hohenstauffen, and brought the two Fredericks to terms at the peace of Constance—the horrible vindication of an insulted race in the Sicilian Vespers—the redeeming virtue with which Julius II. boasted to his countrymen that he had expelled the French, (the first who had imposed on them a foreign yoke,) and vowed that he would never rest till he had chased all the other barbarians after them—the sudden explosion in which, provoked by a blow from the cane of a German sergeant, the whole population rose and drove the Austrians out of Genoa—the tossing and writhing of the last fifteen years under the waters of the proud which have gone over their souls—these are so many national proclamations of an unconquerable will, occurring at distant intervals; they constitute with honourable men truer hereditary titles to freedom than diplomas or *chartes octroyées* could confer. The principle and the scandal, the right to self-government, and the disgrace of withholding it, gather strength and evidence every day. Recent events bring down to the latest period irresistible proof that Austria and France are in Italy only where they were hundreds of years ago. They have not advanced, either of them, a step towards obtaining one iota of that moral influence, composed of commingled interests and feelings, by which in course of time rights may grow out of aggressions. Neither Austria nor France can ever quietly submit that the other should hold sway across the Alps. This is a breach which, as long as it remains open, will lead to interminable jealousies. Through it wars will be constantly rushing in; unless it is closed once and for ever by a frank recognition on both sides of Italian independence. The compromise thus imperatively required by policy, as regards each other, coincides with the demands of justice as regards Italy herself. Nothing short of this can meet the case of a people, whose spirit, never quenched, has risen again with circumstances, and whose nationality is unchangeable and unchanged.

No impartial, much more, no generous person, will condemn a people for not having performed impossibilities. The history of Italy, during the last three centuries, has been, it is true, a history of fragments only, and made almost a blank. Supposing that there has been an occasional decline, fluctuation or despair in the public feeling cannot furnish even a pretext for national reflections. To whatever extent that may at times have taken place, the French Revolution, strong enough every where to ‘breathe a

soul within the ribs of death,' must, in her peculiar circumstances, since have worked in her a thorough political resurrection. Let us recollect what things that Revolution performed in her behalf, —what still greater things it promised, and was destined gradually to prepare. It placed her in a new position. It accustomed her ears once more to the name, if it did not yet bring home to her experience all the realities of a nation. Of the reality of a much better internal administration than she had ever known, at the same time, over the same extent of country, it put her in full possession.

' When Napoleon Bonaparte was appointed to the command of the French army in Italy, in 1796, he began to effect a regeneration which gave to the Italian nation more liberty than it had lost. It is the participation of numbers in the government, and not the name of republic as opposed to monarchy, that constitutes liberty; it is, above all, the reign of the laws; publicity in the administration, as well as the tribunals; equality, the removal of all shackles on thought, on education, and on religion. Five millions and a half of inhabitants in the kingdom of Italy were put in possession of a constitution which secured to them all these advantages, with a participation in the legislature and in the vote of taxes. They had recovered the glorious name of Italians; they had a national army, the bravery of which rendered it daily more illustrious. Six millions and a half inhabitants of the kingdom of Naples received institutions less advanced, it is true; but even there the law had succeeded arbitrary power; public and oral evidence had succeeded secret information and the torture; equality, the feudal system, education, instead of retrograding, had been rendered progressive, and thought, as well as religious conscience, had recovered freedom; finally, 2,000,000 of Piedmontese, 500,000 Genoese, 500,000 Parmesans, and 2,500,000 Tuscans and Romans,—in all 5,500,000 Italians,—were temporarily united to France. They partook of all the privileges of the conquerors; they became with them accustomed to the dominion of the law, to freedom of thought, and to military virtue,—secure that at no very distant period, when their political education should be accomplished, they would again be incorporated in that Italy to the future liberty and glory of which they now directed their every thought. Such was the work which the French accomplished by twenty years of victory: it was doubtless incomplete, and left much to be desired; but it possessed in itself the principle of greater advancement, it promised to revive Italy, liberty, virtue, and glory.'—(Sismondi, p. 363.)

All this, it is too true, was wretchedly undone at the Congress

of Vienna, when another of the great injustices of history was added to those sorrows which, Filicaja so truly says, Italy carries written on her forehead. The proverb of German diplomacy was revived,—‘*L’Italie est un chou qu’il faut manger feuille à feuille.*’ The foremost man of all this world had been just struck down for violating the independence of nations. Yet, how did kings and ambassadors celebrate the victory of the people? Their first measure towards the superficial pacification of mankind was a perversion of their delegated power, and an outrage on every noble sentiment, by putting up to diplomatic auction rights which even Napoleon had respected. Italy was sacrificed body and soul. Let us hear the charges which in this respect the Holy Alliance will have to answer, when those who represent and defend its actions shall be called before the European public to render an account of the confidence and of the patience which they have abused.

‘It has been the work of the coalition to destroy all; to place Italy again under the galling yoke of Austria; to take from her, with political liberty, civil and religious freedom, and even freedom of thought; to corrupt her morals, and to heap upon her the utmost degree of humiliation. Italy is unanimous in abhorring this ignominious yoke: Italy, to break it, has done all that could be expected of her. In a struggle between an established government and a nation, the former has all the advantages; it has in its favour rapidity of communication, certainty of information, soldiers, arsenals, fortresses and finances. The people have only their unarmed hands and their masses unaccustomed to act together: nevertheless in every struggle during these fifteen years in Italy, between the nation and its oppressors, the victory has remained with the people. At Naples, in Sicily, in Piedmont, in the States of the Church, at Modena and Parma, unarmed masses have seized the arms of the soldiers; men chosen by the people have taken place of the despots in their palaces. The Italians, every where victorious over their own tyrants, have, it is true, been every where forced back under the yoke with redoubled cruelty by the league of foreign despots. Attacked before they could have given themselves a government or formed a treasury, arsenals, or an army, by the sovereign of another nation, who reckons not less than 30,000,000 of subjects, they did not attempt a hopeless resistance, which would have deprived them of every chance for the future. Let those who demand more of them begin by doing as much themselves.’—(Sismondi, p. 364.)

Unfortunately, the offences of the powerful princes, who are trustees of the law of nations on behalf of weaker states, did not

stop with the injuries perpetrated at the Congress. Guilty then as direct accomplices in an iniquitous spoliation, they have since been only one degree less criminal in the connivance, indifference, or cowardly apprehensions under which they have shrunk from protecting the independence of the helpless sovereignties which they on that occasion affected to create. The European compact of 1814, established in Italy two Kingdoms, four Duchies, and the Papal States. If the law of nations is not a decoy for the simple, or, at most, hung up only as a scarecrow to little birds, but a convenient perch for vultures, each of these sovereignties is as completely master, within its respective limits, as the most powerful empire. Unless the law of nations, according to its modern construction, is to be used as a shield for kings, and an assassin's dagger against subjects, the inhabitants of these independent states, one and all, have the same right as the inhabitants of either France or England, to model their internal institutions at their own good pleasure, without a power of reference or pretext for interference to any third party whatever. The principle can have nothing to do with the size of the respective territory to which it may have occasion to be applied. Invited or uninvited, Austria violates the law of nations when she marches a single soldier across her frontier, in order to prevent the people of the smallest principality from improving their laws or altering their form of government. Her armed appearance at Bologna, for the prevention of good government in central Italy, is as unprincipled an attack on the security and honour of all constitutional governments, as a direct invasion of France or England, in support of an hereditary peerage in the first kingdom, or in opposition to a reform in the House of Commons in the last. What, however, in point of fact, is the system which, since 1816, Austria has pursued, and has been permitted to pursue? We shall find that she has destroyed, on system, the independence and happiness of States which were created, subsist, and are guaranteed, by the power, authority, and sanction of collected Europe.

No stronger proof was ever given of the iron inflexibility on which the German system proceeds, than the perseverance with which a policy that steepes Italy in tears and blood, has been followed up by an aged monarch who personally is the idol of his hereditary dominions, and who walks along the Prater as a father among his children. It must be remembered, that, in Italy, the Emperor of Austria is nothing more than one of many Italian princes. By the creative fiat, which put Italy back into chaos, and out of light brought forth darkness, Congress made him nothing more. So far from any privilege of patronage or pro-

tection over its other states having been granted to Austria in 1814, the express request for it in 1815 was refused. Yet, in 1816, commenced a system which has since never been relaxed an hour. In that year the King of Naples was prohibited, by engagement, from conceding a constitution to his subjects. Austria has exacted a treaty to the same effect from the King of Sardinia, and from every Prince in Italy except the Pope; with whom there is no need for a reservation of the sort, express or mental. The sure instinct of despotism instructs them, that were there a square mile south of the Alps clearly independent and constitutionalized, Lombardy is gone. The Neapolitans having nevertheless set up a constitution in 1820, Austria immediately suppressed it by force of arms. Again Austria interfered in 1821, for the same purpose, in Piedmont. In 1831, and again in 1832, with the same object and the same result, she bore down upon the Papal States. Italy is thus in effect nothing better than a Cisalpine Austria. Its ordinary police is Austrian. The secret strings are in the management of the false and ferocious Duke of Modena—a renegade conspirator, who has recently substituted in his own dominions, military commissions for regular tribunals; and who has declared by proclamation, that in cases of treason, legal evidence would not be deemed necessary for conviction. The native governments are every where enslaved and trammelled by Austrian agents. Austria reigns over Tuscany, by the Count de Savran. Modena and Ferrara, Parma, and Placentia, are her garrison towns. It is Austria which makes out the catalogue of proscriptions, when what she calls order is restored. It is Austria* which assumes the office of jailer to the other states, and claims the custody of their victims in her dungeons. Their cabinets are every hour sinking deeper in mediocrity and baseness, by an obligatory exclusion of every native name distin-

* Whilst our pen is on the present page we hear that France has at last opened the prison door to some of the unhappy prisoners at Venice. They were seized last year by an Austrian brig, whilst they were on the high seas, on board a Papal vessel,—its papers in perfect order, and themselves provided with passports from Cardinal Benvenuti the Legate, by a special agreement made with the Liberals on the surrender of Ancona to him. The Austrians released those born in the Papal States; but threw into prison the subjects of Parma and Modena, as well as their own. We have yet to learn whether any remain in confinement, and especially whether General Zucchi has been released. The Austrian Commissary of Police, who examined the prisoners, was particularly exact in enquiring how far the Duke of Modena had been concerned in exciting the late commotions.

guished for ability or patriotism. This mockery of painted sovereigns—these puppet registrars of mandates from the Aulic Council, find their only apparent safety in a summary and cringing subservience to her orders. Wearing not even ‘the likeness of a kingly crown,’ they become daily more discredited at home; and are left destitute of the shadow of any possible national support. Ferdinand of Naples told his parliament in 1820, that he would do every thing in his power to maintain the constitution. The poor old man was forthwith summoned to Laybach; whence he wrote to the prince royal, “*Que voulez vous? ils ne m’ont pas laissé parler seulement.*” The position of a dependent subsidiary Hindoo Rajah is sufficiently embarrassing. Nevertheless, as he is encouraged in good government by the resident, whose authority overshadows him, it must be paradise in comparison with the condition of one of these Italian sovereigns. Their prerogative consists in being the chief slave in their dominions: beyond this they are left without any real authority but that of making their subjects wretched. The politic pains taken by Austria to hold Italy, as it were under water, in a state of constant disorder and discontent—to keep the native dynasties feeble and unpopular—so that, in the last act of troubles which her own policy has provoked, she may come upon the stage in the character of a protector—bear an ominous resemblance to the wicked artifices by which Russia brought Poland within the meshes of her spider net. Catherine bribed and threatened the Polish Diet into perpetuating the elective monarchy, the *liberum veto*, and the other abuses of that unmanageable constitution. The evils to which she herself thus principally contributed, were afterwards paraded as the motive and justification of her ulterior designs, the moment circumstances permitted her to throw off the mask. Will villainy of this kind be allowed to be repeated second-hand—much more to be successful twice? And in the present instance, in the case of a country where the infamy will be greater than even in the case of Poland? The real interests of the Roman Catholic religion, at the present day, suffer considerably from the resuscitation of the Pope as a temporal prince. His spiritual authority is weakened and corrupted by it. Common sense is equally revolted. The diplomatic apology for this absurdity can only rest on the desirableness of setting up an impassable barrier against Austria in this direction. The present state of foreign influence over Poland, Greece, and Belgium, does not lead one to put much faith in paper barriers. But we have paid the price for the independence of Italy. The anomalous theocracy is revived, whilst the pretended equivalent is withheld, without condescending to keep up the decency of appearances.

The cases of exception which can justify armed intervention by one state in the affairs of another are very few. Interests or prejudices in favour of misgovernment, are certainly not among them. The degree of injury inflicted, in any particular instance, may be measured by the sense of nationality, the capacity for freedom, the demand for political existence. These vary of course in the different classes, and also in the different parts of Italy. The observation, however, which Machiavelli made when the cloud had already come over his country, is still generally true of the entire peninsula. ‘*In Italia non manca materia da introdurvi ogni forma. Qui è virtù grande nelle membra, quando la non mancasse ne’ capi.*’ In the same way, the shades of misgovernment vary from one province to another. By comparison, Tuscany is almost happy. Its proportionate tranquillity might teach kings that good government is not thrown away upon a people, and that the surest means of consulting their own happiness are to be found in the happiness of their subjects. Piedmont is not placed under a harrow so deeply pronged as Lombardy. Naples is a less just object of compassion than Sicily, Modena, or the patrimony of St Peter. On the whole, however, it may be truly stated, that there is no corner of Italy which is not qualified for a much better government than it enjoys. There is scarcely any which has not proved its dissatisfaction by its resistance, and its power by its success. Popular sentiments are so far spread, even through the military, that no confidence can be placed in native troops. That most formidable standing army, which the Roman Catholic church keeps on foot in the persons of its clergy, hangs at present so loosely to the state, that priests have been more or less implicated in every conspiracy. In the degradation of their country, martyrs came forth from the Anglo-Saxon monasteries, and from among the Greek papas. The inferior Italian clergy sympathize with the people to whom they belong. The mantle of Bussolari and Savonarola has fallen upon more than one, who have vindicated, in the galleys and on the scaffold, the nationality of their profession. The nobility, impoverished and disgusted, have no longer, as a body, any personal interests to defend, distinct from those of their fellow-citizens. In the Notes to his Roman History, Niebuhr observes on the rapidity with which the small properties are disappearing. As the weight of taxation is daily forcing them into the market, they are consolidated in the hands of a few capitalists and financial speculators, whose prosperity is the more invidious in the midst of a general decay. The incompetence of their ruler, the mismanagement and havoc in their affairs, the indignant comparison between their own lot and that of their more fortunate

neighbours, is the talk of every village. Antiquity and prescription, since the parenthesis of free opinion interposed by the French revolution, could be of trifling avail in opposition to all these elements of change. Yet there is nothing of the sort for even prejudice to appeal to. Excepting Piedmont, there is not a dynasty which can plead in its behalf a single national recollection.

Under these circumstances, an entire new national existence for Italy must be the dream of every good Italian. The public morality of Europe has long been so lax and selfish, that the thorough independence which is indispensable to its attainment and preservation, is more, we fear, than any small state can yet entertain a reasonable expectation of being allowed truly and honestly to enjoy. The dream, however, has a tendency to make itself a reality. Fathers will transmit to their children the expulsion of the Austrian, and the erection of a national power, in the shape of either one or more independent monarchies, or of a confederation of republics, as the great political object which every generation is bound to bequeath entire and sacred to the care, and courage, and fortune of those that follow. One generation may have to wait,—the next may fail,—vengeance and justice will succeed at last. Whilst the Amilcars of Italy swear their sons upon every hill-top and every ruin to an eternal enmity with Austria, by an oath which nothing but the deliverance of their country from Austrian domination can discharge, the year or day when a Hannibal shall be born unto them may safely be left to time. A regeneration and reconstruction so extensive, like the important operations of nature, can only be the work of time. It is a work, however, which, where the causes are so positive, must proceed with equal certainty in its course.

In the mean time, a more immediate duty is imposed on the cabinets of Europe. This duty lies in narrow compass. It is one which they can perform easily, and ought to perform joyfully. It is one to which they stand too far committed, by their own proceedings within the last twelve months, for an escape from the responsibility of it to be devisable by human ingenuity. Late events have given the Papal government precedence of all the other governments in Italy. It has raised itself to the bad eminence of being decidedly the worst and weakest,—the least disposed to satisfy the reasonable requests of its subjects when preferred as humble suitors,—the least able to resist their just demands when insisted on by arms.

The population thus consecrated to misgovernment is greater than that of Scotland. Among the two millions and a half of human beings, who have been made the victims of this anoma-

lous jurisdiction, are comprised, in the inhabitants of Rome and of the Legations, the extremes of the Italian people. From feebleness and favouritism, the Vatican has always sacrificed the interests of the more distant provinces to the interests of the capital—in other words, has sacrificed the happiness of the finest portion of her subjects, to court the favour of the degraded population within the walls. The shouts of the *Trasteverini* are, however, sorry compensation for the curses, loud and deep, of the inhabitants of Romagna. In Lord Byron's Letters, and in the Travels of Lady Morgan, (for the truth of which, in this respect, Lord Byron vouches,) justice is done to the primitive Italianism, and the character of this district. It is one, about which ordinary English tourists know as little as about the natives of Central Asia. Lord Byron describes their preparations for revolt in 1821; how they failed, and the proscriptions and expatriations which ensued. The principle of non-intervention being understood to be secured by the three days of Paris, in the spring of 1831, the population of the Legations renewed their efforts. They had succeeded, and proclaimed a Republic, when the Austrians advanced in the month of March. Upon this, instead of supporting the principle of non-intervention, and compelling the Austrians to withdraw, peace was sought to be preserved by taking a middle course. In the choice of evils, it appeared the least to turn the intervention from Austrian into European. The principal powers of Europe made themselves parties to the interference. By a Note addressed to the Pope, they stipulated, in return for their interposition against his subjects in his behalf, that certain abuses in his administration should be redressed. Accordingly the Pope, by the mouth of Cardinal Bernetti, promised his subjects a *new era*. In the different decrees which his Holiness has subsequently published, his subjects have perceived, not an execution but an evasion of these promises. They protest and negotiate. The Pope, having recruited among the banditti and from out the galleys, insists on unconditional submission. Whilst negotiations are going on, his army of criminals advances amid plunder and massacres, which would have disgraced a horde of Cossacks in an enemy's country, in the month of February of the present year. Austria, having waited till the carnage was completed, without consulting her late colleagues, again marched on Bologna, just in time to prevent the inhabitants from taking vengeance on these missionaries of pillage and assassination. Upon this, France, however unwillingly, was forced forward. She was already a responsible party in this armed negotiation; and accordingly she put in her appearance at Ancona on behalf of her clients, the people. A diplomatic correspondence

has ensued. Humanity and justice, the Law of Nations, not only the honour of France and of Europe, but the last hopes that something may be done for Italy, without the necessity of passing through some terrible intermediate convulsion, are all deeply interested in the result. The allies, by their joint Note of May, 1831, took central Italy out of the hands of Austria. To let Austria resume her former post, and range over these provinces single-handed and unchecked, is as vacillating, impolitic, and cruel, as to consign the Morea back again to the Pashas of Albania or Egypt.

On this occasion, M. Sismondi has again taken the field with a call upon the French which the circumstances fully justify. The anonymous pamphlet entitled '*Précis Politique sur les derniers evenemens des Etats Romains,*' goes much more into detail; and contains a very manly and convincing statement of the case. It is an excellent specimen of the unanswerable appeals by which, since the pen alone is left them, the exiled sons of Italy, from month to month, protest against their oppressors in the face of Heaven, and to the present and all future ages. The Pope has provoked the discussion—Europe must decide. In order to decide properly, several serious considerations, which have been long left undisturbed upon our shelves, are likely to acquire some practical importance. It may be necessary to enquire into the origin and progress of the temporal authority of the Court of Rome—the means by which the aggrandizement of the States of the Church has been at different periods effected—and the only possible object with which a European congress can have replaced them under an antiquated subjection. It will become necessary to examine how far this temporal jurisdiction has been administered for the happiness or misery of the subjects over whom it has been exercised; and in what degree so nondescript a government, established in central Italy, has promoted or retarded the general interests of that country. A comparison between the real qualities of the population contained within the States of the Church, and between the actual nature of the pontifical government, will exhibit their suitableness or unsuitableness to each other, at the present moment. We shall in this manner see what changes are required to be introduced in order to bring the two into harmony; whilst our previous historical interrogatories will have brought forward the proper materials for conjecturing whether it is probable that such changes are to be expected from the pontifical government itself, or what additional suretyship ought to be demanded. In this latter event, recent negotiations must conduct us to the proper parties, and the necessary terms. Our views upon these several points

would carry us over far too extensive ground to enter on them in detail at present. However, the gauntlet is one which we pledge ourselves to take up, in case we are not anticipated by something like the appearance of justice being done to these victims of priestly misgovernment. This can only be by means of real institutions substantially guaranteed. The cause has been kept back and trifled with too long. Besides our interest in the cause of Italy, and our sympathy with the sufferings of her patriots, great principles are at stake. The honour, the morality, the positive interests of nations, will not allow these principles to be dragged in the dirt from day to day with impunity. The people of England and of France must give their cabinets to understand, that negotiations, involving every thing most sacred to human beings, cannot be conducted as a matter of courtly ceremony, in which princes only are concerned.

What is there, we should like to know, in the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, by which Europe is bound to guarantee his right to oppress his subjects; and its principal powers are to be called upon, like the bullies of a brothel, to come out and enforce the right? From the donation of Constantine to the much more serious one volunteered by the Holy Alliance, the Popes have scarce ever acquired an inch of ground but by means and terms, the tradition of which would make a private family blush over their possessions. This parson-justice, this priest and squire, holds in his own hands the finest piece of glebe in Christendom, with the most opprobrious possible title. The Irish Church has nothing like it. It reaches from sea to sea; from Ferrara to Terracina. The detail corresponds to a fortune realized, half at Crockford's, the other half on Hounslow Heath. The effect on these unfortunate provinces was fatal, and often instantaneous. To become the property of the Pope, was in other words to fall into decay. For the general fortune of Italy, the effect of the gradual aggrandizement of this ecclesiastical corporation into one of the principal Italian sovereignties, has been almost equally disastrous. The nature of its government, and the position of its states, for ever stood in the way of a combination and fusion of Italian interests and feelings into one universal stream. The court of Rome was always the centre of those intrigues, by which the cause of Italy has been sacrificed, its principles corrupted, and its reputation lost.

Were there no other principle in politics than Prescription, it must be admitted, that in the great cause between bad and good government which the Pope and his subjects are now interpleading before mankind, judgment must pass as of course in favour of the Pope. As far back as the fourteenth century, Pe-

trarch ejaculated, '*Gia l'empia Babilonia ha colmo il sacco.*' In the sixteenth, Machiavelli declared with the emphasis of Tacitus, '*il Papa regna ma non governa.*' In 1789, the Count Gorani said, '*Alger etait mieux gouvernè que Rome.*' Indeed, a kingdom under the rule of priests unmarried, and for the most part strangers, can be compared to no other government which ever existed, so well as to that of Egypt, tyrannized over and plundered by the Mamelukes. What other consequences could be expected from a human theocracy, in which not only was there no idea of a separation between legislative, judicial, and executive jurisdictions, but in which spiritual and temporal authority, the affairs of the soul and the body, of the next world and of this, were confounded, to the poisoning and paralysing of both? If English theologians were to claim infallibility for their clergy, and adopt for their use the motto of Bellarmine, '*Papa est supra jus, contra jus, et extra jus,*' the cry against our clerical justices, somewhat overstrained at present, would find an echo in every heart. Yet, an entire government of priests is a much more dangerous matter. The restoration of such a Tibet Lama in the nineteenth century, after so long an experience of its effects, and with a perfect knowledge of the incurable unmanageableness of its elements, was one of the unpardonable extravagances of the festival of drunken joy which succeeded the fall of Bonaparte. A confidence in friars, equal to the profane compliment by which Chateaubriand calls the Supreme Being '*le grand celibataire de l'univers,*' is required to justify it. The miracle which, in her old age, made Sarah a joyful mother, was not a more improbable event than that the political happiness of two millions and a half of men, situated in the highway of civilisation, should be adequately secured under a system, consisting of the *meri motus* of an aged priest, elected by, advising with, and acting through, none but priests. From the earliest times a vacancy in the pontifical chair has been a signal for avarice, ambition, and deceit—for stories which have been the scandal, and for intrigues which have often made the misery, of great part of Europe. A conclave of cardinals choosing a Pope, sit like the money-changers in the Temple. The real question is, whether the Vicar of Christ on earth shall be Spanish, French, or Austrian. Indeed, he becomes chaplain to the foreign prince whose interest he represents. In such a case, mere goodness of personal inclination is of no avail. A Gregory XVI. falls into the hands of a Cardinal Albani. What reform is to be expected from ancient valetudinarians, chosen upon a principle of decrepitude so inveterate, that four Popes have been elected within the last eight years? The ancient city, sacked by foreign and domestic Attilas, is buried in its own rubbish. It is

the same, *morally*, with modern Rome. The machinery of its present government can never be made equal to the pressure on it. The obstacles are what Gregory VII. by himself, or with the help even of his Norman allies, could not overcome. It is come to this—the monastic government is so far in arrear of the people, that the people must be called in. The old system is so thoroughly worn out, that it cannot possibly be reconstructed and administered with the least prospect of utility or safety, but by introducing the fresh springs and the new energy which popular institutions and popular co-operation can alone supply.

When Innocent IX., to please Donna Olympia, his sister-in-law and mistress, took and destroyed Castro, he erected on its site a pyramid with the inscription, *Què fu Castro*. The Pope may spare himself the trouble of thus marking his possessions. The pools of Ferrara, once the pride of Italy—the wastes of the Campagna, once a garden—the desolation of the patrimony of St Peter,—are the appropriate badges of his boundaries, and sufficient types of the absolutism of the Church. Under the government of the Infallible, finance has become a pillage—justice a chaos—freedom of opinion is represented by the Holy Inquisition—intelligence is encouraged by a general nullity spread over all pursuits, and by hermetically sealing against laymen every honourable career. The privileges of the clergy stand alone, like a pillar in the desert.

Long habit has accustomed, though not quite reconciled, the provinces adjoining Rome to the frightful system of which M. Sismondi presents some notion in the following passage. There, all is silence and a blank. But, on getting into the Legations, we find ourselves again almost in the Middle Ages. There the encroachments of oppression are felt so much the more from their diversity in some cases, and their novelty in others, and above all from a temper yet untamed. Bologna enjoyed till 1789, by its municipal institutions, as much security against Papal misgovernment as it now requires under another form. Can we wonder at resistance?—‘ Dans aucun pays du monde, la perfidie et l’incapacité des gouvernans, leur cupidité et leur lâcheté n’ont produit une administration plus intolérable, une administration qui soulevât plus l’indignation des âmes élevées. Le gouvernement se mêle de tout ; il contrôle un père sur la profession qu’il donne à son fils, sur le mari ou le couvent qu’il choisit pour sa fille ; et ses ordres arbitraires, souvent contraires aux mœurs, sont le résultat d’intrigues secrètes,—d’argent donné à la maîtresse d’un cardinal, de dénonciations anonymes, ou de services honteux rendus à la police. Les biens autant que les personnes sont soumis à l’arbitraire ; la loi ne

' multipliait déjà que trop et les procès et les lenteurs de la jus-
 ' tice, en établissant quatre degrés de juridiction qu'il faut épu-
 ' ser avant d'établir son droit. Mais ce droit est sans cesse bou-
 ' leversé par une autorité extrajudiciaire; tantôt un rescrit sou-
 ' verain, obtenu par l'intrigue, suspend la prescription qui cou-
 ' rait en votre faveur, sursoit à l'exécution d'un jugement, in-
 ' terdit à un tribunal de passer outre; tantôt un débiteur obtient
 ' une immunité qui le soustrait pendant un certain nombre
 ' d'années au paiement de ses dettes; tantôt le propriétaire d'un
 ' bien qu'une loi impolitique a déclaré inaliénable, d'une com-
 ' manderie, d'un fidéi-commis, obtient *la grâce* d'en aliéner une
 ' partie pour un objet particulier, au préjudice de tous les autres
 ' ayant droits. Le commerce et l'agriculture sont troublés par des
 ' monopoles accordés pour enrichir des favoris; les comestibles
 ' eux-mêmes deviennent l'objet de ces spéculations tournées
 ' contre le peuple, et le gouvernement crée tour-à-tour l'encom-
 ' brement des marchés, puis des famines artificielles, selon qu'il
 ' convient au spéculateur, seul dispensé d'une ordonnance qui
 ' prohibe l'importation ou l'exportation des blés, d'acheter bon
 ' marché ou de vendre cher. La population est désarmée, tandis
 ' que toutes les armes sont confiées aux agens de police, les *sbirri*,
 ' que l'opinion et même la loi déclare infâmes, et aux soldats
 ' papalins, presque tous recrutés dans les bagnes et parmi les
 ' brigands; aussi personne ne se sent en sûreté. Quelquefois le
 ' droit d'asile, garanti aux églises, est poussé au point que les
 ' voleurs viennent s'établir dans le sanctuaire, et qu'ils en sort-
 ' ent chaque nuit pour continuer leurs déprédations dans le
 ' quartier voisin. Je l'ai vu de mes yeux, il y a quinze ans,
 ' dans l'église de Terni. Cependant, des bandes nombreuses de
 ' brigands sont organisées dans les Marches et la Sabine; sou-
 ' vent elles mettent en fuite les *sbirri* et les soldats papalins;
 ' et, pendant des mois entiers, on a vu les villes de Frosinone et
 ' de Rocca di Papa, demeurer entre leurs mains, tandis qu'elles
 ' levaient des contributions sur tous les pays environnans.'

We have no room at present for tracing even rapidly the
 quick tumultuous events of the last two stirring years in the
 Legations. However, we will finish, should it remain necessary,
 the work which we begin to-day. The people of England have
 now time to think of others besides themselves. We are resol-
 ved to put an end to the plea of possible ignorance, the only de-
 cent excuse for their apparent indifference to the wrongs of
 Italy. On one hand, the exemplary combination of spirit and
 moderation displayed throughout by the people, demands their
 admiration; on the other, they ought to know what are the
 atrocities, persecutions, and evasions, for which the Vicar of

Christ has made himself responsible before God and man. The picture, on both sides, is worthy of the best and of the worst times of Italy. Gregory XVI., vicerent of the God of peace, and father of the Christian world, has enrolled an army of criminals and banditti, and let the hell-hounds loose, to gorge themselves in their natural occupation,—the massacre of the most virtuous of his subjects. There is, we admit, no novelty in this. The state-craft of the Vatican is rich in precedents, only accountable for, on the supposition of a self-created dispensation from every human feeling. His sacred predecessors can have made little difficulty in granting themselves and their adherents absolution on very mitigated penances. Nothing else will explain the facility and frequency with which great crimes have been committed, on what unscrupulous laymen would have considered slight temptations. Gregory VII. in 1377, called in against the *Army of Liberty*, the most ferocious company of adventurers, whom that age of ferocity had fleshed in blood during the wars of France. Clement VII., in 1529, in order to wreak his vengeance upon Florence, bargained with Charles V. for the service of the imperial brigands, to whom the torture of Italy had become a trade. This is the account which the reigning Pope will have to settle with posterity. The waters of the Tiber will not wash from his hands the blood spilt by his heroes of the galleys at Cesena, Forlì, and Ravenna. If the campaigns of David disqualified him from consecrating to God a house of prayer at Jerusalem, the campaigns of Gregory XVI. will not impress much imputed sanctity on the House of God at Rome!

Gregory XVI. may have been a pattern to his convent; but more than humility of speech and blamelessness of purpose are wanted for a throne. It is conduct to which subjects look; on which their happiness and misery depend. Men must take the guilt and horror of their actions;—above all, public men stand or fall by that which is executed by their authority and in their name. It is vain, therefore, now to tell us that on first hearing of the disturbances, the venerable Pontiff wished to go alone into the Legations, as a parent to bring back children who were gone astray. What was the fact? He quietly allowed himself to be overruled. It may be true that he has sighed over their sufferings, and has interceded for pardon and concessions. Again, what is the fact? He has allowed the Austrian and the Sacred College to put threats into his mouth, and an Albani (fit representative of Modena) to reward the forbearance of the patriots of Romagna with proscriptions, banishments, and reactions steeped in blood. A previous life of monastic virtue is but sorry compensation for the weakness of a single day, burdened with consequences which

compromise a people. Supposing it to be the case, that, like Clement XI. whilst retracting his promises and contradicting his resolutions, he mingled his tears with his denials, such imbecile tears only entitle him to share in the same epigrammatic resemblance to St Peter, 'he weeps and he denies.' After a certain amount of offence against mankind is verified, the world has little concern in the personal shades and distinctions which may be behind. Whatever excuse is suggested for the man, is only an additional infamy fixed on the tiara. Because it is a crown of thorns to the wearer, it is not the less a crown of serpents to those it stings. The subjects of Urban VI. did not suffer more grievous calamities from the alliance of their day between the Pope and Charles V., and from the presence of imperial troops in the Papal States, than the subjects of Gregory XVI. are now enduring from the military league between the Pope and Francis II. When Urban VI. died, the Romans crowned his physician as the saviour of their country.

The cabinets of Europe are, we trust, at this moment employed in redeeming their pledge to the inhabitants of Romagna, and in performing a part at least of their duty in behalf of the violated integrity of independent states. Temporary arrangements may get over the crisis of the moment; for the rest, we submit to wait. We shall be thankful to be relieved from the necessity of entering into minute details on this part of the case. Otherwise, we are prepared to do so. The European public is interested in these proceedings by every sort of consideration. The causes and materials for a general war are spread out here like gunpowder. Scarcely any management or luck can prevent an explosion from hour to hour. Besides the old and permanent motives of exasperation, the unfortunate patriots of Modena and Bologna were on this occasion excited and betrayed into conspiracy by the intrigues and machiavellism of their own respective governments. The Duke of Modena is a perfect specimen of the Italian princes of the 15th century. Excluded by the Salique law from the crown of Piedmont, he hoped to seize it by combining with the Carbonari. After that the three days changed their politics, the fate of the Menottis is only an example of the dreadful vengeance which he has taken on his former comrades. In the correspondence of Cardinal Bernetti, the provisional government of Bologna fell in with as false a train, laid by demagogues and spies. Not one of the cabinets which took part in the negotiations of last year can now back out. Their joint interposition established for the people of the Papal States the alternative, either of perfect independence or joint protection. Thus far the honour of these governments is implicated,

and their conscience bound. The following are the leading points on which correct information is necessary in order to form a sound definitive opinion. 1. The contents of the joint Note addressed by the five great powers to the Pope upon the 21st May 1831, on the improvements absolutely indispensable in his government. 2. The substance of the subsequent decrees by which the Pope has ushered in the new era (*una nuova Era*), whose advent had been announced by Cardinal Bernetti in the month of April. 3. The grounds on which Austria re-entered Bologna in 1832, and the grounds of the consequent occupation of Ancona by the French. 4. The minimum of the obligation imposed on France, and on the other powers, by the general law of nations ; but more particularly by their special interference between the Pope and his subjects, and by the public co-operation in which they were joint contracting parties, only the preceding year.

On the invasion of the Papal territory by Austria, in March 1831, France took alarm, remonstrated, and sent Count St Aulaire to Rome. Warsaw, it must be remembered, had not yet fallen. This consideration may probably be important when we come to compare the terms adopted in the Note in question with the recent construction, or rather evasion, of it. The official Note was agreed upon at the conference of the Ambassadors of France and England,* with those of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and was presented by them to the Pope. As an equivalent to his holiness for replacing him upon the temporal throne of Romagna, it laid on him, in the form of advice, certain positive conditions. Although indefinite, as might be expected, and imperfect in its terms, nevertheless, on some points it was sufficiently clear. It demanded the creation of a central board, charged with the revision of all the branches of administration, to act as a council of state, and consist of the most distinguished citizens. It required also that a provincial and communal council should

* The English Minister was a party ; but from the influence of ancient prejudices on the *premunire* consequences of a communication with Rome, he did not sign. We fear that our present representative, Mr Seymour, has taken with him from Florence, principles, friendships, and habits, which will make it difficult to create any confidence among true Italians in the reality of his sympathy and support. If the Castlereagh leaven is believed to linger too much in our departments at home, and occasionally to sour and corrupt the public service, the apprehension is general over the continent, that among our diplomatists as yet there is little else. The more honest a man is, the more impossible is it to 'serve two masters ;' more especially of such opposite interests as despotism and freedom.

be established upon the principle of popular representation ; that a new civil and criminal legislation should be introduced, more simple, and in some conformity with the knowledge of the age. Lastly, the secularization of employments ; in other words, that laymen should not be altogether excluded by law from all affairs of the least importance. To have required less as the conditions of forcing them back under the sovereignty of the Pope, would have been an insult to the gallant inhabitants of Romagna, who had already worked out their freedom. Terms short of the above would have been treason towards the sentiments of the nations whose voice they represented, in the Ambassadors of England and of France. As regards the necessities of the case, nobody knows them better than Mr Bunsen, the friend of Niebuhr, and enlightened minister of Prussia.

Now, let us observe what has been the conduct of the Pope ? In the first moments of astonishment at finding himself again sovereign of the Legations, he published a hallelujah of promises : the danger past, he broke them all. The duplicity of the Vatican has had no difficulty in doing this effectually ; whilst at the same time it kept up appearances plausible enough to make a parade of to its Transalpine friends. A court of revision of accounts was established by an edict of November. It is an old institution abandoned before its inutility. Such a court can do little good even for the finances, dilapidated upon system, as at Rome. The annual expenses so far exceed the revenue, that a debt of fifty millions of ducats has been contracted since 1815. It pretends to be a remedy for nothing further. The difference between this instance and the others is, that as the Pope refused, from the first, to establish a general council of state, whereas he consented to adopt the remaining propositions, a contradiction betwixt the propositions and the execution does not constitute a violation of his word upon the part of the Pope on this point, as is the case with the rest. Instead of giving a real independent representative administration to the communes and the provinces, an edict of the 5th of July merely authorizes the existence of councils ; the members of which are to be nominated by government, to consult in secret, to have no deliberative vote, and to be dissolved at pleasure. In point of fact, they were appointed in some provinces : in these, however, their organization was soon stopped. In the rest, it has been a mere illusion and affair of words. In the course of October, the Pope published his reforms in the civil and criminal law. If the benefits, which we have just described were ambiguous, what are these ? The Inquisition in its full extent is a part of them ; also the ecclesiastical courts and immunities in all their vigour. They are so

full of incongruities and absurdities, that the whole bar of Bologna, judges, advocates, and notaries, to the number of one hundred and forty, made so strong a representation on their impracticability, that the pontifical authority on the spot, Count Grassi, thought it prudent to suspend their execution. The Court of Rome treated the representation and the suspension as a revolt; insisted on the immediate execution of their mandates, and on unqualified submission. A continuance of exclusion of laymen from the government of the Legations, is among the express declarations of the edict of July. At the same time, the right of turning any province into a Legation is specially reserved, and has been since extensively acted upon. In fact, there are only three provinces up to the present time where they are admitted—and that but provisionally. They are by the same edict shut out from the principal tribunals at Rome.

Against all this the inhabitants of Romagna peaceably remonstrated in petitions signed by thousands. In the edicts they could recognise no new era—still less in the exceptions by which every thing good in them was immediately thwarted; the promised amnesty violated; the civic guard, consisting of the most respectable citizens of all ranks, first thanked, and then calumniated; and, to crown all, paid banditti marched into Romagna, contrary to reiterated engagements. The people persevered in testifying their dissatisfaction at these pretended reforms. They invariably refused to receive them at the hands of Rome or Vienna, even as a temporary indemnity for the rights to which they are entitled, and which, left to themselves, they had regained. Is it possible after this that the Cardinal Secretary should announce to the provinces that ‘Europe applauds’ these excellent institutions—that by a circular Note of the 10th of January last, he should acquaint the four representatives of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and France, that the Pope had fulfilled his promises, and *perfectionated* the judicial, financial, and administrative government of his states? The answers by which, two days afterwards, the four ambassadors adopt the Cardinal’s views, are still more incredible. The pontifical institutions are no compliance with the conditions of their Note of the preceding May, and with the expectations which it necessarily raised. After the encouragement with which their former language inspired the patriots, to talk of ‘immediate and unconditional submission,’ is to outrage as well as to betray them. Astonishment at the developement of these perfect institutions, and ecstasies at the ‘high wisdom’ of the Pope, would be language personally disgraceful to the individuals who can utter it; except that diplomatists probably hold themselves no more answerable for the

hypocrisy of their fulsome *verbiage*, than lawyers for the nonsense of their printed forms. Be that however as it may, and whatever also may be the course which the mischievous and unjust policy of a compulsory arbitration between the political parties in Romagna might have ultimately rendered necessary, one thing is, in the meantime, as clear as the sun at noon. Europe had taken up the arbitration. No possible plea of proximity or of invitation can be a title to any of the arbitrators to assume the sole responsibility, much less to act on their own interested motives, without the authority and participation of the others.

About the middle of last December, the civic guard of Romagna, amounting to 60,000 persons, sent to Rome a fresh petition. Cardinal Bernetti had signified the month before, that a new deputation properly chosen by the local magistracies would be received, in order to give in a statement of their objections. Deputies were elected accordingly, with the approbation of the prolegats, and met at Bologna on the 5th of January of the present year. One of their principal objects was to beg that the Pope would not expose the towns to the terror (to say no worse) which the presence of his army of convicts and desperadoes would necessarily inspire. All however was too late. The Court of Rome had taken its imperturbable resolution. The Austrian Baron Marchall (stationed at Parma, near Marie Louise,) had been secretly sent for, together with several other Austrian officers. Their office was to organize the troops at Pesaro, under the eyes of Cardinal Albani, the Duke of Modena's friend and cousin, the General-in-Chief, and Vicar of the Vicar of Christ. The Prince of Canoso, and that Colonel Barbieri, who had been saved with difficulty some time before from the fury of the Bolognese, were known to be at their head. It was notorious that the Austrian army was at the same time gathering round the frontiers of Romagna, with more than the ordinary pomp and ceremony of war. The suspicion of a secret understanding between Austria and the Pope on this occasion is no longer matter of presumption. It is true that actual interference was delayed until after the first success on the 20th of January, and the massacre by the Papal troops. The object was to gain for the interference the hypocritical appearance of pacification and protection. But the measure had been decided upon before; and the very fact of the entrance was prematurely announced by an Austrian proclamation at Milan, dated the 19th. Meanwhile France had her eyes also fixed on all that was going on. What was she to do? She saw that Austria was again about to interpose in the affairs of the Pope. Not Bonapartists only

and Republicans, but the moderate friends of freedom, had reproached her for the weakness with which Romagna had been already once abandoned to the arms of Austria. Besides, she was now no longer a neutral spectator, under the mere general interest of a liberal and independent neighbour. She had, in the interval, paid a heavy price for the chance of peace; she had become (foolishly enough) party to a conditional guarantee of the Pope's temporal dominions. Montalivet, and even Perier, had committed themselves so far as, in the nineteenth century, to speak of the temporal and the spiritual power of the Church of Rome as identical. Thus, by the consent, and in company with the rest of Europe, France was mixed up in Italian politics, and pledged to a certain course. Under these circumstances, she declared beforehand to all the cabinets, that if Austria interfered she should interfere also. In our opinion, it was the duty of one and all of the governments who had been present at these conferences to hold the same language. Her position and circumstances made it more especially the interest of France. Notwithstanding, and in the teeth of this notice, Austria was determined, and was permitted to proceed. After that, there can be no difficulty in ascertaining with whom the provocation lay. It is equally clear, that of the only courses by which the maintenance of peace could be reconciled with the maintenance of her honour, France took the most moderate, in the forcible occupation of Ancona. The course is one which Austria can have no pretext for resenting. It was following her example, and with quite as good a title. The reference of the Roman question before the five powers had all the character of a European arbitration. Up to this time it is still pending before Austria and her colleagues. Whilst it continues, Austria is estopped by it from taking the case out of their hands into her own. The Pope himself also can only act under it, since he owes to it his throne. Faithfully observed, it bears hardest upon the late triumphant people. Triumphant in 1831, they had decreed the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope. It is they alone who have reason to complain that they have been compelled to submit their victorious claims to arbitration; and to accept a part instead of all. When the Austrian arbitrator throws aside the mask, and comes forward as a principal against the people, the tricolor is entitled to follow in their behalf. We go farther. In our view of the dilemma, France was bound to counteract the Austrian aggression. The other powers, who raised no objection against the offensive movement, are not merely bound, *à fortiori*, to raise none against the defensive one. They ought to feel it to be the reparation of a

common insult; to see in it the most likely means of obtaining justice for an injured population; and to adopt the measure as their own.

Two important advantages have ensued from the occupation of Ancona: First, Italy once more feels that she is no longer absolutely at the mercy of Austria. Next, it is good to show by an example, that when one foreign government meddles in the internal affairs of another, every other government whatsoever may do the same with a view to the law of nations and the balance of Europe, as well as for the protection of its own interests. The apprehension of military collisions will, for the future, put a check on the abuse of foreign interference. We still hope, however, for more positive and tangible results. The immediate results which we anticipate, will constitute the first instalment of the debt which is due to Italy. Looking at the Note of May, to which Austria put her hand, we ought to be able to obtain them without a war. They contain the only answer to the European question, What must be done to tranquillize the provinces of Romagna? Simple promises will no longer serve. The high contracting powers must announce explicitly to the people the concessions which it is just and reasonable to grant to them. These concessions ought to comprise,—an amnesty, general and complete—a new civil and penal code—the abolition of the Inquisition—an entire separation between civil and ecclesiastical courts—the free admission of laymen into the public service—a provincial and municipal administration, based upon representation, and armed with the power of a deliberative vote. The organization of a civic guard ought to be besides provided for; or at least such a law of conscription as shall raise a public force from honest native peasants and artisans, without the necessity of either cheating the gallows, or recruiting in Switzerland—the disgraceful alternative of a government, which finds itself an alien at home.

Without these or similar concessions, let nobody hope to pacify the Legations. They are not known. They are the very hearth and altar of Italian patriotism. They love not liberty less than when their enthusiasm burned as hot, and flamed as high, as satisfied even the notions of Lord Byron. The following passages are taken almost at random from letters written by him, whilst living at Ravenna, in 1820 and 1821. They give his opinion both in hope and disappointment—both during the prospect and after the failure of an enterprise, which leaned unfortunately too much on Naples to succeed. Our object in extracting this cento, is to show the view which a stranger, whom circumstances enabled to get behind the scenes, took of this great

cause, and of its probabilities; also to correct the impression under which many persons mistake and confound the Italian character. Among the hundreds who abuse the Italians, as cowards, unworthy of freedom, is there one with half Lord Byron's spirit, or with half his acquaintance of the facts? A traveller may have got by heart every catalogue, and be qualified to lecture on the museums of Florence, the saloons of Naples, and the antiquities of Rome, and yet be as ignorant of the people as if he had never moved beyond the smoke and prejudices of London. Romagna is, of all parts of Italy, the freshest, the least visited, and the least influenced by strangers. The forest of pines at Ravenna is now haunted by a 'huntsman's ghost,' more formidable than the spectre 'thundering for his prey.' Nothing is more false than to suppose its spirits to be mere duplicates of the forms whose felicity it is to talk indeed of liberty, but, still more, *far niente*, along from the Bay of Naples, or the Borghese Gardens.—'The interests of millions are in the hands of about twenty coxcombs at a place called Laybach. Oh, those scoundrel sovereigns! let us but see them beaten, and there is yet a resurrection for Italy, and hope for the world. If this country could but be freed, what would be too great for the accomplishment of that desire?—for the extinction of that sigh of ages? Let us hope. They have hoped these thousand years. It is no great matter, supposing that Italy could be liberated, who or what is sacrificed. It is a grand object, the very poetry of politics. Only think, a free Italy! Why, there has been nothing like it since the days of Augustus. I shall think it by far the most interesting spectacle and moment in existence to see the Italians send the barbarians of all nations back to their own dens. I have lived long enough among them to feel more for them as a nation than for any other people in existence. But they want union, and they want principle; and I doubt their success. There are materials in them, and a noble energy, if well directed; but who is to direct them? No matter. Out of such times heroes spring—out of chaos God made a world—and out of high passions comes a people. We are all looking at one another like wolves on their prey in pursuit, only waiting for the first falling on to do unutterable things. As to matters here, they are high and mighty. It is much about the state of things betwixt Cain and Abel. There is in fact no law or government at all. To-night, at the theatre, there being a prince on his throne in the last scene of the comedy, the audience laughed and asked him for a constitution. This shows the state of the public mind, as well as the assassinations.'

‘The Huns are on the Po. The dogs—the wolves—may they perish, like the host of Sennacherib! Let it be still a hope to see their bones piled like those of the human dogs at Morat!’ As the Austrians advanced, Lord Byron shouted. He was denied this pleasure. The Italians, however, and especially the Romagnols, preserved his esteem, notwithstanding the Lazzaroni. ‘You will please to recollect that the Neapolitans are nowhere now more execrated than in Italy, and not blame a whole nation for the vices of a province. That would be like condemning Great Britain, because they plunder wrecks in Cornwall. Do not confound the scoundrels at the heel of the boot with their betters at the top of it. I assure you that there are some loftier spirits. The Neapolitans have betrayed themselves and all the world! and those who have given their blood for Italy, can now only give their tears. Some day or other, if dust holds together, I have been enough in the secret (at least in this part of the country) to cast perhaps some little light upon the atrocious treachery which has replunged Italy into barbarism. However, the real Italians are not to blame;—merely the scoundrels at the *heel of the boot* which the *Hun* now wears, and will trample them to death with, for their servility. Come what may, the cause was a glorious one, though it reads at present as if the Greeks had run away from Xerxes. *Here*, in Romagna, the efforts were necessarily limited to preparations and good intentions, until the Germans were fairly engaged in equal warfare—as we are upon their very frontiers, without a single fort or hill nearer than San Marino. You have no idea what a state of oppression this country is in: they have arrested above a thousand, high and low, throughout Romagna—banished and confined others without trial, process, or even accusation. It has been a miserable sight to see the general desolation in families. There have been thousands of these proscriptions within the last month in the Exarchat, or (to speak modernly) in the Legations. You neither know nor dream of the consequences of this war. It is a war of *men* with monarchs, and will spread like a spark on the dry rank grass of the vegetable desert. What it is with you and your English, you do not know, for ye sleep; what it is with us here, I know, for it is before, around, and within us.’ Lord Byron foresaw that, more provoked than deterred by these persecutions, the people must rise again. His wish that the peasantry, ‘the savage race of two-legged leopards,’ might become interested in the quarrel, seems now realizing. The tragedy of 1820 and 1821 has been acted over again in deeper characters during the last two years,

throughout that devoted country. Last year brought once more Austrian cannon and lighted matches into their market places.* The desolation of proscription has been again carried into families, even more extensively and ferociously than ever. Will Europe, by silence, or by partial and hollow interference, incur the guilt of perpetuating these horrors?

If there is a time for all things, thank God, ours bids fair to be the time for freedom. In this case, shame will not permit Europe much longer to abandon to barbarian insolence and oppression that Italy by which our quarter of the globe was started in its career of glory. To her we owe both the science and the practical example of every art—intelligent agriculture, liberal commerce—the revival of ancient learning—the creation of modern literature—the first great schools of medicine, theology, and jurisprudence—artists, poets, and philosophers, when there were none beside—every thing, down even to the discipline and tactics that made a science of that profession by the abuse of which she has been since enslaved. No country has more thoroughly established her title to be admitted into the family of freemen. She has refused to purchase an ignominious quiet by sending in to her tyrants the base adhesion of the appearance of submission. The Italians have struggled to the last, and are struggling now under their chains—*servi* for ages, but *servi ognor frementi*. They have not simply treasured up the memory of the free states of their former days as a secret recollection. They put it forward in continual claim, and notice, and demand, in behalf of their violated rights. The restoration of these rights is not merely just, and honourable, and safe;—it is now an urgent duty, and ere long will be the only course. A public dinner at Perugia, and the trooping together of hundreds in Umbria, to jubilate in open day on the recall of Lord Grey to office, are new events for Italy, and unequivocal signs of public feeling. It is true, imminent dangers press upon us; and society contains within its bosom enemies as well as friends. If called upon to name them, we answer, that the dangerous men of the present

* The universities of Turin and Genoa, of Parma and Pavia, of Padua and Bologna, remained closed during 1831; and, for any thing we know, have not been reopened. The Sapienza at Rome was suspended also; but the professors were allowed to lecture in different places, to a few persons at a time. Conceive a country where the youth of the instructed classes cannot be trusted to assemble for the purpose of instruction! What must be the prostration and the fever of a society, the Cambridge and Oxford of which have become political unions, and as such are dispersed and broken up!

day are not those who understand and love its character—who have watched, hastened, and anticipated its coming—who belong to it, feel at home in it, and to whom its breath is happiness and glory. The men who are to be feared are those who will not accommodate themselves to its necessities; and, born a hundred years too late, have not the discretion to perceive it.

ART. IV.—*Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger; with a Narrative of a Voyage down that River to its Termination.* By RICHARD and JOHN LANDER. 3 vols. 12mo. (*Family Library.*) London: 1832.

THESE volumes record perhaps the most important geographical discovery of the present age; effected, too, with very limited means, and by individuals from whom such an achievement could little have been expected. The question as to the termination of the Niger has, for upwards of forty years, excited an interest beyond any other connected with the knowledge of the earth. The enquiry was long prosecuted without the idea that any practical benefit could possibly result from its solution. But to acquire and to complete the knowledge of any of the grand phenomena of nature, is to man an object of natural and enlightened ambition, the attainment of which forms a just ground of national glory. Britain, therefore, acted in conformity to a noble and liberal spirit when she adventured, in successive African expeditions, a portion of her treasure, and the lives of some of her citizens. These sacrifices, as to the main object, were for some time made in vain. Park, when he was directly on the route which would have led to the grand discovery, met his premature and tragical fate. Denham and Clapperton made most important discoveries, and threw light on many almost unknown regions of interior Africa; but they left the grand mystery covered with as thick a veil as ever. They proved, indeed, the errors of the theories previously accredited, but without finding any thing beyond vague rumours to substitute in their place.

In reviewing the narrative of Clapperton's last expedition, (No. 97,) we had occasion to introduce to the reader Richard Lander, acting in the humble capacity of servant to that enterprising traveller. We have seen him, after fulfilling in an exemplary manner the duties of that situation, and closing his master's eyes, become himself inspired with a similar spirit, and make a considerable progress towards the solution of the

grand problem. The interposition, well or ill founded, of the King of Zegzeg, arrested his efforts; but his spirit was still unsubdued; and on his return to England, he tendered his services to Government for a fresh expedition. They were accepted, on terms which certainly afforded ample security against this great enterprise being undertaken from mercenary motives. He was to be furnished with the means of proceeding on his journey; his wife was to receive a moderate aliment during his absence; and, in the event of the mission being satisfactorily performed, he was to be allowed a gratuity of *one hundred pounds*. This was not a splendid donation from a great nation to one who, in pursuit of one of its favourite objects, was to brave all the perils of death and captivity. We are aware that in this instance Government has laudably exceeded its agreement, especially in the case of John Lander, who was permitted, indeed, to accompany his brother, but under the express stipulation of looking for no reward whatever. Yet we are misinformed if, on the whole, the bounty of Britain to those who thus have exalted the glory of her name, has not been distributed on principles of very rigid parsimony.

The narrative of this very important voyage is simple, in some respects defective, yet on the whole extremely interesting. Journals were kept by both brothers; but that of Richard was lost at an advanced period of the expedition, during a conflict with the natives, and is consequently wanting for two-thirds of the route. Happily, this loss, which would have been otherwise irreparable, has been supplied by the journal of John, which is now given to the public, with only one very odd, and indeed ridiculous alteration, being put in Richard's name, and made to appear as his journal. This is said to be in compliance with usage; but really we know not the precedents upon which it is founded; nor can we see either its propriety or advantage, especially after John had been expressly stated as the writer. The journals, in other respects, are published exactly as composed on the spot; a practice not very usual, but which, in this instance, has certainly had a happy effect. We are thus not only made acquainted with the incidents of the journey, but receive a much more lively impression of the successive feelings, emotions, and anticipations of the travellers, than could have been communicated by any narrative referring as to a passed series of events. We not only hear their story, but, as it were, actually accompany them. The style of John, who, as already stated, writes most of the narrative, is singular, but by no means devoid of merit. It displays some poetical imagery, but is too often employed in delineating the general features of nature, rather than those appropriate to Africa. The de-

scription of manners and incidents is lively, though apt to run into exaggeration. Altogether the narrative never ceases to be very entertaining.

In consequence of the attractions possessed by these volumes, and of the very accessible form under which, in preference to the costly and ponderous quarto, their enterprising publisher has presented them, there will, perhaps, be very few of our readers to whom the incidents of this remarkable voyage will not be tolerably familiar. To enter, therefore, into a detailed summary of them would unnecessarily swell our pages. We shall rather endeavour to perform, in our travellers' stead, a task which they have forborne to attempt. Out of their varied and scattered notices, communicated as objects and information occurred, we shall study to combine a general view of the condition and aspect, the political and social institutions, of the extensive regions through which they travelled,—to collect, in a word, into one view the grand results of the expedition. We shall also say something as to the openings afforded to commercial enterprise by the new light thus thrown upon the river communications of Africa. Nor will it be uninteresting to connect the newly discovered countries with those formerly known, and to enquire if their existence was at all anticipated by those who formerly observed and delineated the interior regions of this continent. We shall not here derive any aid from the Introduction, written by a friend of the authors', in a modest and perspicuous style, but with a very slender knowledge of the subject; the writer showing himself even ignorant of the course of the Niger before it enters Bambarra.

The travellers, on their way to the river, proceeded through the kingdom of Eyee or Yarriba, in a route nearly coinciding with that which Clapperton had followed. They made, however, a few deviations, one of which brought them to Bohoo, a city half a century ago the capital of Eyee, which covers still a greater extent of ground, and is situated in a still finer country, than the present metropolis. Generally, the whole territory appears one of the most fertile and beautiful in Africa, perhaps in the world. It is also well cultivated, and consequently very populous; yet the inhabitants are decidedly less improved in the arts and social life than those of the Fellata countries, or even than some entirely native tribes. Cotton cloth, the usual staple of Central Africa, is fabricated, yet not in so varied or skilful a manner as in Nyffe; nor are the mansions so spacious and ornamented as those seen by the English visitors at the capital of Ashantee. "Irregular and badly built

clay walls, ragged-looking thatched roofs, and floors of mud polished with cow-dung, form the habitations of the chief part of the inhabitants of Yarriba, compared to which a common English barn is a palace." The superior accommodation of the chief consists merely in the greater number of these hovels, and of the court-yards which enclose them, tenanted by the multitude of his servants and wives. There are few horses and cattle, unless among the Fellata settlers; but sheep, goats, pigs, and poultry, are reared in vast numbers, and being regarded as domestic favourites, occupy the interior of the court-yards, and even of the huts.

A rude state of feeling characterising a barbarous society, seems indicated by the severe tasks imposed on the female sex; whose heads, instead of waggons and packhorses, form the chief vehicle for conveying merchandise from place to place. The travellers saw with surprise loads requiring the toil of three men to place on the head of the bearers, who yet carried them with ease and cheerfulness very great distances; but the fact is, that this is the direction in which, when the weights are skilfully poised, the human frame can exert its greatest strength. This severe toil was far from impairing the powers of speech in the Yarriban ladies, whose excessive garrulity caused to the travellers sufferings still more exquisite than those of which Clapperton so bitterly complains. Yet their voices were exerted usually in good humour, at least so far as they were concerned; but as they were lodged as fellow-travellers in conterminous huts of the same court-yard, their incessant clatter, with the screams of children, and of various domestic animals crowded into the same precincts, occasioned a confusion of sounds so loud and incessant, as rendered it hopeless to expect a moment's repose. Foremost in noise and toil, as already mentioned by Clapperton, are the royal wives of Yarriba; who, as soon as their charms begin to wane, are turned out upon the road, where they must not only support themselves by toil, but, from their scanty and laborious earnings, contribute to the maintenance of their royal partner. Their only privilege is, that on their quality being certified by cloth of a peculiar colour wrapped round their merchandise, they are exempted from the numerous tolls levied on the road. It may here be observed, that the terms toll and turnpike used by our author, convey erroneous impressions. The payments are mere local transit-duties, by no means applied to the formation and repair of the roads,—that duty being solely intrusted to the feet of the passenger. The highways of Yarriba are mere rude

tracks, often filled with pools or swamps, or trees lying across, or large nests of white ants.

The travellers' instructions had been to proceed by the most direct route to the Niger, and endeavour to descend its stream; treating as altogether secondary the object of reaching Youri, and enquiring after the papers of Park. They seem, however, to have felt a strong inclination for this last undertaking; and on the King of Eyeo's favourite eunuch expressing a doubt if his master would consent to their proposed voyage down the river, they resolved simply to request from him the means of conveyance to Youri. They thus involved themselves, perhaps unnecessarily, in an additional circuit of 300 miles, which led to a premature exhaustion of their stock of needles, tin-plate, metal buttons, and other commodities, by the presentation of which they were to make their way through Africa. Thus, however, they have been enabled to furnish a material addition to our stock of information.

The route led from Eyeo to Kiama, which, even in the approach, presented a complete change of scene. Instead of smiling plains and cultivated hills, it consisted of a huge tract of mountain-forest, crowded with wild animals of every description, and infested with numerous bands of robbers. Kiama belongs to the kingdom, or rather cluster of states, called Borgoo. The former mission had understood the latter to comprise also Boussa and Wawa. This is now stated to be a mistake; and indeed these countries resemble much more the fertile plain of Eyeo. Borgoo, on the contrary, though diversified by beautiful and fertile valleys, is generally mountainous and rugged, tenanted by a people bold and brave, warm both in friendship and enmity, and often addicted to lawless and predatory exploits. The narrative enumerates, as belonging to Borgoo, eight different states, among which Niki takes the lead. Its capital is described as one of the largest cities in Central Africa, and the sovereign as having seventy other towns dependant upon him; which, however, if we may believe the report made to the travellers, pay no other tribute besides one beautiful maiden during the lifetime of each of their chiefs. The other tribes are generally very poor, with the exception of Loogoo, enriched by the trade between Gonjah and the interior. Pundi has shaken off entirely the yoke of Niki; but has used its newly-attained liberty only to devote itself to a system of plunder, which renders it the terror of all the surrounding states.

The countries of Boussa and Wawa, which our travellers choose to call Wowow, (but really we cannot follow them in their new and often strange nomenclature,) are already well

known from the description of Clapperton. They seem to be of nearly the same character with Eyeo; almost equally fertile, and somewhat more diligently cultivated. At Boussa, the travellers embarked, and ascended the Niger to Youri. That river, for part of the way, presented a broad and spacious expanse; but to a great extent it was broken by rocks into narrow channels, of difficult navigation, and which could not be passed with safety even by large canoes. It is noticed as a remarkable circumstance, that the Niger, a little above and a little below Boussa, forms a magnificent body of water, several miles in breadth; while close to that city it is a mere stone's-throw across, and of no extraordinary depth. Hence an inference is drawn, that the river finds its way down by subterraneous channels; but we are more inclined to think that careful enquiry would discover branches separating and reuniting.

Youri is a very large city; its walls being supposed to enclose a circuit of twenty or thirty miles. This space, however, as usual in Africa, forms quite an enclosed district; in which clusters of huts are separated from each other by pasture grounds and corn fields. The land, both within and without the city, is of exuberant fertility, especially in rice of excellent quality. It appears indeed more fruitful than that of Yarriba, though by no means so agreeable; the soil being alluvial, in many places swampy and liable to inundation. The writers could form no positive conjecture as to the population, but it appeared to them very great; and indeed the general complaints of poverty in so fertile a district indicated a considerable redundancy. The cultivators were chiefly a peaceable, industrious, half-servile tribe, called the Cumbrie, who suffer often scandalous oppression from the king's servants; yet the diligence with which their fields are cultivated, shows that, on the whole, they must be pretty secure of enjoying the fruits of their industry. Almost in every field, the travellers, as they sailed along, saw platforms, on which a party, sometimes a whole family, employed various sounds and missiles in scaring away the birds which threatened to devour the copious harvests.

This cluster of Negro kingdoms, extending upward from the coast to Youri, presents some remarkable social and political aspects, which we have not yet, perhaps, materials fully to appreciate. The most striking circumstance appears to be the completely despotic power which the monarchs exercise, without either overawing their subjects by a standing army, or dazzling their eyes by much of outward pomp and state. The mansion, usual dress, ordinary attire, and daily habits of the prince, differ little from those of his meanest subject. The Sultan of

Youri affects a style somewhat beyond his neighbours ; yet the small open square in which he received the mission, is compared to a clean English farm-yard, where he was seated on a piece of plain carpeting, with a pillow on each side, and a neat brass pan in front. His audience of leave was given in an apartment of some extent, but unswept and dirty, with swallows flying about, and a number of naked girls and boys, with dirty calabashes, passing and repassing. The King of Wawa, to give them their state reception, planted himself in a niche of the city wall. Monarchs and subjects seem to be on an exceedingly familiar footing. The people of Eyeo flocked in crowds to see the presents that had been made to their king, which were shown them, and they displayed theirs in return. The King of Boussa exhibited himself at one time addressing his subjects in a long exhortation as to the performance of their duties ; at another time he sought to attract their admiration, by a display of his skill in dancing, which, from his advanced age, was necessarily small. The King of Wawa far excelled him in this accomplishment ; and the eagerness with which he solicited a visit, with a threat of war in the event of refusal, was suspected to arise mainly from a desire to display this superiority. No means, however, of enforcing public authority, or deciding on public measures, seem to reside any where unless with the king, or his chiefs. At Jenua, a large town of Eyeo, a short interval between the death of one chief and the appointment of another, was attended with complete anarchy, and caused even a decrease in the population. Yet there seems something very vague and loose in this supreme jurisdiction. The different cities of Eyeo, are described as almost at constant war ; we suspect with each other ; as they seem scarcely within reach of any other enemy. Their wars indeed are far from bloody. Men to sell as slaves are the objects ; surprise and stratagem the means. The great state of Youri had carried on a campaign of four months, without the loss of more than half a dozen combatants.

The financial systems of the African cabinets are by no means well known. We can trace no regular source of revenue, except the tolls or duties levied from the ambulatory mercantile bodies, and the presents made to the sovereign by chiefs or distinguished strangers. It is from this last source, perhaps, that he derives his almost innumerable wives, who rank nearly as slaves. The daily habits of life, even of the greatest princes, are so extremely simple, that very limited funds must be sufficient to defray them ; and their treasure consists almost wholly of splendid and glittering rarities, which are piled together, and exhibited as a subject of pride to distinguished visitors. This

store they were ever ready to augment by the most petty traffic; and though downright robbery was never perpetrated by these potentates, there was no meanness to which they did not readily stoop. The sovereign of Youri, the greatest and proudest, was the one who made the most barefaced attempts at imposition; and there was no prince by whom, after quitting him, they did not find that they had been egregiously cheated. The mean artifices to which these sovereigns had recourse for very paltry acquisitions, seem to indicate, that the whole of their possessions was of somewhat slender amount.

The dreadful system of human sacrifice appears to prevail in the Pagan districts to a greater extent than Captain Clapperton's relation had made us fully aware of. The travellers hastened to leave Badagry on account of preparations making to immolate there no less than three hundred victims. On the death of any great monarch or chief, a number of his favourite wives or servants must follow him to the grave. This custom, in its origin, was probably inspired by the wild enthusiastic attachment with which chieftains in a rude social state are often regarded. But this motive has entirely ceased; and the victims meet their doom only in compliance with the imperative voice of the public, and with all the horror which it naturally inspires. Truly calamitous was the condition of youthful and vigorous chiefs holding their lives by the precarious tenure of that of old men on the verge of the grave; and the eager and feverish anxiety with which they enquired after the health of him on whose life theirs was suspended, proved how very little they felt disposed to comply with this cruel necessity. A striking scene was presented at Jenna, where, on the death of a chief, two of his wives, doomed to death, had fled and concealed themselves; but, during Lander's stay, one of them was discovered, and compelled to promise that, in compliance with national custom, she would swallow poison. Her grave was digging, and the other preparations making for her funeral; but she repeatedly shrunk in agony from the fatal moment; her slaves and household, who seem to have been strongly attached to her, broke forth into the bitterest lamentations; and long trains of mourners, from different quarters of the city, came to sympathize with her. At length a party was formed for absolving her from the impious obligation, and allowing her to live; but an insurrection among the people was apprehended, if such an innovation were attempted. In the Journal, opposite anticipations are successively expressed as to the issue; and the travellers took their departure before the affair was decided.

The Mussulman religion, even independent of Fellata con-

quest, has been extensively diffused through the countries along the Niger. At Boussa, Wawa, and Kiama, it is established, though not in all its plenitude. The sovereign, in the latter city, while he made open profession of this faith, had the gates and walls of his residence adorned with various uncouth forms of fetiches, or guardian powers. Yet this profession has introduced neither that fierce intolerant spirit, nor those habits of gloomy seclusion, which so remarkably distinguish it in Turkey and Barbary. It seems scarcely to have imposed a check on the extravagant gaiety generally prevailing among native Africans. On the Mussulman Sabbath, and other great festivals, the religious ceremonies were followed up by a horse-race, at which the dark African beauties were seen with unveiled faces, and in their most splendid attire. This mitigated Mahomedanism seems to have been in almost every respect an improvement. It has banished human sacrifice, and introduced some of those better moral ideas, which the founder of that faith drew from the Christian fountain. Even the culpable license which it allows to polygamy, is a great mitigation of that monstrous monopoly of the sex, which custom permits the Negro sovereigns and chiefs to practise.

The political state of Central Africa, even during the short interval since Clapperton's last visit, had undergone very extensive changes. The empire of the Fellatas, which had established so wide and uncontrolled a dominion over that region, was falling to pieces on every side. Not only did Guber continue its successful resistance, but Cassinà (here strangely spelt Catshceenah), which at no distant period was the ruling state in all these countries, had also thrown off the yoke. Supported by Bornou, the people had rallied under Doncassa, their hereditary prince, and emancipated a great portion of their territory. The fertile little kingdom of Zegzeg had followed the example. Yet while the Fellatas were thus losing their sway in these central regions, they were indemnifying themselves by extensive acquisitions to the westward. They were complete masters of Nyffe, (which, under our travellers' new nomenclature, has become *Nouffie*,) alternately setting up and deposing the rival brothers, Magia and Ederessa; while Rabba, the largest city, was under the government of Mallam Dendo, appointed by the Fellata sovereign. This people had even migrated in great numbers across the Niger into Eyeo, and founded Alorie; which, being augmented by numerous refugee slaves from different quarters, had become a greater city than the capital itself. While the travellers sailed along Nyffe, a Fellata expedition was understood to be in full preparation to cross the Niger, and attack the

kingdom of Yarriba; and their success was confidently anticipated. It was indeed the boast of that warlike people, that the sea alone would bound their conquests. So far as the Fellatas are migrants or settlers, they decidedly improve the social state of the countries which they occupy. They are a more active, more intelligent, and every way a superior people to the Negro inhabitants. The travellers mention with particular approbation, as indeed Clapperton had before done, the manners and deportment of the Fellata shepherdesses, whose society formed a complete relief from the stunning loquacity of the females of Yarriba. Their attire is elegant and simple; their address modest, respectful, and engaging; purity and kindness seemed to reign in their domestic intercourse. They appeared to realize in a great degree the idea which poetry attaches to their simple occupation. Yet the Fellatas wage war with all that cruelty, violence, and rapine, which is common among barbarous tribes. Denham has painted the desolation which they produced in Bornou; and Nyffe also has been cruelly oppressed by their ravages. Several cities, in hopes of escaping them, had transferred their site from the eastern to the western bank of the Niger; but the plundering bands had penetrated across. Cruel evils, therefore, it is to be feared, await the peaceful territory of Yarriba, should it be overrun by these conquerors.

Diligent enquiry was made after the journals of Park, or any thing valuable that might have belonged to that great traveller; but there were found only a few insignificant books and scraps of writing, to which the natives attached a superstitious value as fetiches. The promise transmitted to Clapperton by the King of Youri, that, on repairing to the capital, he would receive the journals, proved only a scandalous trick of that great monarch to procure a visit, and a portion of the rich presents with which the traveller was understood to come provided.

The Niger is completely navigable from Boussa to a fruitful and finely wooded island called Patashie; but thence to Lever, a distance of about twenty miles, the channel is so full of rocks and sand-banks, as to render the progress very difficult. From Lever all the way down to the ocean the Niger is a broad and noble stream, varying from one to six, but most commonly between two and three miles in breadth. The banks in some places were flat and marshy, but elsewhere presented the most pleasing aspect; being described as 'embellished with mighty trees and elegant shrubs, which were clad in thick and luxuriant foliage, some of lively green, others of darker hues; and little birds were singing merrily among the branches. Magnificent festoons of creeping plants, always green, hung from

' the tops of the tallest trees, and drooping to the water's edge, ' pleasing and grateful to the eye, and seemed to be fit abodes ' for the Naiads of the river.' Farther down, the Niger is bordered by lofty mountains, part seemingly of the great chain which crosses Africa in this latitude, but which has not been able to arrest the course of this mighty river. These eminences are described as gloomy and romantic, fringed with stunted shrubs, which overhang immense precipices; their recesses only tenanted by wild beasts and birds of prey. Even in mid-channel, a rocky islet called Mount Kesa rises to the height of about 300 feet; and its steep sides, fringed with magnificent trees, make a majestic appearance. According to the superstitious ideas of the natives, its lofty cliffs are the abode of a benevolent genius.

At the small island of Belee, there appeared a neat ornamented canoe, with the sound of music, bringing no less a personage than ' the King of the Dark Water,' who accompanied them down to his island-domain. This domain was Zagoshi, one of the most remarkable spots in all Africa. It is about fifteen miles long, and three broad, in the midst of the Niger, whose broad channel, on each side, separates it from the continent. The surface, scarcely raised above the level of the waters, consists of mud, frequently overflowed, and so soft, that even in the floors of the huts a slender cane could be thrust almost to any depth. Yet the island is throughout well cultivated and highly productive; and its manufactures display, in a pre-eminent degree, the general superiority of those of Nyffe. The productions of its looms are valued by neighbouring princes and chiefs beyond all others in Africa. Wooden vessels, mats, shoes, horse accoutrements, and instruments of agriculture, are also made in great variety. The travellers, in walking out, saw groups busily plying their trades in the open air. The shipping interest also of Zagoshi, if we may apply this term to canoes on the Niger, is very extensive. The ' Dark Water' King himself owns six hundred, by which force he is secured against invasion, and exempted from those revolutions which have desolated all the neighbouring regions.

From Zagoshi, the travellers descried, on the eastern shore, Rabba, the largest and most flourishing city of the fine country of Nyffe. The surrounding territory abounds in the most valuable grains, in horned cattle of remarkable size, and in horses, which are much admired for their strength and beauty; the inhabitants excel those of Zagoshi in making mats and sandals, but are inferior in other branches of manufacture.

The Niger, below Zagoshi and Rabba, flows for upwards of 120 miles almost due east; presenting through all this reach a

magnificent body of water, at one place nearly eight miles wide. The shores are generally well cultivated and inhabited, and at one point two very large cities appeared on the opposite banks. In one place only it was bordered by lofty and rugged hills of varied form. Towards the end of this reach, the Niger receives a tributary of considerable magnitude, the Coodonia, which Lander had formerly crossed in his way southward to the Shary, near the cluster of flourishing villages called Cuttup. About twenty miles lower, Egga, a very large town, is built close to the river, in a situation so low, that a great part of it is inundated during the wet season. The inhabitants drive a brisk trade up and down the river; and some, like the Chinese, have no residence but in large roofed canoes on the water. The symptoms of an approach to the sea, here first began to be visible by the appearance of Portuguese cloths brought up from Benin. The curiosity to see white men, of whom probably the people had heard much and with great exaggeration, appears to have been very intense. The chief declared they were strange-looking people, and well worth seeing; and they were obliged to exhibit themselves to the whole circle of his wives and friends. Their doors were besieged by such multitudes, that they could obtain exercise only by walking backward and forward like wild beasts in a cage. Supernatural powers were without hesitation ascribed to them; and the natives crowded round them with little presents to be exchanged for success in war, a good fishery, safety from the crocodiles, and every other good which their circumstances rendered desirable.

Egga is the boundary town of Nyffe, and closes on the south that range of flourishing and comparatively well governed kingdoms, which here extend along both banks of the Niger. Half the population is Mohammedan. The travellers were here assured, that if they attempted to descend the river to the sea, they would find its shores bordered by states of an entirely different character; each town governed by its own chief, with little or no dependence on any other; the people inured to no pacific and orderly habits—fierce and lawless—among whom both their lives and property would be in the utmost peril. They were exhorted to return and regain the sea by the route they had come; and when they courageously determined not thus to abandon the grand object of their expedition, were warned at least not to stop at any town, but to pass hastily during the night. Such, it seems, was the practice by which the canoes of Egga studied their own safety. Their servants were entertained with similar accounts from the people of the town, and were with difficulty prevailed upon to accompany the expedition farther.

These sinister predictions were not at first fulfilled. They passed along a very fine shore covered with numerous villages. At one of them, indeed, the people started to arms; but this proved to be from alarm only, without any view to violence or plunder; and an explanation being given through one of the villagers that understood the Houssa language, every thing was amicably adjusted. Kacunda, where the party next stopped, formed a cluster of three large villages, under the absolute sway of a single chief, and though independent of Nyffe, contained as peaceable, industrious, and friendly a people as any within that country; but they gave warnings equally formidable of dangers to be encountered in the voyage downwards.

The Niger, at this point, ceases to run eastward, and takes a direction to the N.N.E., which its main branch pursues till it reaches the sea. About forty miles below Kacunda, occurs an important geographical feature, the influx of the Tshadda, which, from information obtained both above and below, was judged to be the same river which Lander had nearly reached in his former journey southward from Zegzeg. At the junction it was a noble stream, three or four miles in breadth, and covered with numerous canoes. In attempting to navigate it for a short space, they ascertained, by the strong opposing current, that it was a tributary entering the Niger,—not, as had been represented at Sackatoo, a branch from that stream. At the union of these two great waters, they saw a large city, but, agreeably to advice, avoided landing, or holding any communication with the inhabitants: they learned elsewhere that it was named Cuttumcu-raffee, and was the seat of a very extensive trade.

The next spot the travellers reached, was the theatre of the most eventful transaction that had occurred in the course of their long peregrination. After a continued and generally rapid run of fifty miles from Kacunda, they came to a convenient landing-place, and found a spot cleared as for a market, where they began to repose from their fatigues. Some of the servants straggling for firewood lighted upon a village, where they found only women, who showed symptoms of terror at the sight of strangers, and ran to give the alarm to their male relatives in the fields; but no serious anxiety was felt, till one of the party exclaimed, “War is coming! oh, war is coming;” and they soon saw a fierce and numerous band, variously armed, advancing against them with every symptom of furious hostility. The Landers, independent of their aversion to bloodshed, soon saw the numbers of the assailants to be such as left no hope in combat, and resolved to depend wholly upon pacific overtures. Throwing down their pistols, they walked com-

posedly towards the leader of the party. His movements for some time seemed most alarming; but just as he had drawn his bow, and seemed about to pull the fatal cord, another rushed forward and stayed his arm. 'At that instant we stood before him, and immediately held forth our hands; all of them trembled like aspen leaves; the chief looked up full in our faces, kneeling on the ground; light seemed to flash from his dark rolling eyes; his body was convulsed all over, as though he were enduring the utmost torture, and with a timorous yet undefinable expression of countenance, in which all the passions of our nature were strangely blended, he drooped his head, eagerly grasped our proffered hands, and burst into tears. This was a sign of friendship, harmony followed, and war and bloodshed were thought of no more.' All their subsequent intercourse was amicable. An interpreter being afterwards found, the chief stated, that on the first tidings that a strange people, speaking an unknown language, had occupied the market-place, he had conceived them to be enemies from the opposite side of the river, watching the opportunity of making a midnight attack on the village, and carrying off the inhabitants as slaves; but when he saw them approach unarmed, in such peaceful and friendly guise, his heart fainted within him, and he imagined they were children of heaven, dropped down from the skies. 'And now,' said he, 'white men, all I ask is your forgiveness.' Thus, it was from alarm, not any project of violence, that the natives had been induced to assume so menacing an attitude. This deadly panic, inspired by the appearance of strangers, indicates the fierce and predatory spirit of the surrounding tribes.

After a farther navigation of upwards of fifty miles, they reached Damuggoo, where they found a more friendly chief than they had yet met with. He not only showed the greatest kindness, but sent a canoe, with a party of his people, to guide and protect them down to the sea. Yet he was an absolute, and even tyrannical prince. When the travellers complained of being harassed by the multitudes whom curiosity attracted round them, he very coolly desired them to strike off their heads,—a license of which they of course declined to avail themselves. The indications of an approach to the shore, and of intercourse with Europe, here thickened. The scanty clothing of the natives consisted of Manchester cottons; and the travellers received presents of rum, a liquor which they had not seen for a very long period.

The voyage began now to assume more than ever a critical character. After a day's navigation, they saw a stream flowing

in from the eastward, which appears by the map to be a branch previously separated from the Niger; and soon after another issued from it to the westward, which was said to reach Benin. At the junction of this last with the Niger stood Kirree, a large market-town, with numerous canoes ranged in front. They passed the place; but a little farther down, met a fleet of about fifty armed canoes, having each a six-pounder lashed to the stem, and the crews provided with musketry. Notwithstanding this formidable equipment, the travellers were delighted to discover a profuse, almost fantastic display of European flags of various colours, among which the British union flag was conspicuous; also dresses of European cloth, with representations of chairs, tables, decanters, glasses, and similar objects. The pleasing anticipations thus inspired, however, were most completely disappointed. As the two brothers came up separately, they were successively attacked, their canoes emptied of every article of property, themselves roughly treated, and their lives even put in danger. They made their way, however, to the town of Kirree, where their cause was embraced by their companions from Damuggoo; by various well-dressed females; and by several Mallams or Mahommedan doctors. There was a great assemblage in the market-place, and, after a warm discussion, with some risk of coming to blows, an equitable decision was pronounced. The captain, who had been foremost in these deeds of violence, was ordered to be put to death, and all the plundered property to be restored. Unfortunately, during this dreadful scuffle, a great part of it had disappeared, among which was the entire journal of Richard Lander. It was likewise decided, as the King of Kirree happened to be absent, that the strangers should be conveyed down the river, and placed at the disposal of Obie, king of the Eboe country. Although it was an Eboe vessel from which the wrong had been sustained, the travellers considered this arrangement auspicious, as one which carried them forward towards their destination. Indeed, though the outrage sustained upon this occasion realized the most formidable of the warnings they had received, yet the redress with which it was so speedily followed, did not indicate the total anarchy which had been represented as prevailing in these districts.

In sailing down from Kirree to Eboe, the travellers found a complete change from the beautiful and smiling aspect which nature had presented on the upper shores of the Niger. The country became almost throughout an alluvial swamp, covered with vast entangled forests, which concealed the villages; and it might have appeared almost a desert, but for the numbers of people coming down to the river. Grain no longer grew on

the fields, nor were cattle feeding on the meadows. The subsistence of the inhabitants was derived solely from the produce of the trees, and from roots,—the banana, the plantain, the yam, and from the fish caught in the river. The palm-tree, however, afforded not only a refreshing juice, but the material of an extensive trade in palm oil.

After a navigation of about seventy miles downward from Kirree, they came to Eboe, which seems to be the chief emporium of the intercourse between Europe and this part of interior Africa. The Delta of the Niger had already commenced at Kirree, whence the branch had been seen going off towards Benin; but it was not till they reached Eboe that it began to separate into those numerous channels, which intersect the country in every direction, and enter the Atlantic by so many estuaries. Immediately above Eboe, one runs to the westward, and also, it is said, towards Benin; but from the point of departure we think the termination likely to be farther south, perhaps in the river of Waree. At the same point, another branch was seen flowing to the south-east; apparently towards Old Calabar and the Rio del Rey. But the largest and most important is that which separates at some distance below Eboe, and forms the river of Bonny; which may claim perhaps to be considered as the main stream of the Niger. Bonny accordingly is the maritime emporium for slaves and palm oil; and carries on a constant and active intercourse with Eboe. This latter place, called commonly the Eboe country, is of great extent, and presents a scene of busy industry. The habitations are superior to those in the interior towns, being formed of yellow clay plastered over, thatched with palm leaves, and surrounded by well fenced enclosures of fine trees. Yet the character of the people is bad,—even atrocious. It forms, indeed, a striking and painful observation, that, in proportion as the travellers descended the river, and came among people habituated to European intercourse, they found them always decidedly worse; and the pleasing impression produced by the view of the fabrics, robes, and ensigns of their native country, was followed by the sad experience of violence and treachery. The citizens of Eboe spent their lives in savage dissoluteness, carousing the whole night, and in their cups quarrelling with such violence, that the travellers at first imagined some one was put to death amid cruel tortures, till they heard the same wild tumult nightly repeated.

Obie, King of the Eboe country, bore a bad reputation, and notwithstanding the smiling good humour with which he at first received them, they soon found that he was only negotiating how to turn them to the best account. That a large sum could be

extorted for their ransom, seems to have been distinctly understood; and the traders from Brass and Bonny eagerly contended for the agency in a transaction which they expected to be lucrative. Obie demanded the enormous amount of twenty bars, (each equal to one slave, or a cask of palm oil,) and moreover judged it prudent to detain them at Eboe till commodities of that value were sent up from the coast. This was a very alarming decision, involving the certainty of a long delay, besides extreme doubt if any English captain would come forward with so enormous a price. Happily a certain royal personage, King Boy of Brass-town, then on a visit to Obie, his father-in-law, resolved to hazard a speculation on their persons. He undertook to pay down the twenty bars, and convey them to the coast, on condition of receiving a *book*, or bill, for thirty-five bars, realizing the difference as profit to himself. This they considered heavenly news, notwithstanding the augmentation thus made to the enormous ransom; but they trusted, when they had once reached the coast, that by some means or other they would find their way on board of an English vessel.

The Brass river, called by the Portuguese Nun, flows in a direction nearly south-west from Eboe, and enters the Atlantic at Cape Formosa. At a short distance from the sea it separates into two, the first and second rivers. The ground having become continually lower and lower, is here almost a complete swamp; for which reason, perhaps, Brass-town is not built upon either of the streams, but on a creek considerably eastward, which has, however, channels of ready communication with them. It is a miserable place, half sunk in mud, in the midst of immense swamps, which are covered with almost impenetrable thickets of mangrove. It is composed of two towns, or rather large villages, separated by a small inlet, which, when the tide recedes, leaves the bottom covered with black mud. Yet over each of these towns reigns a personage entitling himself king; over one, King Jacket—over the other, King Forday, father to their conductor, King Boy. Captain Lake, of the English brig *Thomas*, then lying at the mouth of the river, peremptorily refused payment of the enormous amount which the travellers had stipulated for themselves; yet, by a series of transactions, which are here amusingly detailed, both brothers were successively conveyed on board, and Boy outwitted, though the British government has since redeemed the honour of its *employés*, by transmitting the stipulated price.

It had been truly mortifying to observe, that the natives, in proportion as their aspect and attire showed symptoms of intercourse with Europeans, became always more barbarous and

lawless. But it is more mortifying still to find Europeans, nay British seamen, frequenting this coast, display a barbarism deeper than that of the fiercest tribes of Africa. Independently of the most brutal language, it may be mentioned as a specimen of Lake's proceedings, that while the travellers' party were lying in bed, he sometimes caused them, by way of frolic, to be deluged with buckets of cold water. Another captain, while his men lay unable to stir from illness, whitewashed them all, and thus caused one to lose the sight of an eye. Lake, however, fell into the hands of another still worse than himself, belonging to a most ferocious band of pirates who infest these shores, and by whom it is supposed he was made 'to walk the plank'—a murderous operation practised among those marauders. A plank is laid across the deck, projecting considerably into the sea; the victim, by threats or force, is made to walk to the outer edge, when his weight bears down the wood, and he is plunged into the waves. This ferocity seems to have been generated under the dark influence of the slave trade, the habits induced by which still remain, even though it has been superseded by a more legitimate traffic.

The travellers, in embarking on the Atlantic, had solved the greatest problem in African, and even in modern geography;—one which had exercised the ingenuity and conjecture of so many learned enquirers, and in the efforts to solve which so many brave and distinguished adventurers had perished. This discovery divested the Niger of that singular and mysterious character, which had been one chief cause of the interest that it had excited—when seen rolling its ample flood *from* the sea towards vast unknown regions in the interior. The circuit by which it reaches the Atlantic assimilates its character to that of ordinary rivers, without any much more remarkable windings than are found in others of similar length. It displays, however, a magnitude considerably greater than had been suggested by any former observation.

We can now trace very distinctly the entire line of this great river. Its source, though not actually visited, seems ascertained by Laign to exist in the high country of Kissi, about 200 miles in the interior from Sierra Leone. Thence it rolls through Fouta Jallo and Kankan, where Caillie describes himself to have found it already a rapid and considerable stream. At Bammakoo, having received the tributary from Sankari in Manding, which Park mistook for the main river, it begins its course over the fine plain of Bambarra, where it forms a noble stream; and in passing Sego, the capital, has been considered as equalling the Thames at Westminster. Thence it pursues a north-westerly

course, and flowing through the lake Dibble, reaches Timbuctoo. Its course from that city to Youri has not yet been delineated; but the fact that Park navigated down from one place to the other, fully establishes the continuity. During this reach the Niger makes a great change of direction from north-east to almost due south. From Youri to the sea, it was navigated by the present travellers, and was found following generally a southern direction, though making in one part a rapid bend to the east, whence it gradually returns. If we measure two distances, one from the source to Timbuctoo, and the other from that city to the sea, we shall have nearly 2000 miles, which may be considered as the direct course; and the various windings must raise the whole line of the stream to upwards of 3000 miles. For several hundred miles of its lower course, it forms a broad and magnificent expanse, resembling an inland sea. The Niger must after all yield very considerably to the Missouri and Orellana, those stupendous rivers of the new world. But it appears at least as great as any of those which water the old continents. There can rank with it only the Nile, and the Yang-tse-kiang, or Great River of China. But the upper course of neither is yet very fully ascertained; and the Nile can compete only in length of course, not in the magnitude of its stream, or the fertility of the regions which it waters. There is one feature in which the Niger may defy competition from any river, either of the old or new world. This is in the grandeur of its Delta. Along the whole coast, from the river of Formosa or Benin to that of Old Calabar, about 300 miles in length, there open into the Atlantic its successive estuaries, which navigators have scarcely been able to number. Taking this coast as the base of the triangle or Delta, and its vertex at Kirree, about 170 miles inland, where the Formosa branch separates, we have a space of upwards of 25,000 square miles, equal to the half of England. Had this Delta, like that of the Nile, been subject only to temporary inundations, leaving behind a layer of fertilizing slime, it would have formed the most fruitful region on earth, and might have been almost the granary of a continent. But, unfortunately, the Niger rolls down its waters in such excessive abundance, as to convert the whole into a huge and dreary swamp, covered with dense forests of mangrove, and other trees of spreading and luxuriant foliage. The equatorial sun, with its fiercest rays, cannot penetrate these dark recesses; it only exhales from them pestilential vapours, which render this coast the theatre of more fatal epidemic diseases than any other, even of Western Africa. That human industry will one day level these forests, drain these swamps, and cover this soil with luxuriant harvests, we

may confidently anticipate; but many ages must probably elapse before man, in Africa, can achieve such a victory over nature.

The Niger, besides its own ample stream, has a number of tributaries, equal perhaps in magnitude and importance to those of any other river on the globe; with the exception of the united streams of the Mississippi and Missouri. At no great distance above the point where the Delta commences, the Tshadda, nearly equal in magnitude to itself, enters it; after watering large and fruitful kingdoms, of which the names only, and of these but a very few, have reached us. On this river an extensive commerce and active navigation is said to prevail; the existence of which is farther confirmed by the great importance attached to Funda, and other cities situated at or near the junction. It would have been deeply interesting, and have given a new importance to the river communications of Africa, could we have believed, what was positively asserted by very credible witnesses, that vessels by its channel sailed to and from the lake Tchad, and thus held intercourse with the kingdoms of Loggun and Bornou. It seems certain that the names Tshadda, Shary, and Tchad, are one and the same. But the identity of the two first as rivers is what we are precluded from all possibility of believing, by the circumstance that the Shary of Loggun and Bornou, which Major Denham saw and sailed upon, was found by him falling into lake Tchad, while the Tshadda of Lander fell into the Niger; consequently they are distinct streams, flowing in opposite directions. It is very probable indeed that their fountains may be in the same mountain chain, and at no great distance; and even that some of their branches may approach very near, so that merchants may, by an easy portage, convey commodities between them. Nay, it is not quite impossible that they may be united by some connecting channel, as the Amazons and the Oronooko are; but this seems scarcely probable.

At no great distance above the Tshadda, enters the Coodonia, a smaller river, but which Lander had seen flowing through a very fertile and highly cultivated country. Considerably higher is the Cubbie, a large stream from the country and city of that name; and higher still the Quarrama, which has passed by Zirmie and Sackatoo. Between this point and Timbuctoo, we have no means of knowing whether any or what rivers fall into the Niger. The tributary which passes that city is of no great importance; but at the eastern boundary of Bambarra, Park describes the influx from the south of two great streams, the Maniana and Nimma; and it seems very doubtful if Caillie was not mistaken in supposing the latter to be a mere branch of the Niger. The higher tributaries, descending from the moun-

tains, swell the stream, without themselves affording any important navigation.

We arrive now at the important question, what prospects this great interior communication opens to British commerce. Its branches in Africa, since the abolition of that dark one, which Britain has so justly proscribed, have been limited; and high authorities have even doubted if they could admit of any great extension. But it must be observed that the intercourse has hitherto been almost exclusively with the coast; the territory along which is comparatively unproductive, and its inhabitants idle and miserable. It has always been found, in proportion as travellers penetrated inland, that they came to a superior region and people; that, contrary to what takes place in other continents, all the large cities, all the valuable and prosperous branches of industry, were at a distance from the sea. This has been imputed, and not without some reason, to the demoralizing influence of the European slave trade. But there is besides a physical cause which must have a powerful influence. A much greater extent of the surface of Africa than of any other continent is situated between the tropics, and even immediately under the line. Sterility is there produced by the scorching rays of the sun, to which the coasts, from their low level, are peculiarly liable, and by which many tracts are rendered parched and arid. Others, by the same low situation, are exposed to the inundation of the great rivers, which, swelled by the violent tropical rains, spread often into wide pestilential swamps. But the interior territory becoming always more elevated, enjoys a more temperate climate, and is diversified by hills and mountain ranges, the streams from which supply copious moisture, without deluging the territory with any permanent inundation. The countries rendered accessible by the Niger and its tributaries are undoubtedly the most productive and industrious in all Africa; and their population, notwithstanding the difficulty of forming any precise estimate, can scarcely be rated at less than twenty-five millions. It seems impossible that British enterprise can find access to such a region, without drawing from it very considerable results.

The two questions which call for consideration are—the articles of British produce, for which a vent may be found in this quarter of the world; and the commodities which may be procured in exchange.

Under the first head, we may at once refer to that manufacture in which Britain most excels, and has carried to the greatest extent. Cotton fabrics are alone suited to the climate of Central Africa, and in fact clothe her entire population. It is true,

they are manufactured with skill within the country itself; but the example of India, where Manchester and Paisley have supplanted in their native seats the superb muslins and calicoes of Dacca and Masulipatam, leaves little doubt that the less brilliant products of the African loom would be unable to withstand the competition. There is even no need of recurring to so distant an illustration. Manchester clothes Bonny and Eboe: at Kiama, more than two hundred miles inland, her robes, of coarse and gaudy patterns, formed the favourite ornament of the Negro damsels, though their moderate original cost had been raised by a long land carriage to an almost ruinous height. The navigation of the Niger seems hitherto to have been little instrumental in diffusing commodities through the interior. The communication is almost entirely between city and city: the chief of Damuggo did not know the existence of Eyeo or Youri. It was only at Egga, the limit of the more improved and industrious districts, that European commodities began to appear. Besides cotton stuffs, arms, it is to be feared, would be a prominent article; but not to mention their use in hunting, perhaps the exchange of the European for the African mode of warfare would, on the whole, rather advance civilisation. Jewels, toys, every gaudy and glittering object is suited to the rude taste of the African chiefs; and as they have not yet learned to distinguish the real value of these commodities, high prices might for some time be obtained, though experience and competition would doubtless open their eyes.

The returns claim our next attention, and form rather a more difficult subject. At the head of the exports we placed manufactured cottons, and at the head of the imports we are disposed to place the raw material. This is produced abundantly, and, if we may trust the report of travellers, of excellent quality, over the whole of tropical Africa. European commerce seems never to have reached the cotton-growing districts, which are all considerably in the interior. The demand in Britain is immense, the annual imports being valued at nearly eight millions sterling. This demand, too, would be augmented, if Africa, like India and the United States, after supplying the raw material, took back the manufactured produce. Indigo, moreover, the most valuable of dyeing stuffs, and which Britain imports sometimes to the value of upwards of L.1,000,000, is produced in these countries plentifully, and, it is said, also of excellent quality. Hides and skins, and some gold, would be the only important additional articles; for palm oil, at present the most extensive one, being produced in the countries near the coast, is probably furnished to the full extent of the demand.

After considering what are likely to be the objects of the trade on the Niger, the mode of conducting it presents another question equally important and difficult. The obstacles are indeed such that, according to the ordinary resources of river navigation, they appear altogether insuperable. The pestilential atmosphere along the shores of this delta and its lower estuaries,—the violent and turbulent character of the native tribes, who would doubtless regard the British as rivals and enemies,—could scarcely be surmounted unless by some peculiar agency. This, however, seems to be found in steam, which gives such an entirely new character and power to river navigation. Propelled by it, the vessel could be carried in one day and night from the ocean to the head of the delta, and thus pass swiftly through the region of pestilence; it could also penetrate and leave behind it hostile fleets of armed canoes. Practical skill and experience must decide, whether the steam vessels should be brought direct from England, or be stationed on the coast, where the goods brought out by sailing vessels could be transferred into them. The first of these plans, if practicable, would avoid the cost of transshipment, and the dangers to health incurred during such an operation on a coast, every spot of which is insalubrious. It may be worth suggesting, whether the Formosa or Benin branch might not be the most advantageous for ascending the river. The navigator would thus at once reach the head of the delta, above Kirree, avoiding the dangerous bar at the mouth of the Brass river, and the fierce rivalry of the natives, which would be encountered both there, and still more in the Bonny channel. It may be presumed, however, that the trade can never be carried on with facility, or to any great extent, without a station on the Niger itself, where a dépôt of European and African goods could be formed; and whence smaller vessels might ascend the inferior rivers, or those parts of the great stream of which the navigation is difficult or obstructed. There would be an obvious convenience in endeavouring to obtain by purchase one of the numerous islands by which the channel is in one place diversified. The only danger might be, of their being rendered unhealthy by a low and damp situation; in which case a salubrious and defensible position might be found on one of the heights by which a great extent of the river-course is bordered.

It remains only that we enquire what connexion can be traced between these new discoveries, and our previous knowledge of Africa; whether any, and what anticipations have been formed by ancient writers of that lower course of the Niger which has now for the first time been navigated by Europeans. These

will, we believe, be found extremely limited. Ptolemy, who delineates the river as entirely inland, and without any branch flowing to the southward, evidently had no idea of this termination. The case may be somewhat different with regard to the Arabian writers, who describe their 'Nile of the Negroes' as flowing westward, and falling into the Atlantic. We have endeavoured to show, in a former article, (June 1826,) that their settlements were all in the territory now called Houssa; and that their Nile was not the Niger of Park, but a compound of the streams flowing along that plain, particularly the Quarrama, or Zirmic. It may be supposed that this last stream, joined to the part of the Niger navigated by Lander, formed their Nile, and that they thus erred only by supposing a tributary to be the main branch. But the great imperfection of their knowledge is clearly proved by their ignorance of all the details now observed by our travellers; and more particularly by the statement, that from Toerur (Sackatoo) to Ulil, where the great river fell into the sea, was only eighteen days' journey, which cannot be rated so high as 300 miles; while the real distance to the Gulf of Benin does not fall short of 700. There may, however, be room to believe, that they might receive a general intimation of the termination of the Niger in the Atlantic, and might suppose the remotest city in that direction of which they obtained distinct intelligence, to be at the point of its entrance; as Sultan Bello supposed Rakah and Fundah to be seaports at the mouth of the river. The name of Youri bears some resemblance to that of Ulil; *r* and *l* being readily convertible. But the pits in which the salt of Ulil is said by Edrisi to have been found, and the desert along which it was conveyed, suggest the western salt mines, and seem to prove that Ulil was Walet, and that the Lake Dibbie, in that imperfect state of knowledge, was confounded with the Atlantic.

The only writer who discovers a distinct knowledge of any part of the Niger navigated by the present travellers, is Leo Africanus. He describes it as flowing between Guber (which is still well known as a country of Houssa, and appears then to have been its ruling state) and Gago, whose fruitful territory, rude habitations, the innumerable host of the royal wives, and its situation 400 miles south from Timbuctoo, clearly establish to be Eyeo. But he fails altogether to trace it farther, or follow its progress downwards to the Gulf of Benin. On the contrary, he represents it as flowing in a westerly direction from Timbuctoo to Ghinea (Jenné), and thence to the ocean. This impression he evidently derived from the Portuguese, who early

began to consider the Senegal and Gambia as the estuaries of the Niger.

This last opinion continued to be prevalent among modern Europeans; hence the only attempts made to reach the Niger, were by the English from the Gambia, and the French from the Senegal. They proved abortive; and Delisle and D'Anville obtained positive information, that these rivers had no connexion with the Niger, which rose in the interior, and flowed eastward to Timbuctoo. Yet they never could fully overcome the general prepossession to the contrary, and had themselves no correct idea as to its termination. Reichard, a German writer, had the merit of starting, and Mr M'Queen of warmly supporting the hypothesis, which has now been so happily verified, and affords the main key to the geography of interior Africa.

Notwithstanding the great importance of this discovery, it has by no means completed even the outline of our knowledge respecting the central regions of this continent. The Tshadda, with all the countries on its banks, which there is every reason to believe are fertile and populous, remains entirely unexplored. There is a large blank in the course of the Niger between Timbuctoo and Youri. We say nothing of the regions south of the equator, which, unless from the recent observations of M. Donvillè, are almost entirely untouched by discovery.

ART. V.—*Remarks on the Commerce and Manufactures of Great Britain.* 8vo. London: 1832.

THE opponents of the reforms introduced into our commercial policy since 1825, have recently made some notable discoveries. A worthy alderman, one of the representatives of the city of London, having persuaded himself, is now endeavouring to persuade the House of Commons, that for the last ten years the merchants of Great Britain have been carrying on a losing trade; and that they are so very infatuated as to be extending their dealings, notwithstanding every new speculation turns out more unprofitable than that by which it was preceded! In vain has his worship attempted to awaken his commercial friends to a sense of their desperate condition. But though he may regret, he can hardly be surprised at the ill-success that has attended his labours. Supposing, as he charitably does, that the mercantile and manufacturing part of the community is so much infected with error and prejudice, as to mistake

losses for gains, and to prosecute unprofitable adventures with the same eagerness as if they were advantageous, he can hardly be surprised at their mistrusting his facts and denying his conclusions. The honourable member for Worcester, and those who think with him, have also made a considerable discovery : They have found out (which will be very gratifying to M. de St Cricq and Mr Clay) that though trade in England be ruined, it is flourishing in France and the United States—a result ascribable, of course, to their having had good sense enough to stick fast to the old and approved system of Rose and Vansittart. The member for Thetford has contributed his share to the new ideas afloat as to trade. He, it is true, was never peculiarly celebrated for dealings of any sort except on the *quid pro quo* principle ; and he, therefore, treats the representations of his city friend with little respect ; but he is amazingly anxious for reciprocity, and conceives that we are on the high road to ruin, because we import produce worth about L.2,000,000 a-year from France, and appear to be sending to her produce worth only about L.700,000 ! This untoward state of things, and the ascendancy of economists and philosophers, seems to annoy the honourable gentleman almost as much as the disfranchisement of the venerable boroughs of Thetford and Callington.

Such are some of the more prominent of the commercial speculations that are every now and then put forth in the House of Commons by those who pique themselves upon being practical men,—forming, as they are pleased to tell us, their opinions upon the sober and solid ground of experience, and not upon ‘fantastic theories.’ But there is a considerable difference between usurping a title, and deserving it. We deny altogether that the speculations of Messrs Waithman, Robinson, Sadler, Baring, &c., have the shadow of a claim to that practical character which they ascribe to them. We contend, that the facts which they lay down as the basis of their theories, are, for the most part, false ; that their conclusions are not even consistent with their facts ; and have the farther defect of being directly opposed to the plain dictates of common sense, and the universal experience of mankind. Those who succeed in vindicating the claims of the gentlemen in question to the character of sound practical statesmen, will have little difficulty in making good Mr Irving’s and Mr Hunt’s right ;—the former to be considered as the ablest and soberest of our divines ; the latter as the most classical and polished speaker in the House of Commons.

Such of our readers as may have read Mr Poulett Thomson’s speech in the debate on the 22d of May, as reported in the *Mirror of Parliament*, may perhaps be inclined to think that there

is but little use in resuming this subject. Nothing, certainly, could be more triumphant than the Right Hon. Gentleman's vindication of the liberal system of commercial policy from the attacks of its opponents. But some topics of considerable importance in relation to this subject, have recently been mooted in Parliament and out of doors, which Mr Thomson could not conveniently notice on that occasion; while, owing to the paramount interest attached to the discussions on the Reform Bill, the debate excited very little interest, and was miserably reported in the newspapers. We therefore think that we shall be doing an acceptable service, by availing ourselves of this opportunity shortly to notice the more important statements made on this and other occasions by those who deprecate the changes that have been made in our old commercial policy.

I. Those who, like Alderman Waithman, contend that the commerce of the country is carried on at a loss, deduce their conclusions from the discrepancy between what is called the *official*, and the *declared* or *real* value of the exports. So far back as 1696, certain rates were established, at which the various commodities exported from and imported into the country have ever since been valued. The results of the estimates made on this hypothesis are termed the *official* values of the exports and imports. But it is obvious, that the very great changes that have taken place since 1696, in the value of almost every article, render these results of no use whatever as a criterion of the real or actual value of the articles that are now exported and imported. Inasmuch, however, as the value assigned to an article in the official accounts is always the same, they form an authentic record of the *quantities* of the different species of produce sent to and brought from foreign countries, and are in so far useful. In order, also, to acquire something like an accurate knowledge of the actual worth of the exports, an account of their real value, ascertained from the declarations of the exporters, is annually prepared, and laid before Parliament. But even this is not altogether to be depended upon. Various circumstances occur that incline the merchants sometimes to exaggerate, and sometimes to underrate, the value of the commodities they send abroad. Most probably, however, these errors may be about the same one year with another; and for all purposes of commercial legislation or theory, it may be considered that the account of the declared or real value of the exports forms a sufficiently exact record of the value of the foreign export trade of the empire. There is no account of the declared value of the imports.

These explanations premised, it is not difficult to understand

the circumstance that has excited the apprehensions of so many wise and worshipful persons, and which seems to them to prove that the merchants of Great Britain, unlike any of the craft ever previously heard of, have been prosecuting, without being aware of it, a losing trade for the last fifteen years. It appears, from the subjoined account,* that in 1810 the official value of the exports from Great Britain was L.32,916,858, and their *real*, L.46,049,777. But while the official value, or, which is the same thing, the *quantity* of the exports, has gone on gradually increasing, their *real* value, or the price received for them, has been gradually diminishing; so much, that the former amounted,

* Foreign Trade of Great Britain since 1810—

Years ending 5th Jan.	EXPORTS.		Imports.
	British and Irish Produce and Manufactures from Great Britain.	Foreign and Colonial Merchandise from Great Britain.	Into Great Britain.
	Official Value.	Declared Value.	Official Value.
1810	£32,916,858	£46,049,777	£12,750,358
1811	33,299,408	47,000,926	9,357,435
1812	21,723,532	30,850,618	6,117,720
1813	28,447,912	39,334,526	9,533,065
1814	Accounts	destroyed	by fire.
1815	32,200,580	43,447,373	19,157,818
1816	41,712,002	49,653,245	15,708,435
1817	34,774,521	40,328,940	13,441,665
1818	39,233,467	40,349,235	10,269,271
1819	41,960,555	45,180,150	10,835,800
1820	32,983,689	34,252,251	9,879,236
1821	37,820,293	35,569,077	10,525,026
1822	40,194,681	35,823,127	10,602,090
1823	43,558,488	36,176,897	9,211,928
1824	43,166,039	34,589,410	8,588,996
1825	48,024,952	37,600,021	10,188,596
1826	46,453,022	38,077,330	9,155,305
1827	40,332,854	30,847,528	10,066,503
1828	51,279,102	36,394,817	9,806,343
1829	52,019,728	36,150,379	9,928,655
1830	55,465,723	35,212,873	10,606,441
1831	60,492,637	37,691,302	8,533,786
1832	60,090,123	36,652,694	10,729,943
			48,161,661

The trade of Ireland with foreign parts is trifling. In 1831 the official value of the exports from Ireland to all other places except Great Britain, was L.593,810; and the official value of the imports, exclusive of those from Great Britain, was L.1,552,228.

in 1831, to L.60,090,123, while the latter had sunk to L.36,652,695; and as the situation of our merchants was but indifferently prosperous in 1810, when they sold a quantity of goods represented by 33 for L.46, we may easily, it is said, conjecture what a state they must now be in, when they are compelled, by blundering legislators, to sell a quantity represented by 60 for L.36, 10s.

Such are the facts; but they are very far from warranting the inferences deduced from them. Instead of showing that our commerce is declining, or that it has become unprofitable, they show the very reverse. The real value of articles manufactured of cotton has been constantly falling since 1770; but will Mr Waithman or Mr Anybody else pretend to affirm, that the manufacture has been declining since that epoch, or that the manufacturers have been prosecuting their business at a loss? On the contrary, it is certain that the extraordinary increase of the manufacture—an increase quite unprecedented in the history of industry—has been wholly owing to the fall in the value, and consequently in the price, of its produce. This fall has been partly and principally caused by the stupendous inventions and discoveries that have immortalized the names of Hargraves, Arkwright, Crompton, and a few others; partly by the greater skill and dexterity of the workmen; and partly by a fall in the cost of the raw material, resulting from the vast extension and improvement of its cultivation in the United States, Brazil, Egypt, &c. Instead of being injurious, this fall has been signally beneficial, not to this country only, but to the world. In 1770, the period when it began to take place, there might at most be from 25,000 to 30,000 persons employed in the cotton trade of Great Britain; and at present, when the price of most articles of cotton has sunk to a fifth, a tenth, and in some instances to a twentieth part of what they were at the era referred to, the cotton manufacture employs from 1,200,000 to 1,400,000 hands! And the same circumstances that have been thus signally productive of wealth to us, have been equally so to those with whom we trade; who are now able to supply themselves with one of the principal articles of clothing at a price varying from one-fifth to one-twentieth part of what it cost them fifty or sixty years ago.

The complaints and resolutions of the worthy alderman and his little coterie all proceed upon the mistaken notion, that high prices are advantageous; whereas they are distinctly and completely the reverse. What but the facilitating of production, or, in other words, the reduction of price, is the object of inventions and discoveries in the arts? It is not because the steam-

engine 'can engrave a seal, or lift a ship, like a bauble, in the 'air,' that Watt is justly esteemed one of the greatest benefactors of his species; but because, through its agency, many important businesses may be carried on at half their former expense, and their produce afforded at half its former cost. The fact, that while the quantity of produce we send abroad has doubled since 1810, its money value has declined, proves that a wonderful improvement has taken place in the interim in the powers of production. Assuredly, however, it affords no proof that production is less profitable at this than at any former period. That such is the fact is indeed true; but it originates in entirely different causes from those that have increased the quantity of exports—in the existence of the Corn Laws and other restrictions, and of impolitic taxes that might be repealed or modified without loss of revenue. Suppose that the same outlay of capital and labour that was required in 1810 to produce a hat, a yard of cloth, or a pound of iron, is at this moment sufficient to produce two hats, two yards of cloth, or two pounds of iron; the producers will have to give double the quantity in exchange for money, or any article whose value has remained constant since 1810. But it would be ridiculous to maintain, that in doing this they are incurring a loss. The sacrifice made in discharging taxes, or in buying commodities, depends wholly on the quantity of capital and labour required to procure the money, or other thing, with which to pay the tax, or to make the purchase. Whether the quantity of the produce be great or small, is in this respect altogether immaterial.' A manufacturer imported a pipe of wine in 1810, for which he sent abroad 50 yards of cloth; the same quantity of wine now costs him 80 yards; but as the capital and labour that produced 50 yards of cloth in 1810 produce 100 yards in 1832, the wine has obviously fallen 20 per cent. The chances are ten to one that both parties gain by the transaction; but if there be any loss, it is certainly not on the side of the manufacturer, but of the wine-grower.

Had these plain principles been attended to, much irrelevant discussion might have been spared. The fall that has taken place in the real value of the exports since 1810, has been wholly owing to increased facilities of production. The principal reduction has been in cotton stuffs and yarn. In 1814, the official value of the cotton goods and yarn exported amounted to near 18 millions, and their real value to about 20 millions; but while their official value had increased in 1831 to very near 40 millions, their real value had sunk to only 17 millions! This extraordinary result shows, that the fall in the price of the raw cotton, and the improvements in the machinery and processes used

in the manufacture, have been so great, that we are now able to export with a profit, for less than the same money, more than double the quantity of goods exported in 1814. We say, *export with a profit*, for Alderman Waithman must excuse us for thinking that the cotton manufacturers and dealers know quite as much of their own business as he does; and they have not yet discovered that it has been a losing one, though it may not always have been as profitable as they could have wished.

The following tabular view of the cost of producing the different species of cotton yarn in 1812 and 1830, was furnished by one of the best informed cotton-manufacturers of the empire, Mr Kennedy of Manchester, to the Committee of the House of Commons on the affairs of India. No doubt can therefore be entertained of its perfect accuracy, and it strikingly illustrates all that has been previously stated:—

Hanks per day, per spindle.			Price of Cotton and Waste, per lb.		Labour, per lb.*		Cost, per lb.	
Descrip- tion of Yarn.	1812.	1830.	1812.	1830.	1812.	1830.	1812.	1830.
No.			s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
40	2.	2.75	1 6	0 7	1 0	0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 6	1 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
60	1.5	2.5	2 0	0 10	1 6	1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 6	1 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
80	1.5	2.	2 2	0 11 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 2	1 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 4	2 6 $\frac{3}{4}$
100	1.4	1.8	2 4	1 1 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 10	2 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 2	3 4 $\frac{1}{4}$
120	1.25	1.65	2 6	1 4	3 6	2 8	6 0	4 0
150	1.	1.33	2 10	1 8	6 6	4 11	9 4	6 7
200	.75	.90	3 4	3 0	16 8	11 6	20 0	14 6
250	.05	.06	4 0	3 8	31 0	24 6	35 0	28 2

Now, it appears from this authentic document, that the cost of producing most species of yarn, has been reduced about a half, and in some instances more, since 1812; and, owing to the introduction of power-looms and other improvements, the cost of weaving has, we understand, been reduced in a still greater degree. The decline in the real value of cottons, is therefore most satisfactorily accounted for. It originates in circumstances that tend powerfully to secure our continued ascendancy in the manufacture; and which show that it is in a rapidly improving state.

* Wages are estimated at the same rate, or at 20d. a-day, for every person employed, men, women, and children, in 1812 and 1830, the saving being entirely in the better application of the labour.

Cottons and cotton-twist form about a half of the entire exports from Great Britain, and the fall which has taken place in the real value of the latter, is principally ascribable to the fall in the former. The rest is accounted for in precisely the same manner—by the extraordinary improvements that have been made during the last few years in every branch of manufacturing industry, and by the fall in the raw material. It is sufficient to refer to the instances of woollens and iron in proof of this statement.

The worthy Alderman is not, therefore, wrong in degree or in detail. The very opposite of what he maintains is true. He has confounded improvement with deterioration; and an increase with a diminution of wealth.

Mr Waithman is fond of declaiming against theorists and economists, though he candidly admits, that he rarely understands what they are about. But instead of referring him to Smith or Ricardo, we would beg of him to enquire of any (the more practical the better) trader in the city of London, the test by which he judges of the advantageousness of an adventure to a foreign country. If there be one such individual in the metropolis against whom no writ *de lunatico inquirendo* has been moved, who estimates the profits of his dealings by the value of what he sends out, rather than by the value of what he brings back, we shall begin to suspect that his resolutions are not so very wide of the mark as they seem to be. We had always imagined that the only object an individual or a nation had in exporting, was not to make a donation to the foreigner, but to bring back produce in return; and it does appear to us, as we believe it will do to most others, that the smaller the sacrifice for which the same quantity of produce may be obtained from abroad, so much the better. The real value of our exports has fallen from 46 millions in 1810, to $36\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1831; but, provided we get as large a supply of goods from the foreigner, in exchange for the less that we formerly got for the greater value, do we not gain proportionally? To say that a country is going to ruin, because she gets equal quantities of useful and desirable articles in return for a less sacrifice of capital and labour, is to affirm what is so contradictory and absurd as hardly to deserve one moment's consideration.

In point of fact, however, we do not get the same, but a vastly greater quantity of foreign produce, in return for our exports, than we got in 1810. This may be shown at a glance as follows.

Imports.	1810.	1830.
Sheep's-wool, lbs.	10,914,137	32,313,059
Cotton wool, (entered home consump.) do.	90,000,000	242,000,000
Sugar, . . . do. cwt.	3,489,312 *	3,722,642
Coffee, . . . do. lbs.	5,308,096	22,000,000
Wine, . . . do. . . (wine) gals.	6,805,276	8,255,000
Tea, . . . do. lbs.	22,000,000	30,000,000
Pepper, . . . do. do.	1,117,000	2,000,000
Raw silk, . . . do. . . (1814) do.	1,504,235	4,256,982

With the exception indeed of tobacco, the entries of which for home consumption in the United Kingdom, were about the same in 1810, as in 1830 or 1831, there is hardly a foreign article of any importance, the imports of which have not been vastly increased since 1810. But it is needless to enter into details as to this point, for the *official* value of the imports with which even Mr Waithman admits, the quantities correspond, was L.30,170,292 in 1810, and no less than L.48,161,661 in 1830. Neither can it be said that this extraordinary increase of imports has been paid for by an exportation of coin. On the contrary, since 1815, when the real value of the exports began rapidly to decline, we have imported the whole gold and silver, amounting to not less, probably, than *fifty millions sterling*, that is now in circulation in the country ! To contend, in the teeth of such facts, that our commerce is declining and unprofitable—that it has been sacrificed to the theories of Huskisson and Thomson—evinces a hardihood of assertion not easy to be paralleled.

The statements made by Mr Robinson, Mr Sadler, and others, as to the decline of our shipping, a natural consequence, we are told, of our reciprocity treaties, were triumphantly answered by Mr Thomson. In order to dispose at once and for ever of this part of the subject, we give the following extract from the Right Honourable Gentleman's unanswerable speech :

‘ I will now state to the House what has been the condition of the shipping of this country during the last ten years. I will not follow the honourable gentleman into his account of our trade with the three particular countries he alluded to ; but I will presently do that which will tell as much as possible in favour of his argument ; namely, take the account of our shipping trading to those countries with which we have made the so much decried treaties of reciprocity. The shipping entered inwards is the criterion hitherto taken, and I will state the average of that for the three years 1819, 1820, and 1821, before the alteration of our system took place ; and afterwards the average of the three years 1829, 1830, and 1831, when our treaties of reciprocity

This includes the large quantity consumed that year in the distilleries.

with the countries I allude to had been some time in operation. The average of the first period I find to stand thus :—

British shipping entered inwards,	-	1,692,000 tons.
Foreign shipping entered inwards,	-	462,000

whilst, in the second period, the average account stands thus :—

British shipping entered inwards,	-	2,243,000 tons.
Foreign shipping entered inwards,	-	718,000

Thus showing an increase in the tonnage of British shipping, amounting to 551,000 tons ; whilst the increase in the Foreign shipping was only 319,000 tons. The honourable gentleman, however, says, that this amount is not a fair one ; that he prefers that of the shipping registered and built as his guide. He shall have them ; but I must say, that I consider this account perfectly fair.

‘ Nothing is indeed more unfair than what the honourable member has said with respect to short voyages. He should recollect that the voyages were formerly long, on account of ships being detained for a length of time with convoys, and that they have now been shortened by the return of peace, and by the improvements that have been made in nautical science. I remember the time when it was a rare occurrence for ships to make more than two voyages to St Petersburg ; but now they all make at least three ; and I know many instances of ships making four voyages in the year. The fact is, that, since profits have been reduced, exertions have been made to save as much time as possible, economy of time being economy of money. But unfair as the honourable gentleman’s statement is to my argument, I will take it, and show him that even that proves him to be wrong. How will I do so ? By taking the amount of shipping built and registered in the periods I have already named, the very return on which he so much relies. I find, then, that the amount of ships built and registered in the British empire, was, in the year 1819, 112,000 tons ; in the year 1820, 84,000 tons ; and in the year 1821, 74,000 tons, being, on an average, 88,000 tons. In 1829, the amount of shipping built and registered was 116,000 tons ; in 1830, 110,000 tons ; and in 1831, 107,000 tons, in the last year, not including the ships built in the colonies, making an average of 111,000 tons. Does that show any decrease of shipping built and registered ? Does it not rather show a great increase, in spite of the frequent voyages alluded to by the honourable gentleman ?

‘ I will now state to the House the gross amount of tonnage registered in the United Kingdom. This leads me to a curious mistake into which the honourable gentleman has fallen, and against which I should have thought he would have been guarded, by the fact of another honourable gentleman having fallen into it four years ago, and been corrected. It shows the kind of attention the honourable gentleman must have paid to the subject. I shall explain his

error presently ; but will now proceed to state the amount of shipping registered in the years 1819, 1820, and 1821. In the year 1819, it amounted to 2,660,000 tons ; in 1820, to 2,640,000 ; in 1821, to 2,560,000 ; it now amounts, or rather amounted, in 1831, to 2,581,000 tons, showing a slight diminution as compared with 1819 and 1820. " But then," says the honourable gentleman, and this is the error into which he has fallen, " there was a great falling off in 1826, and the years immediately following." Now, to all these printed returns there is a note appended, stating that, in consequence of an alteration of the system of registering, the returns for the year 1826 appear smaller, and that that alteration consisted in striking out of the registry a number of old ships whose names remained in it, although really no longer in existence. To say, therefore, that there has been a diminution in the registered tonnage since 1826, is a fallacy arising from a want of attention to the circumstances under which the accounts have been presented to the House. It appears then from what I have stated, that the number of voyages made has increased, whilst the amount of shipping registered is the same as, if not rather more than, it used to be.

' But, before dismissing this part of the subject, I must beg again to refer to the statement of the honourable gentleman with respect to the countries with which we have reciprocity treaties. I have here an account of the British shipping entered into the United Kingdom from the Brazils, France, Germany, Sweden, and the other states with which we have those treaties, and I find that the average British shipping during the years 1819, 1820, and 1821, was 463,000 tons, and of the years 1829, 1830, and 1831, 629,000 tons ; so that we have here an increase of 35 per cent on British shipping employed in trade with those countries with which we have the reciprocity treaties, which have proved the ruin and destruction of British commerce ! If that be not an answer to the honourable gentleman, I must confess that I know not what stronger or more convincing evidence can be produced in refutation of any assertion ; but I think the House will still further agree with me, that one need be under no alarm of the kind the honourable gentleman seems to feel, when he talks of our navigation dying away, and our having cause to rue the day we in the slightest degree departed from the old system, when I refer to another statement I hold in my hand. For even if we should lose some few thousand tons in our foreign trade, need we fear being reduced to any straits as a naval power, whilst we have engaged in our fisheries, in our colonial trade, and, above all, in our coasting trade, the enormous tonnage we have ? The amount of tonnage employed in the coasting trade alone, is 9,800,000 tons. It is an honourable and worthy feeling for honourable members to entertain, and natural to them as Englishmen, that they should wish their country to remain the greatest naval power on earth ; but any alarm upon the subject is, I must say, with all respect for them, most preposterous, and unworthy of their understandings, whilst such evidence of its extent can be produced.'

II. Not satisfied with showing that *we* are going to ruin, Mr Robinson further undertook to show that France and the United States, by adopting a different line of policy, were rapidly increasing their manufactures and wealth. The French manufactures, he tells us, on the authority of a nameless, though 'celebrated statistical writer,' have been extending at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum. Who this celebrated person may be, we do not pretend to divine; but we apprehend that his celebrity, like that of Dr Colquhoun, depends upon something very different from accuracy. It is needless now to repeat the statements we formerly made (No. XCIX. Art. III.) in proof of the extremely depressed condition of most branches of industry in France. These statements were founded on evidence given before the *Commission d'Enquête* by the parties concerned, who, we suspect, knew rather more of the real facts of the case than either the member for Worcester or his anonymous authority. We may, however, give our readers a single specimen of the supposed flourishing state of manufactures in France compared with their supposed declining state in England. The French have made extraordinary efforts to bolster up the cotton manufacture, and this is one of the departments in which their efforts to raise a manufacturing interest by dint of prohibitions are said to have been most successful. Now, as the manufacturers have not yet discovered a method of dispensing with the raw material, it follows, according to the statement of Mr Robinson and his veracious informer, that the quantity of cotton wool consumed in France should be at present 45 per cent ($10 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$) greater than it was ten years ago. Whether it is so will be seen from the following statement:—

Quantity of Cotton Wool annually consumed in France since 1822.

	lbs.		lbs.
1822,	64,559,700	1827,	83,907,900
1823,	51,693,600	1828,	71,916,900
1824,	73,187,400	1829,	79,425,000
1825,	64,938,000	1830,	75,235,200
1826,	84,300,300	1831,	73,152,900

This statement shows conclusively that the consumption of cotton wool in France has increased very little since 1822, and *nothing whatever* since 1824. For the last *eight* years the manufacture, instead of advancing at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum, has been stationary or declining.

It may not be uninteresting to compare the progress of the cotton manufacture in France with its progress in England.

Years.	Cotton consumed in England.			Cotton consumed in France.		
	lbs.			lbs.		
1822,	.	144,180,000	.	.	.	64,559,700
1823,	.	147,125,000	.	.	.	51,693,600
1824,	.	174,174,000	.	.	.	73,187,400
1825,	.	169,164,000	.	.	.	64,938,000
1826,	.	164,640,000	.	.	.	84,300,300
1827,	.	211,167,000	.	.	.	83,907,900
1828,	.	217,701,000	.	.	.	71,916,900
1829,	.	221,676,000	.	.	.	79,425,000
1830,	.	242,000,000	.	.	.	75,235,200
1831,	.	257,500,000	.	.	.	73,152,900 *

Thus it appears that the cotton manufacture of England has been nearly doubled during the last ten years, while that of France has been stationary or retrograde. It is of importance also to observe, that the greater part of this increase in the English manufacture has taken place since 1827; or since the period when those changes, of the mischievousness of which we have heard so much, were made in our commercial policy. So much for the injury done to this great department of industry in Britain by the theoretical innovations of Huskisson and Thomson, and for the benefits resulting to it in France from the conservative policy of Vansittart and St Cricq, and their eulogist, M. Dupin.

Those who institute a similar comparison between the silk, woollen, and hardware manufactures of France and England during the last *ten* years, will arrive at precisely similar results.

Mr Robinson has not stated whence his information as to the flourishing state of the commerce and navigation of the United States was derived; but it is, at least if we may trust the official documents put forth by the American Government, quite as wide of the mark as his statements with respect to France. Capital and industry have been attracted to employments unsuitable for the country; their products being at once high-priced and inferior in quality to those that might be procured from this and other foreign markets, in return for cotton, tobacco, flour, lumber, and other articles that may be more advan-

* For these and other important details, see the admirable statement of the Commerce of Great Britain in 1831, by Messrs Trueman and Cook.

tageously furnished by the Americans than by any other people. The framers and patrons of the tariff, have succeeded so far as to force some branches of industry into a premature and sickly existence; but they have done this at the expense, and to the injury, of the staple businesses of the country. Nothing but poverty and dissatisfaction could flow from so preposterous a scheme. Its disastrous operation on the trade and navigation of the Republic has been set in a very striking point of view, in a Report by a *Committee of Congress* appointed to enquire into the effects of the tariff, dated 8th February 1830. ‘We had before us,’ it is there stated, ‘in 1815, the prospect of a long and general peace, and our policy should have been regulated accordingly. Our revenue laws should have been restored gradually but decisively to their condition previous to the war. Our policy unfortunately took another direction. The tariff of 1816 laid the foundation of all our subsequent errors; and we have now been engaged for fifteen years in an unprofitable experiment, to effect what embargo, non-importation, non-intercourse, and war, failed to accomplish. We have attempted, by the mere force of Congressional decrees, to resist the natural and salutary tendency of our industry to commercial and agricultural pursuits. *We have been steadily sacrificing the commerce, navigation, and capital of New England,* merely to bring forward new competitors in manufacturing, to embarrass our old and skilful artisans, and to ruin themselves. We have, from session to session, kept trade in such agitation and uncertainty, that the value of property could never be ascertained till the adjournment of Congress; and this we have called encouraging and protecting our industry. *We have wasted millions of our ancient profits of commerce in a visionary experiment to increase our national wealth.* In a legislative attempt to make ourselves more completely independent of foreign nations, *we have most effectually undermined the foundation of that naval power which can alone protect our country from foreign aggression.*’

Such have been the effects, as shown by an official document, prepared by some of the ablest men in Congress, of that protecting system that has been the theme of so much worthless eulogy. We trust the day is far distant when we are to be partakers in such benefits.

But, not satisfied with thus exhibiting the ruinous effects of the tariff, the government of the United States has introduced a bill, which is at this moment before Congress, for the repeal of a great many of the existing duties, and for materially modifying others. A pretty commentary this on the speeches and

pamphlets of the member for Worcester and others of the same school !

III. The late equalization of the duties on French and other wines, without stipulating for any reciprocal concession on the part of the French, has been made matter of serious charge against government; but their conduct in this case is deserving of any thing but reproach. The discriminating duty on the wines of France was an insult to that country, and a grievous injury to ourselves. Could we expect that a powerful and high-spirited nation would stoop to treat with us on a principle of reciprocity, while we loaded her most important article of export with 33½ per cent more duty than we imposed on the same article when brought from other countries? While such an insulting arrangement continued, France was entitled to say, and *did* say, when proposals were made to her to give greater facilities to commerce, ‘Repeal your discriminating duty on our wine—place us, in this respect, on the same footing that you have placed the Portuguese and Spaniards, and we shall give our best attention to your proposals; but so long as you treat us unjustly and contemptuously, by maintaining this offensive duty, so long shall we decline entering into any commercial negotiation with you.’ Thanks to the present administration, this distinction no longer exists. France may now treat with us without loss of honour; and we believe that a regard to her own advantage will, at no distant period, suggest to her the expediency of giving greater facilities to the commerce with England.

But though it were not so—though France should continue to enforce the restrictive system, we should not the less cordially approve of the step we have taken. We have made an end of a distinction, unjust in itself, offensive to those we ought to conciliate, and adverse to our own interests. Our advantage is promoted by having the choice of markets for wine, without being forced by customs-regulations to resort to one in preference to another. It is to no purpose that Mr Baring tells us that the French will not deal with us—that they will take nothing of ours. Should such be the case, what harm can there be in the repeal of the discriminating duty on their wine, or, indeed, in admitting it without any duty at all? The traders of Bordeaux may not be so profoundly versed in the mysteries of traffic as Mr Baring, but they are not such simpletons as to continue sending wine to England without getting any thing back. The fact that we *do* import wine, brandy, silks, and other articles, from France, proves, beyond all controversy, that we

send to her, or to some country to which she is indebted, an equivalent amount of British goods. We are aware, that, in the late debate, Mr Baring took Mr Thomson to task for relying too confidently on this principle. But here the right honourable gentleman was on sure ground; mistakes, though we perceive none, may have insinuated themselves into other parts of his argument, but here there could be no mistake, no error. We bring annually from France commodities worth about £2,000,000, and the state of the exchange is usually such, that gold cannot go from England to France. Under these circumstances, it is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that if the French do not take, directly or indirectly, at the hand of the fair trader, or at the hand of the smuggler, a corresponding amount of British produce, they must make us a donation of the balance. We hope, though certainly we do not believe, that this balance is something considerable.

Mr Baring is reported to have laid it down in the late debate, that it is more advantageous to deal with those to whom we may directly export, than with those to whom we can only export indirectly. We, however, apprehend that there must, in this instance at least, be some inaccuracy in the report; for it is difficult to imagine, that Mr Baring should have made a statement as to a commercial matter for which there is no ground whatever. Were it really more advantageous to deal with Germany, Holland, South America, or Portugal, than with France, a practical man who should engage in the trade to the latter, would be no inconsiderable phenomenon. Merchants do not send ships to Bordeaux or Havre, rather than to Amsterdam or Hamburgh, because the climate is finer, or the people more polite, but because they find it *more conducive to their interests*. Were there any foundation for the remark ascribed to Mr Baring, the British flag would wave as seldom over the Garonne and the Seine as over the Wolga and the Danube.

There can be no doubt that the trade with France would be incomparably *more extensive*, were she to repeal, or materially modify, her restrictions on the importation of British commodities. But it is the French, and not the English, who have to defray whatever additional cost may attend the conducting of trade in the circuitous and illegitimate channels into which it is at present forced. We send direct to Bordeaux for claret, and obtain it at the cheapest rate, and by the least expensive route; but when, instead of receiving an equivalent direct from England, the French make it be sent roundabout by Switzerland and Italy, or the United States, or force it to be introduced by smugglers, its cost is proportionally enhanced. How noxious

soever in other respects, the restrictive system has at least one good quality—that of being always ten times more injurious to those by whom it is adopted than to any one else. We should certainly gain were the French to relax their restraints on importation; but our gain would be trifling indeed compared with theirs.

It would be to no purpose to enter farther into these details. The theories and facts of those who contend, that the more liberal commercial policy adopted by Parliament within these few years has been prejudicial to the public interests, are alike worthless. The former have been shown to be contradictory and absurd; and, instead of having declined, manufactures, commerce, and navigation, have been vastly improved and extended since the innovations complained of. The depressed condition of those great branches in France and the United States, whose recent commercial policy has been so different from ours, is equally decisive as to the soundness of the principles on which we have been proceeding. We do not mean to deny the existence of distress in the country, though its amount has been grossly exaggerated; but we are prepared to show, that, in so far as it is not of a temporary and accidental nature, it is mainly to be ascribed (not to the repeal, but) to the continued existence of restrictions—to the oppressive restraints on the corn trade, the colony trade, the trade to China, the timber trade, &c. These restrictions are, one and all, in the last degree injurious to the best interests of the country. It is all but impossible to exaggerate the advantages that would result from their abolition. Their existence verifies Mr Thomson's statement, that hitherto '*we have done very little indeed towards freeing the trade of the country from the restrictions under which it labours.*' Fortunately, however, the little that has been done has been most advantageous; and the good effects that have resulted from the freedom already obtained, will, we trust, stimulate Parliament to perfect our commercial system by abolishing all restrictions, and giving full scope to industry and enterprise, and to the free developement of the national resources.

Art. VI.—*Spain in 1830.* By HENRY D. INGLIS, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London : 1831.

THE attention of the country has been so much engrossed during the last eighteen months by the all-absorbing question of Parliamentary Reform, that many public events have been allowed to pass by comparatively unheeded. The interest also with which, since the peace, this country has been accustomed to regard the political and domestic state of the Continental powers, has greatly relaxed. We have thought of little but ourselves. Since the first mooted of the Reform question, many have neglected even the great workings of the revolution whose throes yet convulse France. The minor revolutions of some of the Swiss cantons, and of the smaller German states, are wholly forgotten; and the remembrance of the Belgic disunion is revived only by the sight of an occasional Protocol,—seen to be thrown aside. The state of Italy has been thought beneath notice; and, despite the continued atrocities of Russia, many, with sorrow and compunction, endeavour to forget, that Poland, the victim of Europe, ever existed. Portugal excites some little more of interest; her connexion with this country has been long and intimate; and the crisis of her troubles is at hand. The fortunes of Portugal will have much influence on those of Spain. The expectations of Europe, long wearied with waiting for some sign of life in that reclusive member,—that monk of the European confederacy, now turn with a curiosity rising scarcely beyond indifference, as to what may be her conduct and condition during and after the approaching struggle in Portugal. We have too many instances before our recollection of the utter and sudden failure of political prophecies, to venture upon even an anonymous prediction; but we will give the opinions and information which Mr Inglis, the most recent traveller in Spain, has been able to collect; and with these, and some other scattered notices, we will leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

Mr Inglis appears to have entered Spain by Bayonne in May 1830, to have remained in Madrid during the summer months, and then to have made an autumn and winter tour through the mild and beautiful provinces of the south and east; from whence he repassed into France by Figueras, in January 1831. He gives the result of his eight months' experience in the two volumes now before us; and we recommend them to our readers as forming, upon the whole, an amusing and instructive pub-

lication. It may be said, that little real knowledge of a country can be acquired during the short period which Mr Inglis devoted to his tour; and, in truth, he does not pretend to reveal any thing very recondite; he merely gathers facts as he goes; gives the authority, sometimes not very clear or unimpeachable, for his relations; and, by frankly recording that which he saw and heard, he contrives to draw a tolerable picture of the country which he visited.

Mr Inglis was pleased with the fruitful and orchard-like appearance of Biscay, with the unexpected cleanliness of the inns, and with the good arrangement and rapid pace (ten miles an hour) of the public diligences. He found, indeed, these machines of conveyance so far honoured, or the state of royal equipages so far reduced in Spain, that he met the Infant Don Francis in one of them at Vittoria. ‘He, his consort, and his family, occupied one diligence, and his suite occupied another—the first drawn by seven mules, the other by six. The royal party was received with respect by a considerable concourse of people, and with military honours.’—Vol. i. p. 11.

But though royalty thus far honours diligences in Spain, the pleasure resulting from the facility of travelling they afford on the few highroads of that country, is considerably lessened by a want of personal security. This evil is met by a practice sufficiently indicative of the present state of Spain. The proprietors are obliged to purchase immunity and protection from the different bands of banditti which infest the roads through which their diligences travel;—in other words, to pay *blackmail*.

‘This arrangement,’ says Mr Inglis, ‘was at first attended with some difficulty; and, from a gentleman who was present at the interview between the person employed to negotiate on behalf of the diligences and the representative of the banditti, I learned a few particulars. The diligences in question were those between Madrid and Seville; and the sum offered for their protection was not objected to; but another difficulty was started: “I have nothing to say against the terms you offer,” said the negotiator for the banditti; “and I will at once ensure you against being molested by robbers of consequence; but as for the small fry (*Ladrones de ninquina consideracion*,) I cannot be responsible. We respect the engagements entered into by each other; but there is nothing like honour amongst petty thieves.” The proprietors of the diligences, however, were satisfied with assurances of protection against the great robbers, and the treaty was concluded; but not long afterwards one of the coaches was stopped and robbed by the petty thieves; this led to an arrangement which has ever since proved effectual. One of the chiefs accompanies the coach on its journey, and

overawes by his name and reputation the robbers of an inferior degree.'—Vol. i. p. 3.

At Vittoria, Mr Inglis left the pale of this banditti compact, and crossed the country to Bilbao in a little open calèche hired for the purpose. This last mode of conveyance we conceive to be infinitely better suited to the pursuits of a traveller, though possibly a little less convenient, than the plodding uniformity of a diligence. Indeed, speaking from some experience, we hazard this general remark,—that the pleasures of the remembrance, and the general benefits to be derived from a tour, are in an inverse ratio to the ease and rapidity with which it has been accomplished. We throw out this remark for the benefit of those young gentlemen who pique themselves upon reaching Constantinople in the shortest possible time; and who consider travelling day and night to Rome, without once sleeping on the road, as of more importance than seeing Rome itself. Mr Inglis found the commerce of Bilbao declining, in consequence of the difficulties attending the preparation and exportation of its two staple commodities, iron and wool; in which it is now superseded by Sweden and Saxony. But though the commerce of Bilbao declines, its convents flourish, and the abominable practice of early noviciates exists in full force.

'In the province of Biscay,' says Mr Inglis, 'females profess at a very early age; their noviciate generally commences about fifteen; and, at the expiration of a year, they take the veil. I ascertained from a source of the most authentic kind, that three-fourths of the nuns who take the veil at this very early age die of a decline within four years. The climate which in Biscay is so prolific in consumption, added to the low and damp situation of some of the convents, may perhaps be admitted to have some influence upon this premature decay; but I should incline to attribute a greater influence to causes more immediately referable to the unhappy and unnatural condition of those who are shut out from the common privileges, hopes, and enjoyments of their kind.'—Vol. i. p. 33.

It is sad to read of fellow-creatures thus marked out, blighted, and sequestered from the exercise of all social affections, at the very threshold of womanhood, and left to wither, for a few barren years, within the dark gloom of their convent walls, till they pass away to the refuge of a premature grave. But it is still more sad to think that such deeds should be committed in the light of the nineteenth century, and impiously defended in the very name of the Christian religion. These immurements of girls of fifteen, differ, perhaps, in manner, but they resemble in spirit the Pagan immolations of human victims.

Mr Inglis returned from Bilbao to Vittoria, and from thence proceeded to Madrid. Unlike other capitals, which spread riches and comfort around them, Madrid lies in the centre of a vast treeless, riverless, sandy desert; and the nearer you approach to it, the greater is the misery and squalor which you meet. The sight of the two Castiles led Mr Inglis to consider Biscay happy, thriving, and well cultivated. He thus describes a village, through which the diligence passed :

‘ I saw between two and three hundred persons, and amongst these there was not one whose rags half covered his nakedness. Men and women were like bundles of ill-assorted shreds and patches of about a hundred hues and sizes; and, as for the children, I saw some entirely naked, and many that might as well have been without their tattered coverings. I threw a few biscuits amongst the children, and the eagerness with which they fought for and devoured them, reminded me rather of young wolves than of human beings. The badness of the pavement, and the steepness of the street, made it necessary for the diligence to go slowly, and I profited by the delay to look into one or two of the miserable abodes of these wretched beings. I found a perfect unison between the dweller and his dwelling. I could not see one article of furniture—no table, no chair; a few large stones supplied the place of the latter; for the former, there was no occasion, and something resembling a mattress was the bed of the family. Leaving this village, I noticed two stone-pillars and a wooden pole across, indicating that the proprietor possesses the power of life and death within his own domain.’—Vol. i. p. 56.

From this ‘ Auburn’ Mr Inglis continued his journey to the capital. His account of the approach is striking.

‘ From the Samo Sierra to the gates of Madrid, a distance of nearly thirty miles, there is not a tree to be seen, not a garden, not one country-house, and scarcely an isolated farm-house or cottage, and only three or four very inconsiderable villages. Great part of the land is uncultivated; and that part of it which is laboured, and produces grain, is mostly covered with weeds and stones. In the midst of this desert stands Madrid, which is not visible until you approach within less than two leagues of the gate. Its appearance from this side is not striking; the city seems small, and although we may count upwards of 50 spires and towers, none of these are elevated or imposing. If the traveller turned his back upon Madrid, when within half a mile of the gates, he might still believe himself to be a hundred miles from any habitation; the road stretches away, speckled only by a few mules. There are no carriages, no horsemen, scarcely even a pedestrian; there is in fact scarcely one sign of vicinity to a great city.’—Vol. i. p. 60.

In walking the streets, Mr Inglis was struck with the peculiar costume of the country—with the graceful mantilla, the high comb, and unbonneted head—with the universal cloak, and the

use of the fan by both sexes; and the crowds of well-clothed, well-fed, proud-bearing priests and monks, who fill the public walks of this capital of the faithful. But innovation has introduced its forbidden footsteps even here; for French bonnets, English muslins, and gaudy foreign silks, are occasionally seen braving ancient habits, in carriages on the Prado, or in boxes at the Opera.

Madrid has no trade or manufactures. Indeed, its inhabitants may be said to follow no other course of life but that of idleness. One-fourth of its 160,000 inhabitants are officers of the government or of the court, of every grade of rank, and of every gradation of greater or less inactivity; another fourth is composed of the law, the church, and the noblesse; while the remaining half is made up of the retainers of the above classes, and of the shopkeepers and itinerant purveyors of provisions, water, and fruit. All these follow a mode of life more or less idle, and little different in pursuits, pleasures, or intellectual enjoyments. A lounge in the streets in the morning, with attendance at mass in some neighbouring church,—the siesta at noon, and a walk or drive on the Prado in the evening, closing with a theatre or tertulia at night,—form, with the occasional interlude of a bull-fight, or procession, the daily duties of nearly all the inhabitants. The presence of the Royal Family on the Prado is accompanied with a rather oppressive ceremonial.

‘It is necessary,’ says Mr Inglis, ‘to pay honour to every branch of the royal family, however frequently they may pass along. Every carriage must stop, and those within it must take off their hats; or if their carriage be open, must stand up also; and every person on foot is expected to suspend his walk, face about, and bow, with his head uncovered. When the king passes, no one perhaps feels this to be a grievance, because, however little respect this king may be entitled to from his subjects, it is felt to be nothing more than an act of common breeding, to take off one’s hat to a king; but I have fifty times seen all this homage paid to a royal carriage with a nurse and infant, not an infant, in it; and one evening I was absolutely driven from the Prado, by the unceasing trouble of being obliged to acknowledge the royal presence every five minutes, the spouse of the Infante don Francis having found amusement in cantering backwards and forwards during an hour at least. From the expected homage no one is exempt; even the foreign ambassadors must draw up, rise, and uncover themselves, if but a sprig of royalty, in the remotest degree, and of the tenderest age, happens to drive past.’—Vol. i. p. 94.

Mr Inglis describes Ferdinand ‘as a lusty country gentleman,’ with a fat, heavy, good-humoured countenance. He takes small notice of the obeisances of his subjects, who, in return, bestow more lively plaudits and vivas upon his apos-

tolical brother, Don Carlos. This seems to annoy him; but he not the less freely trusts himself to the loyalty of his subjects; for Mr Inglis met this 'lusty gentleman in a blue coat and drab trowsers,' walking in a most secluded part of the Retiro, at six o'clock in the evening, with only one companion, who was some twenty paces behind, while there was no guard nearer than half a mile. This also was within a few days after the intelligence of the irruption of Mina had reached Madrid. The truth is, Ferdinand has not many personal enemies; and, with all their faults, the Spaniards are not addicted to assassinating their kings.

Shooting and uxoriousness seem to be part and parcel of the hereditary duties and habitudes of the Bourbon kings of Spain. Philip the Fifth transacted much public business while in bed with his queen. This extreme attention was imitated by his descendants; and Mr Inglis tells us, that Ferdinand is so passionately attached to his young and beautiful wife, that he 'spends the greater part of the day in her apartment; and, when engaged in council, leaves it half a dozen times in the course of an hour or two to visit her.' No court amusements enliven this conjugal felicity; the fond pair spend their days together; they rise at six, dine alone at two, and sup and go to bed at nine. The evening is animated by a drive to a zoological garden, where the animals are taught to make obeisances and pay the reverence due to the majesty of Spain. While such are the habits of the king and queen, those of the courtiers are, as a matter of course, similar; and indeed the whole state of society, as represented by Mr Inglis, seems to be the very perfection of dulness.

'The persons of distinction in Madrid lead a most monotonous life. One lady only, the Duchess of Benevente, opens her house once a week. This is on Sunday evening, and she receives, amongst others, those of the foreign ministers who choose to visit her. Her parties, however, are far from being agreeable. The Spaniards of distinction who frequent her tertulia generally withdraw when the foreign ministers are announced. This disinclination on the part of the Spanish grandees, and others holding high court preferment, to associate with the foreign ambassadors, is notorious in Madrid. At the tertulia of the wife of Don Manuel Gonzalez Salmon, the foreign ministers used formerly to be present; but they found that they were regarded in a light little less than spies, and they are now never seen at these tertulias. In Madrid there are no ministerial, no diplomatic dinners; and amongst the persons of most distinction entertainments are extremely rare. There is, in fact, nothing like gaiety amongst the upper ranks in the Spanish metropolis.'—Vol. i. p. 133.

This monotonous life is in no respect inconsistent with that

general laxity of morals which pervades all ranks in Spain; and those Puritans who in our own country declaim against what they call gaiety and dissipation, might find that the hurry and glitter of general and mixed society is infinitely less dangerous to female morals than the *dolce far niente* of a Spanish *tertulia*. By public returns, it appears that the annual legitimate births in Madrid are to the illegitimate only in the proportion of about three and a half to one. Now this outward show can be taken only as an exponent of the real state of these affairs; for if thus much be by hard necessity confessed, we fear we must conclude that at least as much more is by cunning, and by the conveniences of married life, concealed. Mr Inglis complains of this laxity throughout Spain; and remarks on what appears to us to be even still more deplorable, the low state of moral feeling, particularly in the southern provinces, with regard even to the value of female virtue and delicacy, whether married or unmarried. He relates many anecdotes on this subject, and, amongst others, we select one, as illustrative of the state of mercantile and priestly society in Cadiz.

‘ A few years ago, a curious exposé was made at Cadiz, which, as I am upon the subject of friars, I shall mention in this place. There was, and still is, a banker named Gargallo, one of the richest men in Cadiz, whose magnificent dwelling-house is separated from the walls of the Franciscan Monastery only by one small house, and this house also belonged to Señor Gargallo, although it was not inhabited. The master of the house, although a rich man, looked closely into his affairs: he perceived that his cooks had greatly exceeded the sum necessary for the existence of the family, and, after bearing this for a considerable time, at length discharged his cook. The cook applied for service elsewhere, and upon his new master applying to Gargallo for a character, he refused to give one, alleging as a reason the dishonesty of his servant. The cook, enraged at this injustice, and more solicitous to preserve his own good character than that of the friars, returned to Gargallo’s house, taking witnesses along with him, and aloud in the court-yard told his story, that every day he had carried a hot dinner into the house adjoining, where Gargallo’s wife and daughter entertained a select party of Franciscan friars; and, what was worse still, his late master’s money had been expended in the support of three children and a nurse, who all lived in the adjoining house. The whole affair was thus brought to light.

‘ The especial favour of the ladies was reserved for only two of the friars; the very Reverend Father Antonio Sanches de la Cammissa, Sacristan Mayor, was the favourite of the wife, and another, whose name I forget, but who was next in rank to the prior, and had formerly been confessor in Gargallo’s house, was the selection of his daughter. These had the *entré* of Gargallo’s house at all hours; and in order to keep quiet a few others, who were supposed to be in the

secret, a savoury dinner was provided every day for the self-denying Franciscans. Gargallo married his daughter to an old apothecary at Chiclana, where she now lives a widow; and he confined his wife during two years in an upper room in his own house, but she now lives again with her husband. At the first disclosure of the affair, he wished to send both offenders to the Penitentiary; but the captain-general of the province interfered, to prevent so much publicity in an affair compromising the character of the Franciscans. No notice of this disgraceful affair was taken in the convent. Both reverend fathers continued to bear the character of good Franciscans, and doubtless returned for a time to the austerities of the order; and when I was in Cadiz, one of them every day accompanied Manuel Munoz, the superior, in an evening walk.—Vol. i. p. 163.

While such is the state of morality, it is unnecessary to search for other proofs of the slender influence true religion exercises over conduct in Spain. Mr Inglis asserts, that even outward respect for religion is decayed at Madrid, where, he says, ‘ridicule, and dislike of all the religious orders, form a very common seasoning to conversation.’ This he attributes, amongst other causes, to the two occupations of Spain by the French armies. The friars confess that their power and influence are on the decline; and the regular clergy seem prepared to yield a little to the tide that has set in against them. Many of them speak with freedom of the present lamentable state of Spain; and of the oppressive laws which restrict education, and fetter the publication and diffusion of books. Indeed, as Mr Inglis well observes,—

‘The regular clergy have not the same interest as the friars in supporting the present system, because they have not the same fears. A revolution that might possibly chase every monk from the soil, and which would at all events despoil them of their possessions, and terminate their dominion, would probably but slightly affect the clergy of the church; and I have observed, that since the late French Revolution, their fears have diminished. The example of France, in the respect it has shown for the rights of the church, they look upon as a guarantee of their own security, and perhaps justly. Government still seeks for support in the influence of the church, and endeavours, by every means, to keep up this influence. This, it may easily be supposed, is attempted through the medium of education, which, throughout Spain, is in the hands of government. The schools in Madrid are all conducted by Jesuits, and the education received in them is such as might be expected. This surveillance commenced when the king returned to the government in 1824; the colleges were then remodelled, and all the public seminaries, even those destined for military education, were placed under Jesuit heads. In fact, no choice is left to the people as to the education of their children; the only choice being the government school, or no school at all, for obstacles almost insurmount-

able are thrown in the way of private tuition ; and, since no tutor is ever licensed unless there is a perfect security that the system of education to be pursued by him, intellectual, political, and religious, shall be precisely the same as that taught in the public seminaries, there is nothing, therefore, gained by private tuition. Thus all the youth of Spain are educated on jesuitical principles, and denied every means of real knowledge.'—Vol. i. p. 155.

While this policy, so worthy of the days of Philip the Second, is pursued with regard to education, it is not surprising that literature should be at the lowest ebb. No book can be published without a license ; and by the present policy of Spain, the better the book, the more difficult it is to obtain a license, and the more dangerous to publish. Ferdinand has no wish to set his subjects to think. In accordance with the Emperor of Austria's address to the Academy of Milan, he wants obedience, and not talent. After the license for publishing has been obtained, the work is subjected to the mutilation of censors ; and even then, after this purification, it is occasionally prohibited, by the order or caprice of some public officer ; and finally, when it is at length committed to the world, it is either unread, or, if read and sought after, likely to expose the author to suspicion, and to bring him into trouble. All foreign books, blighted with any possible tincture of liberality, are of course prohibited ; but yet, in spite of all restrictions, either the connivance, the stupidity, or the corruption of public officers, allows many to creep into a concealed circulation. They pass into the provinces at the time of the great annual fair at Madrid. Mr Inglis was present at this fair, when the book merchants informed him that the demand for religious books was on the decline ; ' that the lives of saints, especially, were ' almost unmarketable. Translations from French and English, ' especially the former, and even works in the French language, ' were asked for. The demand was also large and constant for ' the Spanish dramatists and novels, especially *Don Quixotte*, ' and *Gil Blas*, which were to be seen on every stall, in great ' numbers, and of various editions.'—Vol. i. p. 272.

National pride, and the Inquisition, have isolated Spain from the rest of Europe, so that very little of instruction, very little of modern improvement, has reached her shores. She has remained stationary, anchored in overweening self-conceit, while the rest of Europe has sailed past her. And this is the secret of what is called her decay ; for, while all other nations have been making vast progress in agriculture, in commerce, in manufactures, in science, in revenue, in population, and in government, Spain has stood lazily and proudly still ; and is now

relatively, rather than absolutely, less strong than in the days of her supposed prosperity.

But the evils of her condition are crying aloud for redress : her finances are in a state of bankruptcy—her scanty revenue of six millions scarcely covers her annual expenditure—the pay of her army, and of her employés of all descriptions, is constantly in arrear. She pays, indeed, the interest of her French loan ; but the interest of all her other debts is so much behind, that the holders of the acknowledged loans have an advantage, rather nominal than real, over the defrauded possessors of the Cortes' bonds. Yet a wise assessment of customs and duties, with a rigorous superintendence of collectors, might enable her government to meet all demands,—even those of the Cortes' bonds ; for, while six millions find their way into the public treasury, as much more is absorbed by the present mode of collection ; and it is not too much to say, that one half of this sum, or three millions, goes towards the encouragement of speculation, and perjury, and smuggling.*

While the revenue department is thus mismanaged, that of justice is in a yet more disgraceful state. We have mentioned the *blackmail* by which public diligences are obliged to purchase security from the organized bands of robbers. The judicial weakness which fosters such a system extends to all other offences ; so that not one crime in five is brought before the courts of justice ; while bribery, perjury, and intimidation, prevent the conviction of more than half of these. Thus, not more than one crime in ten is clearly brought to light ; yet still the average of convicted murders and attempts at murder in Spain, during one year, amongst a population of less than fourteen millions, amounts to more than three thousand. Now, if we allow that murder escapes detection less often than other crimes, and call its average conviction one in five, instead of one in ten, we shall still have an annual calendar of 15,000 murders and attempts at murder in Spain. We leave this fact to vouch for the other crimes that may be committed.

Agriculture also, both as regards the implements, the method, and the encouragement of husbandry, is in a similarly low state. In the south, vast tracts of land, though private property, are forbidden to be enclosed ; in order that they may be exposed to the biennial trespassing of some five million sheep belonging to an association of nobles, ministers, monas-

* ' There are no less than sixteen thousand persons employed in the collection of the customs, which are probably the worst collected in the world.'

teries, and chapters, too well known by the name of the *Mesta*. By this iniquitous provision the manure of all these sheep is comparatively wasted, the land which lies in their *possible* migratory tract is forced into pasturage (since the corn would be destroyed), and a lawless vagabond race of 80,000 or 100,000 half shepherds, half robbers, is maintained. Again, three-fourths of the whole territorial surface of Spain is unalienably entailed upon the nobles, the church, and certain corporations; and to render the entails more pernicious, the law enacts that all leases shall cease with the lives of the owners of the estate. The lands belonging to communities are therefore the best cultivated.

Another check upon agriculture is, that with the exception of some few highroads, which are sufficiently insecure, there exists scarcely a cart or waggon tract throughout Spain.* All means of transport are therefore dear; and in the neighbourhood of Salamanca it has been known, after a succession of abundant harvests, that the wheat has actually been left to rot upon the ground, because it would not repay the cost of carriage.† The sale and exportation of wine also suffers from this cause; and the more so, as the consequent necessity for carrying it in skins gives it that *barroccio* flavour which prevents many from drinking it. A want of water is also another evil attendant on Spanish agriculture. Very little rain falls except in the northern provinces; and since the soil, though excellent, is sandy, there are few countries in which the artificial aid of irrigation is more required, and none possibly that would better repay it;—as Valencia, Murcia, and a few other districts, where it is now partially employed, amply testify. But, to remedy all these evils requires that in which Spain is sadly deficient—confidence and capital.

Her trade has dwindled to nothing. History has ever been a sealed book to Spanish statesmen; they appear utterly to forget that the two most disastrous, ruinous, and disgraceful wars in which Spain has ever been engaged, have been those by which she obstinately sought to recover Holland and Portugal. It was not so much the loss of those possessions, as her desperate efforts to reconquer them, and the haughtiness with which she

* About L.90,000 is the average annual expenditure on the roads in Spain, that is, one-twentieth of the sum expended in England, which, being equal to one-third of Spain, makes the proportional expense and use of the roads of the two countries as one to sixty.

† This may be estimated at ten shillings the quarter for every hundred miles.

scorned to acknowledge their independence, long after all hopes of their recovery were dispelled, which brought her to the brink of ruin. She thus estranged them from her for ever; and lost not only her dominion over them, but that which was infinitely more important, all future commerce with them. The war with the Netherlands effectively closed with the ten years' truce in 1609; but the pride of Spain, which chose to retain her nominal claims over Holland for thirty years longer, compelled the Dutch to create an independent and hostile commerce. And now Spain is again in the same predicament. She has as little chance of regaining her American colonies, as she has of conquering Russia; she herself knows this; and yet with a sullen, proud, injurious spirit, she withholds the recognition of their independence, from no other apparent cause than the malevolent desire to foment discord amongst them, without the power of profiting by it. If she much longer pursues such a policy, it will meet its fitting reward. As yet, there are strong ties between those colonies and the parent state: they have common wants which for centuries they have been in the habit of mutually supplying. Deep channels of commerce have thus been worn by time; and though the war of independence partially dried up these, the states have been too warmly engaged in military operations to seek or care for others. When success crowned their efforts, the return of comparative tranquillity revived old wants, and created new ones, which no country could so easily have satisfied as Spain; but she has hitherto haughtily stood aloof, and seen Sicily, England, and other nations appropriate her advantages. Still there is much circuitous trade subsisting between Spain and the Americas; and it is even yet not too late for her to recover their good-will, and with it a large portion of her former commerce. She joined with France in aiding the North Americans to shake off their subjection to this country: let her imitate, now that her colonies also have thrown off their dependence, that wise magnanimity of England, which, when she found the contest with her subjects vain, frankly held out to them the right hand of friendship. Even so far back as 1783, when D'Aranda signed the treaty of Paris, which recognised the independence of the United States, he presented a memorial to his sovereign, recommending the separation of the Americas from the crown of Spain. He would have erected the three kingdoms of Mexico, Peru, and Terra Firma, under three royal Infantas, subject only to a tributary acknowledgment to the parent state, which would have soon ceased, while the commerce and attachment would have remained. The re-opening her intercourse with America might animate the almost lifeless manufactures of

Spain, and give additional energy to the only source of wealth which she now cultivates with success. This consists in her mines, which produce excellent iron, and furnish rich veins of tin, copper, quicksilver, coal, salt, &c.; while her lead mines have been of late so productive, as to have lowered the price of the article throughout the world.

In addition to the many evils which we have already pointed out, the church establishment preys, as a malaria, upon every faculty of the country, whether moral or mental. We will not enter into any long discussion as to its effects; we will merely give a muster-roll of its establishment, and leave that account to speak for itself. The Spanish Church then rejoices in 58 archbishops; 684 bishops; 11,400 abbots; 936 chapters; 127,000 parishes; 7,000 hospitals; 23,000 fraternities; 46,000 monasteries; 135,000 convents; 312,000 secular priests; 200,000 inferior clergy; 400,000 monks and nuns. Herein consists the bane of Spain; for as long as this overwhelming establishment for the prevention of knowledge, and for the encouragement of idleness and superstition, shall continue unchanged, so long will Spain hug her fetters, and lag behind the world.

Mr Inglis appears to have taken much pains to ascertain the state of parties in Spain, and their relative strength. He considers that of the Apostolics or Carlists to be by far the strongest.

‘It comprises,’ he says, ‘the great mass of the lower orders throughout Spain, and in many parts, almost the whole population; as in Toledo, the towns and villages of the Castiles, and the provinces of Murcia and Catalonia; it comprises, with few exceptions, the friars, and a great majority of the clergy; and it comprises a considerable proportion of the military, both officers and privates, but chiefly the former. With such components, it is evident that this party does not depend for its power solely upon its numerical superiority. Every one knows that there is vast wealth in the convents and churches of Spain. I do not speak merely of the wealth in jewels and golden urns, and images locked up in Toledo, and Seville, and Murcia, and the Escorial, and elsewhere, though much of this, without doubt, would be made a ready sacrifice to the necessities of the party, but I speak also of the more available riches well known to be amassed by many orders of friars against what they designate as the time of need.’—Vol. i. p. 295.

Many of these fraternities possess extravagantly large revenues, without having any ostensible means of spending them; and it is remarkable that those convents which possess the largest revenues, have the fewest members. Seven Carthusian monks in the neighbourhood of Murviedro, possess no less than

seven villages, and a square Spanish league of some of the richest land in Spain.

The Liberal party Mr Inglis ranks next in number; but of it he says,

‘ If by this party be meant those who desire a return to the constitution of 1820, or who would be satisfied to leave the settlement of the government to the wisdom of an army of refugees, there is no such party in Spain; but if by the Liberal party we are to understand those who perceive the vices of the present government, and who dread still more the ascendancy of the Carlists, those who view with satisfaction the progress of enlightened opinions in politics and in religion, and who desire earnestly that Spain should be gradually assimilated in her institutions with the other civilized nations of Europe, then the Liberal party comprises the principal intelligence of the country. In any other country than Spain, this party would wield an influence to which its numerical strength would not entitle it; but in Spain the light of intellect spreads but a little way, for it has to struggle with the thick mists of ignorance and superstition; and when we say that the Liberal party comprises nearly all the intelligence of the country, it must be remembered that intelligence is but scantily sprinkled over the face of Spain, and that therefore the enlightened of Spain, and the enlightened of England, ought to convey very different ideas of numerical strength.

‘ It is a curious fact, that the adherents of the existing government should be fewest in number, yet this is certainly the truth. With the exception, perhaps, of the majority of the employés, a part of the regular clergy, and the greater part of the army, its friends are very thinly scattered, and its influence scarcely extends beyond the sphere of actual benefits. Its patronage has been greatly circumscribed since the loss of the Americas; its lucrative appointments are centred in a few; and, above all, its power and patronage are held by so uncertain a tenure, that few except those in the actual enjoyment of office, feel any assurance that their interests lie in supporting that which seems to hang together almost by a miracle.—Vol. i. p. 301.

The power of resistance possessed by the Royal party, Mr Inglis estimates as very small.

‘ The only security of a despotic government is strength, and this security the Spanish government wants altogether; it has no strength in the affections of the people generally, and even among the military and employés, which are its only strength, there are many disaffected. When the king returned, after the overthrow of the constitution; every measure was adopted that might give a fictitious strength to the government. A clean sweep was made of all the employés, from the highest to the lowest, and whether holding their offices for life or for pleasure. These, under the Constitution, had been selected from amongst the best educated classes, but all who had been connected with the Liberal party being excluded from employment under the succeeding government, the public offices were necessarily filled up with persons

of inferior station. Another stroke of policy was intended in the distribution of office. In no country is there so great a division of labour in public employments as in Spain. The duties of an office formerly held by one person were delegated to three, and the emoluments split in proportion; by which policy a greater number of persons were interested in upholding the government. A third measure of policy I have mentioned in a former chapter—that of re-modelling the universities and seminaries of learning, and putting them under the superintendence of Jesuits; and a fourth was intended to secure the fidelity, and increase the numerical strength of the military. To effect the first of these objects, a new body of guards, in all nearly 20,000 men, was raised, and officered by children. The king said he would not have a single officer in the guards old enough to understand the meaning of the word constitution; and even now that several years are elapsed, the officers are almost, without exception, boys.—Vol. i. p. 303.

In such a state of affairs, with a weak, profligate, bankrupt government, pressed on the one side by an ignorant and imperious faction, and alarmed on the other by an innovating, once triumphant, and since oppressed party of Liberals, nothing short of the all-pervading *vis inertiae* of Spain could preserve tranquillity for four-and-twenty hours. But year after year rolls away, and Spain continues the same torpid mass, with a slow fire preying on her vitals, which she has neither the strength to extinguish, nor the energy to fan into a flame. What is to be the result of this state? A change certainly; but whether violent or gradual, remains to be seen; as also, whether it is to put power into the hands of the Carlists or of the Liberals; or whether the king will be at length roused to a sense of his danger, sufficiently strong to induce him to apply remedies and reforms, before the rough hand of insurrection shall forcibly compel him.

We have already extracted so freely from Mr Inglis, that we must hurry over the remainder of his work. He visited Toledo and the Escorial, the two head-quarters of Spanish superstition. The gorgeous and cumbrous Escorial, planted in an arid, gloomy desert, is no inapt illustration of the Spanish character. The church itself is one mass of marbles, gold, and precious stones, relieved by admirable pictures, and rendered holy by the presence of some four or five hundred vases, containing relics of every impossible kind, of every possible saint or saintly object. Unhappily, the rapacity of the French has sadly disturbed the identity of these holy treasures; for, while those ‘freemasons’ carried off too many of the golden vases, they scattered their unlabelled contents in unholy confusion on the ground. Thus, though the aggregate sanctity of the relics may remain the same, the individual virtues of each relic are rendered dubious even to

the devotion of the most faithful. How long will men worship the offal of the charnel-house?

The treasures that have been wasted upon the superstitious decoration and endowment of Toledo and the Escorial, are incalculable, and might, had they been employed in aiding irrigation, have rendered the plains of Castile one fertile garden, the Tagus navigable from the sea to Toledo, and run a canal through the sixty miles which separate that city from Madrid. Thus might wealth, strength, and happiness, have been spread far and wide. Instead of this, the altars of the Escorial and Toledo glitter with gold and precious stones, and the priests and monks are well fed, while there is literally no high-road between Madrid and Toledo; and so trifling is the communication between these two capitals, that the traveller's question at an inn on the road, of—'What can I have to eat?' is answered by—'Whatever you have brought with you.'

Mr Inglis passed from Madrid to Seville. He was delighted with the south of Spain, and with those old Moorish houses, 'where, in place of the wide dark entry to a Castilian house, a passage scrupulously clean leads through the building to the interior square or patio, which is separated from the passage by a handsomely ornamented, and often gilded cast-iron door, through which every one who passes along the street may see into the patio. This patio is the luxury of a hot climate. It is open to the sky, but the sun scarcely reaches it, and there is always a contrivance by which an awning may be drawn over it. The floor is of marble, or of painted Valencia tiles; sometimes a fountain plays in the centre, and a choice assortment of flowers, sweet-smelling and beautiful, is disposed around in ornamented vases. Here the inmates escape from the noon-day heats; and here, in the evening, every family assembles to converse, see their friends, play the guitar, and sip lemon-ade.'—Vol. ii. p. 48.

The whole tenor of the Sevillian life is infinitely less pompous, formal, and conventional, than that of Madrid. But though life be more gay, and the joys of mere animal existence be rendered bright and common by a cloudless sky and facility of subsistence, the thin veil of decorum,—that slender homage which at Madrid vice renders to virtue,—is in the softer atmosphere of Seville unblushingly flung aside; while unabashed ignorance and superstition, idleness, riot, robbery, and assassination, are the many signs of a state of society, which, were it not for the tinsel of a few mere externals of civilisation, and the imported advantages of other states, would be held little superior, in any one point which regards the moral dignity of man, to the con-

temned communities of Africa. Mr Inglis gives an account of a convent, the cares of whose inmates are divided between their supposed duties, and that which of all others we should have imagined least consonant with a nun's life—the aiding and abetting a band of smugglers! Cloisters filled with these ruffians and their dangerously landed goods—nuns flitting here and there—crosses and stilettoes, rosaries and horse-pistols, lying in gay confusion—the Lady Abbess at her devotions, and the chief smuggler in her parlour—form a picture, which, till we read of these new avocations of the fair recluses of Andalusia, we thought to have existed only in the imagination of Mrs Radcliffe.

But in the midst of all this laxity, the externals of religion are duly, and in many cases ostentatiously, attended to in Seville. The *oracion* is an instance. It is now obsolete at Madrid and in the northern provinces, but in the south it is still observed; and, did it spring from pure hearts and clean hands,—were it indeed a grateful recognition of the Divine Omnipresence, and a test of a continuance in well-doing,—then indeed might it be deemed one of the most impressive ceremonies ever practised. We well remember, at the Camaldoli convent, in one of the wildest and most beautiful recesses of the Tuscan Apennines, to have witnessed this ceremony with strong emotions. But the silent and simultaneous evening prayer there arose from persons long and far secluded from the world, to which they were never to return; and when their convent bell tolled the knell of the departed day, each monk, while its echoes were faintly dying away in the depths of the chestnut woods, fell on his knees as that sound reached his accustomed ear, and offered up a prayer which accorded with his life, his habit, his station, and his manners. Though the practice be the same in the crowded walks of Seville, the spirit is, we fear, far different. ‘At sunset,’ says Mr Inglis, ‘every church and convent bell in the city peals forth the signal for prayer, when motion and conversation are suspended; the whole multitude stand still; every head is uncovered; the laugh and the jest are silent; and a monotonous hum of prayer rises from the crowd: but this expression of devotion lasts but for a moment; the next it is passed; heads are covered; every one turns to his neighbour and says, “Buenas noches,” and the multitude moves on.’—Vol. ii. p. 69.

From Seville Mr Inglis descended the Guadalquivir in a steam-boat, to San Lucar; from whence he crossed the country to Port St Mary, and took a boat for Cadiz. Few stronger instances can be given of the disorganized state of Spain than that the road, of thirty miles, between San Lucar and Cadiz, being

in the direct line of communication between the two very important cities of Cadiz and Seville, is so insecure, that the steam-boat company find themselves under the necessity of hiring an escort to defend their passengers. Of Cadiz, Mr Inglis says,—

‘The recent erection of this city into a free port has not brought with it all the advantages that were anticipated; but it has, nevertheless, an important influence upon its prosperity. Immediately upon Cadiz being created a free port, immense shipments of manufactured goods were made from England, and several branches of Manchester houses were established there. So improvident had been the exports from England, that last autumn calicos and muslins were bought in Cadiz twenty per cent cheaper than in England. But the chief increase in the commerce in Cadiz arises from the facilities now afforded for illicit trade with the rest of Spain. This is principally seen in the import of tobacco, which comes free from Havannah, and which is not intended so much for the consumption of the city, as for supplying the contraband trade established with the ports and coasts of Spain. There is also an extensive contraband trade in English manufactured goods, which can be bought throughout Spain at only thirty per cent above the price at which they cost at Cadiz. Gibraltar formerly monopolized the contraband trade of the Spanish coast, and the effects resulting from Cadiz being made a free port, have proved so ruinous to the interests of Gibraltar, that the merchants of the latter place have endeavoured to support themselves by establishing branch houses in Cadiz, and of these there are no fewer than twenty-five. The change in the commercial prosperity of Cadiz has materially affected its population; in 1827 the inhabitants scarcely reached 52,000, in 1830 they exceeded 67,000.’—Vol. ii. p. 132.

From Cadiz Mr Inglis pursued a romantic but dangerous ride along the coast to Gibraltar, where he very properly exposes the stupidity of introducing the English style of houses in that sultry atmosphere; and where he still more strongly reprobates the carelessness with which former administrations, amidst all their protested zeal for the church, so far neglected religion as not to have erected any one place of public worship in this crowded fortress. ‘Hundreds,’ he says, ‘would gladly attend if there was a church, and many now frequent, rather than go to no temple at all, the Catholic chapel.’

From Gibraltar Mr Inglis proceeded to Malaga, and then crossed the mountains to Grenada. We must here take leave of him; but we recommend our readers to follow him in his tour through Grenada, Cordoba, Alicant, Valencia, and Barcellona. He found every where a similar loose state of society and of government—a prevalent ignorance and superstition; a want of employment, and laziness when employed; a general slovenliness

and meanness of dress and habitation,—thousands in Murcia and Grenada living in holes of the earth; and a universal depression of trade, absence of manufactories, and backwardness of agriculture, save only in some few of the well-irrigated and most fruitful valleys of Murcia and Valencia.

Such is the general aspect of Spain,—weak, ignorant, poor, profligate, and proud; more ferocious than brave; and infinitely more superstitious than either moral or religious. Such is Spain now, and such, with some few qualifications, has Spain ever been.

The boastings of her own writers, the extent and riches of her Transatlantic possessions, and the accumulation of European states temporarily subjected to some of her monarchs,—all conspired to give an exaggerated notion of the power, civilisation, wealth, and prosperity of this country. The enthusiasm also latterly awakened in England for the Spaniards, during their arduous struggle against Napoleon, closed as that struggle was by the glorious triumph of British arms, lent fresh colours to a delusion, which the torpid state of Spain under Charles the Fourth had nearly dispelled. The accounts of her population and internal prosperity are mere fables. Balducci, Uzzano, and other early writers upon Commerce, distinctly state that Spain received her fine cloths from Florence, her linen and cotton goods from France and the Netherlands, her hardware from Germany, and her armour from Milan; while, in return, she exported only her raw produce, her wool, her corn, her iron, and her fruits;—a strong proof of the mediocrity and scantiness of her manufactures and wealth. Then, from the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, every writer, from Herrera downwards, complains of the decay of Spain; and, throughout the sixteenth century, the Cortes constantly declaim against the usurpation of Spanish trade by foreigners, while they as loudly complain of the decay of manufactures and agriculture. When, therefore, could her prosperity have existed? A proof of the estimation in which industry was held, may be gathered from an edict of Philip the Second, by which it was declared, that the following of certain trades,—as of a currier, smith, carpenter, &c., attainted the blood as much as a Moorish descent; and this sage law was abrogated only so late as the year 1783. Again, the institution of the Holy Brotherhood under Ferdinand, for the protection of travellers, in desert and uninhabited districts, and the confirmation of the *Mesta* laws by Charles the Fifth, for the appropriation of a prodigious extent of waste land, while Spain was even then exporting corn and rice, also prove a scanty population.

But if the internal prosperity of Spain be thus imaginary, so also was the notion of her political strength. She fell before the Carthaginian, the Roman, and the Goth. She sank beneath the dominion of the Moors, whom Charles Martel and his Franks victoriously routed. For centuries she was a prey to internal factions, and subject to the sway of some twenty or thirty petty chiefs, Mahommedan or Christian, who rent her peace and hardened her heart with their endless wars, and their two hundred and forty revolutions. If indeed there be a bright and romantic page in her story, it is that which records the arts and sciences, the gallantry and the literature of her Arabian conquerors, whom, when she tyrannously expelled them, she drained the best blood from her veins. Under Charles the Fifth and his son, she undoubtedly exercised a dominant authority; but this adventitious power rapidly decayed. Bigotry, tyranny, misrule, and a cowardly system of state exclusion, soon separated her ill-assorted empire. During a disastrous period of 150 years of defeats, she lost all her European possessions. Holland, Portugal, the Netherlands, Naples, Sicily, Milan, all were torn from her, and her intrinsic weakness rendered daily more manifest. A slight rally took place when the national energies were appealed to, on the occasion of the accession of the House of Bourbon; but the change of dynasty produced no change of government, and Spain continued to be poor, proud, and helpless. In this state the French Revolution burst upon her. The court began by opposing, and then basely truckling to it, till at length the scene closed at Bayonne with an exhibition of weakness, meanness, immorality, and perfidy, greater perhaps than has ever yet been exemplified.

Let us hope that Spain has at length nearly expiated her sins, and that she may soon be permitted to redeem the past. But she has no time to lose. Events are crowding fast upon her; and now, when she has much need for clear heads to direct her councils, she is, thanks to her own system of priestcraft and despotism, left without any commanding mind to direct her steps.

Much will depend upon the issue of Dom Pedro's expedition to Portugal. We have no fear of the active interference of Spain; for Ferdinand and his ministers, blind as they may be, cannot but see, that the day of their marching an army to the assistance of Dom Miguel, would but very shortly precede the hour of their own downfall. France would instantly renew the achievements of the Trocadero in an opposite cause; and England would be compelled—whether willingly or not, it matters not—by the force of her treaties, to repel any Spanish in-

vasion of Portugal. Ferdinand, then, will not dare move a soldier; but we much fear he will be weak enough to give every secret aid in his power to Dom Miguel. We say we fear; because, though we cannot bring ourselves to entertain any interest in the welfare of the present King of Spain, we feel an earnest desire for the well-being of the country which he governs, and whose fate is unhappily much dependant on his conduct. That country never can assume the rank in Europe to which she is entitled,—never can prosper under an apostolical rule. The experience of the last two or three hundred years sufficiently testifies this truth. But if Ferdinand assist Dom Miguel—secretly or openly, it matters not—he will throw himself into the hands of the Apostolical faction, who will either allow him to govern Spain under them, or, on his incurring their displeasure, will compel him to give place to his brother Don Carlos, their true leader. He has mortally offended and injured this brother by his recent abrogation of the Salique law; and Don Carlos has manifested his resentment by organizing a conspiracy nominally to support, but in fact to undermine, Ferdinand's authority. This solemn league, for the support of church and state, though checked by a recent explosion, still subsists; and Ferdinand would gain no more control over it, by placing himself at its head, than his ancestor, Henry the Third of France, won from the Guises by a similar act. The worst that can befall him from the Liberals,—a limitation of his authority,—is the least of the evils he may meet with from the Apostolical faction. The resignation or abdication of Kings is common in Spain. Ferdinand forced his father to abdicate; and if he now throws himself into the arms of the Apostolicals, he must not complain if he meets with a retaliation from his brother.* Should that brother succeed, or should he compel Ferdinand to an adoption of his Ultra policy, we anticipate much misery for Spain: a series of revolutions will follow, whose issues we will not attempt to predict. But we will yet hope that a sense of self-preservation may influence Ferdinand. For when he shall perceive, as he soon may, that his sole defence against the Carlists, and his only means of retaining his throne, rest in his turning Liberal, he will, we imagine, listen to that seduction; and prefer being

* Charles the Fourth wrote thus to his son Ferdinand, on the 2d May 1808, "You have dishonoured my grey hairs, you have despoiled me of my crown, for my abdication was the result of force and violence."

the organ of regenerating Spain, to the honour of exhibiting himself at some Apostolical *auto-da-fé*, as the deposed martyr of despotism.

But Ferdinand will make no change of any kind, till the result of Dom Pedro's expedition is known. If it fail, the prospects of the Peninsula will become so gloomy, and our opinion of its inhabitants so low, that we shall not care to bestow many thoughts upon them. But we cannot think that the Portuguese will adhere to a yoke of iron, when an opportunity of breaking it is offered to them; and unless some unforeseen accident occur, we anticipate the expulsion of the tyrant who has vexed and afflicted Portugal for these last four years. In that case Spain must adopt a less illiberal policy. If she follow this course at once with sincerity and moderation, all may be well; but if she be refractory, we fear the consequences. We confess we are anxious for a gradual reform in Spain. Loyal Spaniards may be offended at the low view we have taken of the past glories of their country, at the vices we have remarked in the national institutions and character, and at the exposition we have made of the utter degradation of Spain at the present moment. We can assure them that we have done so with no evil disposition; on the contrary, it is because we feel most anxious for the future honour and exaltation of Spain, that we have made these statements; for we are confident that such a consummation can be obtained only by a right understanding of her character and position. We have no wish to see the immediate formation of a very popular government in Spain or Portugal. They are not fit for it, and must be content to walk before they can run. The low state of morals, the little respect for legal rights and forms, the extent of official corruption, the want of education, and the general indifference for political privileges, render them utterly incompetent to the exercise of a liberty as extensive as that which, profiting by centuries of habit and experience, Britain is capable of enjoying. The artist who, by the possession of the pencil and pallet of Lawrence, should fancy he could rival his portraits, would not be more absurd than those Spaniards or Portuguese, who, by the mere importation of the machinery, should imagine themselves and their countrymen fit for the working of our government. We trust, therefore, if happily there shall appear a tendency to liberality in Spain, that her patriots will proceed with moderation. Let them deal gently, and they may succeed in their endeavours. Above all, let them put a strong curb on their own enthusiasm, and consider not what they themselves may wish to enjoy, but how much the moral weakness of their countrymen can bear.

There are few countries that have greater natural advantages than Spain. Here is indeed a land flowing with milk and honey, and oil and corn. Intersected with superb rivers—defended by noble mountains—rich with the most productive mines—having ports looking on every sea, and blessed with a climate fitted for every production, she might be one of the most populous and flourishing countries in the world. We have seen what she is; how much, then, is in the power of an enlightened government! The subject that will most press upon the attention of her statesmen, is her financial difficulties. As long as Spain continues to defraud her creditors, so long will she find it impossible to raise money, and without money she can do nothing. Let her ministers, then, boldly front her difficulties; let them commence their career by being just; and when they have recognised all the debts of Spain, whether of the Cortes or of their Monarchs' incurring, they may re-enter the financial pale of Europe, and find capitalists who will treat with them. But till then all other attempts at reform will fail; for these capitalists are resolved, and with reason, firmly to establish a law, that the pecuniary obligations of a government *de facto* are binding upon their successors, under the constitutional penalty of withholding from them all further supplies. Ferdinand has in vain opposed this combination; and the first act of an enlightened Spanish ministry will be a treaty with the capitalists of Europe. Money and reviving confidence will work wonders in Spain; it will facilitate all other financial reforms, by enabling the government to re-model, without the fear of an utter bankruptcy, the absurd system of taxation which now encourages smuggling, enriches the tax-gatherers, and oppresses the country without satisfying the treasury. It also will enable them to pay regularly, and thereby secure the efficient services of the army and of the employés,—a consideration of no trifling import in factious times. With these points well settled, and with the reconciliation with her colonies brought happily to an issue, Spain may proceed steadily in the course of gradual amendment.

ART. VII.—*An Account of the Life, Lectures, and Writings of William Cullen, M.D. Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh.* By John Thomson, M.D., Professor of Medicine and General Pathology in the University of Edinburgh. Vol. I. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1832.

WE are much gratified by the appearance of the present work. Cullen is one of those illustrious minds by whom Scotland, during the past century, was raised from comparative insignificance to the very highest rank in literature and science. In no department of intellectual activity has Scotland been more prolific of distinguished talent, than in medicine; and as a medical philosopher the name of Cullen stands, in his native country, pre-eminent and alone. It would be difficult indeed to find in any nation an individual who displayed a rarer assemblage of the highest qualities of a physician. The characters of his genius were prominent, but in just accordance with each other. His erudition was extensive, yet it never shackled the independent vigour of his mind; while, on the other hand, no love of originality made him overlook or disparage the labours of his predecessors. His capacity of speculation was strong, but counterbalanced by an equal power of observation; his imagination, though lively, was broken in as a useful auxiliary to a still more energetic reason. The circumstances under which his mind was cultivated, were also conducive to its full and harmonious evolution. His education was left sufficiently to himself to determine his faculties to a free and vigorous energy; sufficiently scholastic to prevent a one-sided and exclusive developement. It was also favourable to the same result, that from an early period of life, his activity was divided between practice, study, and teaching; and extended to almost every subject of medical science—all however viewed in subordination to the great end of professional knowledge, *the cure of disease.*

Cullen's mind was essentially philosophic. Without neglecting observation, in which he was singularly acute, he devoted himself less to experiment than to arrangement and generalization. We are not aware, indeed, that he made the discovery of a single sensible phenomenon. Nor do we think less of him that he did not. Individual appearances are of interest only as they represent a general law. In physical science the discovery of new facts is open to every blockhead with patience, manual dexterity, and acute senses; it is less effectually promoted by genius than by co-operation, and more frequently the result of accident than of design. But what Cullen did it required indi-

vidual ability to do. It required, in its highest intensity, the highest faculty of mind—that of tracing the analogy of unconnected observations, of evolving from the multitude of particular facts a common principle, the detection of which might recall them from confusion to system, from incomprehensibility to science. Of ten thousand physicians familiar with the same appearances as Cullen, is there one who could have turned these appearances to the same account? But though not an experimentalist, Cullen's philosophy was strictly a philosophy of experience. The only speculation he recognised as legitimate was induction. To him theory was only the expression of an universal fact; and in rising to this fact, no one, with equal consciousness of power, was ever more cautious in the different steps of his generalization.

Cullen's reputation, though high, has never been equal to his deserts. This is owing to a variety of causes. In medical science a higher talent obtains perhaps a smaller recompense of popular applause than in any other department of knowledge. '*Dat Galenus opes*;' 'the solid pudding,' but not 'the empty 'praise.' Of all subjects of scientific interest, men in general seem to have the weakest curiosity in regard to the structure and functions of their own bodies. So is it now, and, however marvellous, so has it always been. '*Eunt homines*,' says St Austin, '*mirari alta montium, ingentes fluctus 'maris, 'altissimos lapsus fluminum, oceani ambitum, et gyros siderum* ;—*seipsos relinquunt neo mirantur*.' For one amateur physiologist, we meet a hundred dilettanti chemists and botanists, and mineralogists and geologists. Even medical men themselves are in general equally careless and incompetent judges, as the public at large, of all high accomplishment in their profession. Medicine they cultivate not as a *science*, but as a *trade*; are indifferent to all that transcends the sphere of vulgar practice; and affect to despise what they are unable to appreciate. But independently of the general causes which have prevented Cullen from obtaining his due complement of fame, there are particular causes which conspired also to the same result. His doctrine was not always fully developed in his works; his opinions have been ignorantly misrepresented; his originality invidiously impugned; and what he taught in his lectures, published without acknowledgment by his pupils.

Cullen's honour thus calling for vindication, was long abandoned to neglect. This may be in part explained by the peculiar difficulty of the task. He who was competent to appreciate Cullen's merits, and to assert for him his proper place among medical reasoners, behoved to be at home in medicine, both

as a practical art, and as a learned science—he required at once experience, philosophy, and erudition. But this combination is now unfortunately rare: we could indeed with difficulty name a second individual so highly qualified for this duty as the accomplished physician on whom it has actually devolved. The experience of a long and extensive practice—habits of thought trained in the best schools of philosophy—an excursive learning which recalls the memory of a former age—and withal an admiration of his subject, transmuting an arduous undertaking into a labour of love—have enabled Dr Thomson, in his *Life of Cullen*, to produce a work, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing the most important contribution from a British author to the history of medicine, since the commencement of our labours. Cullen's personal biography is comparatively meagre. His life is in his doctrine. But to exhibit this doctrine, as influenced by previous, and as influencing subsequent, speculation, was in a certain sort to exhibit the general progress of medical science. In the execution of this part of his labour, Dr Thomson presents an honourable exception to the common character of our recent historians of medicine. He is no retailer of second-hand opinions; and his criticism of an author is uniformly the result of an original study of his works. Though the life of a physician, the interest of this biography is by no means merely professional. 'The Philosopher,' says Aristotle, 'should end with medicine, the Physician commence with philosophy.' But philosophy and medicine have been always too much viewed independently of each other, and their mutual influence has never been fairly taken into account in delineating the progress of either. The history of medicine is, in fact, a part, and a very important part, of the history of philosophy. Dr Thomson has wholly avoided this defect; and his general acquaintance with philosophical and medical opinions, renders the *Life of Cullen* a work of almost equal interest to liberal enquirers, and to the well educated practitioner.

William Cullen was born at Hamilton, in the year 1710. By his father, a writer (Anglicè, attorney) by profession, and factor to the Duke of Hamilton, he was sprung from a respectable line of ancestors, who had for several generations been proprietors of Saughs, a small estate in the parish of Bothwell; through his mother, he was descended from one of the most ancient families in the county of Lanark, the Robertsons of Ernock. Having completed his course of general education in the grammar school of his native town, and in the University of Glasgow, he was apprenticed to Mr John Paisley, a surgeon of extensive practice in that city. At this period, (that of Edinburgh re-

cently excepted,) the Scottish Universities did not afford the means of medical instruction; and such an apprenticeship was then the usual and almost the only way in which the student of medicine could, in Scotland, acquire a knowledge of his profession. Having exhausted the opportunities of improvement which Glasgow supplied, Cullen, with the view of obtaining a professional appointment, went, in his twentieth year, to London. Through the interest of Commissioner Cleland, (Will Honeycomb of the *Spectator*;) probably his kinsman, he was appointed surgeon to a merchant vessel trading to the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, commanded by Captain Cleland of Auchinlee, a relation of his own. In this voyage he remained for six months at Porto Bello; thus enjoying an opportunity of studying the effects of a tropical climate on the constitution, and the endemic character of West Indian diseases. On his return to London, with the view of perfecting his knowledge of drugs, he attended for some time in the shop of Mr Murray, an eminent apothecary in the city. Two years (1732—1734) he spent in the family of Captain Cleland, at Auchinlee, in the parish of Shotts, wholly occupied in the study, and occasional practice of his profession; and after a season devoted to the study of general literature and philosophy, under a dissenting clergyman of Rothbury in Northumberland, he completed his public education by attending for two sessions (1734-5, 1735-6) the medical classes in the University of Edinburgh.

‘The foundation,’ says his biographer, ‘of a new and extended medical school had been laid a few years before this time in Edinburgh, by the appointment of Dr Monro to the Chair of Anatomy in the University, and by the judicious arrangements which that excellent anatomist and experienced surgeon afterwards made with Drs Rutherford, Sinclair, Innes, and Plummer, for the regular and stated delivery of lectures on the different branches of medicine. Previously to this arrangement, almost the only regular lectures given upon any subjects connected with medicine in Edinburgh, were those which had been delivered in the Hall of the College of Surgeons, the chief medical school in that city, from the first institution of the College, in the year 1505, till the transference of the anatomical class into the University in 1725.

‘Though scarcely ten years had elapsed from the first establishment of a regular school of medicine in the University of Edinburgh when Dr Cullen became a student there, the reputation of that school was beginning to be every where acknowledged, and had already attracted to it, not only a great portion of those who were preparing themselves for the profession of medicine in the British dominions, but many students from foreign universities.’—P. 8.

At the age of twenty-six, Cullen commenced practice in his

native town, and with the most flattering success. His dislike to surgery soon induced him to devolve that department of business upon a partner; and for the last four years of his residence at Hamilton (having graduated at Glasgow), he practised only as a physician. Here he married Anna, daughter of the Reverend Mr Johnstone, minister of Kilbarchan; who brought him a large family, and formed the happiness of his domestic life for forty-six years. Here also he became the friend and medical preceptor of the late celebrated Dr W. Hunter. Hunter had been educated for the church; but an intercourse with Cullen determined him to a change of profession. After residing for a time in family with his friend, it was agreed that he should go and prosecute his studies in Edinburgh and London, with the intention of ultimately settling at Hamilton as Cullen's partner. This design was not, however, realized. Other prospects opened on the young anatomist while in London, and Cullen cordially concurred in an alteration of plan, which finally raised his pupil to a professional celebrity, different certainly, but not inferior to his own. Though thus cast at a distance from each other in after life, the friendship of these distinguished men continued to the last warm and uninterrupted.

Cullen, who, during his seven years' residence at Hamilton, had been sedulously qualifying himself for a higher sphere of activity, now removed to Glasgow. In the University of that city, with the exception of Anatomy, no lectures seem to have been previously delivered in any department of medicine. On his establishment in Glasgow, Cullen immediately commenced lecturer; and, by the concurrence of the medical professors, he was soon permitted to deliver, in the University, courses of the Theory and Practice of Physic, of Materia Medica, of Botany, and of Chemistry. In his lectures on medicine, we find him maintaining in 1746, the same doctrines with regard to the theory of Fever, the Humoral Pathology, and the Nervous System, which he published in his writings thirty years thereafter.*

‘ In entering upon the duties of a teacher of medicine, Dr Cullen

* Cullen, we see, is represented by French medical historians as ‘ having taken Barthez for his guide.’ (Boisseau, in *Dict. des Sc. Med. — Biogr.* t. iii. p. 363.) A chronological absurdity. Barthez was twenty-four years younger than Cullen; the latter had, in his lectures, taught his peculiar doctrines twenty-eight years before ‘ his guide’ was yet known to the world; and Cullen’s *Institutions of Medicine* preceded the *Nova Doctrina de Functionibus* of Barthez by two, the *Nouveaux Elémens de la Science de l’Homme* by six years.

ventured to make another change in the established mode of instruction, by laying aside the use of the Latin language in the composition and delivery of his lectures. This was considered by many as a rash innovation; and some, desirous to detract from his reputation, or not sufficiently aware of the advantages attending this deviation from established practice, have insinuated that it was owing to Dr Cullen's imperfect knowledge of the Latin that he was induced to employ the English language. But how entirely groundless such an insinuation is, must be apparent to every one at all acquainted with his early education, course of studies, and habits of persevering industry. When we reflect, too, that it was through the medium of the Latin tongue that he must have acquired his extensive knowledge of medical science, it seems absurd to suppose that he was not qualified, like the other teachers of his time, to deliver, had he chosen it, his lectures in that language. We are not left, however, to conjecture with regard to this point; for that Dr Cullen had been accustomed, from an early period of his life, to compose in Latin, appears not only from letters written by him in that language to some of his familiar friends, first draughts of which have been preserved, but also from the fact, that, whilst he taught medicine at Glasgow in his vernacular tongue, he delivered, during the same period, several courses of lectures on Botany in the Latin language. The notes of these lectures still remain among his papers; and I find also, written with his own hand, in the same language, two copies of an unfinished text-book on Chemistry. The numerous corrections of expression which are observable in the first sketches of Dr Cullen's Latin, as well as of his English compositions, show a constant attention on his part to the accuracy and purity of the language in which his ideas were expressed, and a mind always aiming, in whatever it engaged, at a degree of perfection higher than that which it conceived it had already attained.—P. 28.

An interesting account is given of these various lectures, by Dr Thomson. In particular, justice is done to Cullen's extensive and original views in chemistry; and a curious history is afforded of the progress of chemical lectures, both in this country and on the continent. In this science, Cullen, while lecturer in Glasgow, had the merit of training a pupil destined to advance it farther than himself; though, as Dr Thomson has shown, the germs of Black's theory of latent heat are to be found in the lectures of his preceptor. Cullen's fame rests, however, on another basis.

Cullen was thus the principal founder of the medical school of Glasgow, even before he was regularly attached to the University. In 1751, he was, however, admitted Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic, and this a few days before the translation of Dr Adam Smith from the Chair of Logic to that of Moral Philosophy. On this occasion, Hume and Burke were unsuccessful candidates for the professorship vacated by Smith.

With Smith and Hume, whose minds in many respects bore a strong analogy to his own, Cullen maintained a familiar intercourse during life; and their letters, now for the first time printed, form no unattractive portion of the present volume. A mutual interest in the application of chemistry to the arts, afforded also, about the same period, the first occasion of a correspondence between Cullen and Lord Kames, which soon ripened into an enduring friendship. The strength of his attachments is one of the most interesting features of Cullen's character. He seems never to have relinquished, never to have lost a friend; and the paternal interest he manifested in his pupils, secured him their warmest affections in return.

Cullen had for some years contemplated a removal to Edinburgh, before he accomplished his intention. At length, in 1755, on the decline of Dr Plummer's health, he was conjoined with that gentleman in the Chair of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, notwithstanding considerable opposition on the part of the other medical professors. During the ten years he retained this professorship, the number of his auditors continued steadily to increase; from under twenty, they rose to near a hundred and fifty. A translation of Van Swieten's Commentaries, which Cullen undertook at this juncture, was, like an earlier project of an edition of Sydenham's works, abandoned, in consequence of the extensive practice which he soon obtained. Nothing contributed more to the increase of his reputation than the clinical lectures which he now regularly delivered. In reference to these, his biographer has furnished us with an interesting sketch of the rise and progress of clinical instruction in general. In 1760, during a vacancy in the Chair of *Materia Medica*, he delivered, also, with great applause, a course of lectures on that subject; the notes of which, after being rapidly multiplied in manuscript for several years, were at length surreptitiously published in London.

The celebrity which Cullen had acquired as a teacher of medical practice, by his clinical lectures, and his course on the *materia medica*, had gained him not only great professional employment in Edinburgh, but numerous consultations from all parts of Scotland. He was now indeed generally regarded as the appropriate successor of Dr Rutherford, in the Chair of Practical Medicine. Dr Rutherford had, however, imbibed prejudices against Cullen, which disposed him to resign in favour of Dr John Gregory of Aberdeen, a physician qualified in many respects to do high honour to the University, though Cullen's pretensions to the chair in question must be viewed as paramount to those of every other candidate. Cullen was unsuccessful; and

so disgusted was he with his treatment on this occasion, that, on the death of Dr Whytt, in the following year (1766), he only consented to accept the Chair of the Theory of Physic, at the solicitation of his friends, and in order to leave a vacancy in that of Chemistry for Dr Black. So strong, however, was the general conviction of Cullen's pre-eminent qualifications as a teacher of the practice of medicine, that the desire was ardently and publicly expressed by students and professors, that he should be permitted to lecture on that subject. With this desire Dr Gregory liberally complied. Accordingly, from the year 1768, the two professors continued to give alternate courses of the theory and practice of physic; and on the death of Gregory in 1773, Cullen was appointed sole professor of the practice. 'Such were the difficulties to be overcome, and such the exertions required to procure, first a place in the University of Edinburgh, and afterwards the proper situation in it, for the man whose genius, talents, and industry, shed such a lustre over the institution, and contributed in so remarkable a degree to extend and to perpetuate the fame of its Medical School!' With this period of Cullen's life, the present volume of his biography terminates.

To form an estimate of what Cullen effected in the improvement of Medical Science, it is necessary to premise a few remarks in regard to what it behoved him to accomplish.

If we take a general survey of medical opinions, we shall find that they are all either subordinate to, or coincident with, two grand theories. The one of these considers the solid constituents of the animal economy as the more elementary vehicle of life, and consequently places in them the primary seat of disease. The other, on the contrary, sees in the humours the original realization of vitality; and these, as they determine the existence and quality of the secondary parts, or solids, contain, therefore, within themselves, the ultimate principle of the morbid affection. By relation to these theories, the history of medicine is divided into three great periods. During the first, the two theories, still crude, are not yet disentangled from each other; this period extends from the origin of medicine to the time of Galen. The second comprehends the reign of the Humoral Pathology—the interval between Galen and Frederic Hoffmann. In the last, the doctrine of the Living Solid is predominant; from Hoffmann it reaches to the present day.

In the medical doctrines of the first period, the two theories may be found partially developed. Sometimes Humorism, sometimes Solidism, seems to be favoured; neither, however, is ever generalized to the exclusion of the other; and the partisans of

each may with almost equal facility adduce authorities from the schools of Cos and Gnidos, of Athens and Alexandria, in support of their favourite opinion.

By Galen, Humorism was first formally expounded, and reduced to a regular code of doctrine. Four elementary fluids, their relations and changes, sufficed to explain the varieties of natural temperament, and the causes of disease; while the genius, eloquence, and unbounded learning with which he illustrated this theory, mainly bestowed on it the ascendancy, which, without essential alteration, it retained from the conclusion of the second to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Galenism and Humorism are, in fact, convertible expressions. Not that this hypothesis during that long interval encountered no opposition. It met, certainly, with some partial contradiction among the Greek and Arabian physicians. After the restoration of learning, Fernelius and Brissot, Argenterius and Joubert, attacked it in different ways, and with different degrees of animosity; and while Humorism extended its influence by an amalgamation with the principles of the Chemic school, Solidism found favour with some of the Mathematical physicians, among whom Baglivi is deserving of especial mention. Until the epoch we have stated, the prevalence of the Humoral Pathology was, however, all but universal.

Nor was this doctrine merely an erroneous speculation; it exerted the most decisive, the most pernicious influence on practice.—The various diseased affections were denominated in accommodation to the theory. In place of saying that a malady affected the liver, the peritoneum, or the organs of circulation, its seat was assumed in the blood, the bile, or the lymph. The morbid causes acted exclusively on the fluids; the food digested in the stomach, and converted into chyle, determined the qualities of the blood; and poisons operated through the corruption they thus effected in the vital humours. All symptoms were interpreted in blind subservience to the hypothesis; and those only attracted attention which the hypothesis seemed calculated to explain. The colour and consistence of the blood, mucus, feces, urine, and pus, were carefully studied. On the other hand, the phenomena of the solids, if not wholly overlooked, as mere accidents, were slumped together under some collective name, and attached to the theory through a subsidiary hypothesis. By supposed changes in the humours, they explained the association and consecution of symptoms. Under the terms, *crudity*, *coction*, and *evacuation*, were designated the three principal periods of diseases, as dependent on an alteration of the *morbific matter*. In the first, this matter, in all its deleterious

energy, had not yet undergone any change on the part of the organs; it was still crude. In the second, nature gradually resumed the ascendent; coction took place. In the third, the peccant matter, now rendered mobile, was evacuated by urine, perspiration, dejection, &c., and equilibrium restored. When no critical discharge was apparent, the morbid matter, it was supposed, had, after a suitable elaboration, been assimilated to the humours, and its deleterious character neutralized. Coction might be perfect or imperfect; and the transformation of one disease into another was lightly solved by the transport or emigration of the noxious humour. It was principally on the changes of the evacuated fluids that they founded their judgments respecting the nature, issue, and duration of diseases. The urine, in particular, supplied them with indications, to which they attached the greatest importance. Examinations of the dead body confirmed them in their notions. In the redness and tumefaction of inflamed parts, they beheld only a congestion of blood; and in dropsies, merely the dissolution of that fluid; tubercles were simply coagula of lymph; and other organic alterations, in general, nought but obstructions from an increased viscosity of the humours. The plan of cure was in unison with the rest of the hypothesis. Venesection was copiously employed to renew the blood, to attenuate its consistency, or to remove a part of the morbid matter with which it was impregnated; and cathartics, sudorifics, diuretics, were largely administered, with a similar intent. In a word, as *plethora* or *cachymia* were the two great causes of disease, their whole therapeutic was directed to change the quantity or quality of the fluids. Nor was this murderous treatment limited to the actual period of disease. Seven or eight annual bleedings, and as many purgations—such was the common regimen the theory prescribed to ensure continuance of health; and the twofold depletion, still customary, at spring and fall, among the peasantry of many European countries, is a remnant of the once universal practice. In Spain, every village has even now its *Sangrador*, whose only cast of surgery is blood-letting; and he is rarely idle. The medical treatment of Lewis XIII. may be quoted as a specimen of the humoral therapeutic. Within a single year this theory inflicted on that unfortunate monarch above a hundred cathartics, and more than forty bleedings.—During the fifteen centuries of Humorism, how many millions of lives did medicine cost mankind?

The establishment of a system founded on the correcter doctrine of Solidism, and purified from the crudities of the Iatro-mathematical and Iatro-chemical hypotheses, was reserved

for three celebrated physicians towards the commencement of the eighteenth century,—Frederic Hoffmann, George Ernest Stahl, and Hermann Boerhaave. The two first of this triumvirate were born in the same year, were both pupils of Wedelius of Jena, and both rival professors in the University of Halle; the last, eight years younger than his contemporaries, was long the ornament of the University of Leyden. The doctrines of these masters were in many respects widely different, and contributed in very different degrees to the subversion of the obnoxious hypotheses. This was more effectually accomplished by the two Germans, especially by Hoffmann; whereas many prejudices of the humoral pathology of the mechanical and chemical theories remained embalmed in the eclecticism of Boerhaave.

In estimating Cullen's merits as a medical philosopher, Dr Thomson was necessarily led to take a survey of the state of medical opinion at the epoch when Cullen commenced his speculations :—

‘ At the period when Dr Cullen first began to deliver lectures on medicine in Glasgow, there prevailed in the medical schools of Europe three great systems of physic, those of Stahl, Hoffmann, and Boerhaave,—teachers not less distinguished by their peculiar and original powers of intellect, than by their attainments in literature and philosophy, their proficiency in the mathematical and experimental sciences, and their extensive knowledge of theoretical and of practical medicine. The lectures and writings of these eminent men, besides affording useful summaries of all that was known in medicine before the beginning of the eighteenth century, laid open various new and interesting views of the animal economy. Stahl and Hoffmann, in particular, recognised more distinctly, and recommended more emphatically, than had been done by any of their predecessors, the study of the living powers, and the laws by which they are governed, as the proper and legitimate objects of medical investigation.

‘ The ancient doctrines of the four elements and their corresponding temperaments—of the separate functions of the vegetative, sentient, and rational souls—and of the agency of the natural, vital, and animal spirits—had continued to be taught in the schools of medicine with very little variation, from the time of Galen till after the middle of the seventeenth century. It was, indeed, but a short time before Stahl, Hoffmann, and Boerhaave, began to lecture on medicine, that a solid foundation had been laid for the extension and improvement of medical science, by the introduction of the experimental and inductive method of prosecuting philosophical enquiries, so well explained and strenuously inculcated in the writings of Lord Bacon,—by the clear, precise, and logical distinction made by Descartes between mind and matter, as the respective subjects of properties essentially different from each other,—by the accurate analysis which had been given by

Locke of mind and its operations, in his *Essay on the Human Understanding*, and his recognition of sensation and reflection as distinct sources of knowledge,—by the discovery by Newton of the universal law by which the motions of masses of matter placed at sensible distances from one another are regulated, and his distinction of this class of motions from the chemical changes which the different species of matter produce upon one another when their minute particles are brought into immediate contact,—by the application (though at first necessarily imperfect, and in many respects erroneous) of the principles of natural philosophy and of chemistry to the investigation of the phenomena of the animal economy,—by the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, and of the absorbent system by Asellius and Pecquet,—by the minute examination of the structure, distribution, and functions of the nervous system by Willis, Vieussens, Baglivi, and others,—and by the developement by Glisson of the contractile or irritable power inherent in muscular fibres, by the operation of which the various motions of the animal economy are performed ;—advances in knowledge all tending to facilitate the proper investigation of the vital susceptibilities and energies inherent in organized bodies, and of the operation of the external agents by which these susceptibilities and energies may be excited, modified, or destroyed.—Pp. 162-3.

Stahl—Hoffmann,—Boerhaave, are then passed in review; their doctrines displayed in themselves, and in relation to other systems; and subjected to an enlightened criticism. This analysis exhibits a rare command of medical and philosophical literature, strong powers of original speculation, and the caution of an experienced practitioner.

In discussing the Animism of Stahl, Dr Thomson takes a view of the various divisions of the soul and its faculties, adopted by the different schools of philosophy and medicine, from Hippocrates to Blumenbach; and shows that the Stahlian theory, in rejecting the animal spirits of Galen and Descartes, with all mechanical and chemical explanations of the vital functions, and in attributing to the same soul the collective phenomena of life, from the purest energies of intelligence to the lowest movement of the animal organism, has more of apparent than of real novelty. It was the universal opinion of the ancient philosophers, that body was incapable of originating motion, and that self-activity was the essential attribute of an incorporeal principle or soul. But while thus at one in regard to the general condition of activity, (Aristotle's criticism of the *αὐτοκίνητον* of Plato is only verbal,) they differed widely as to this—whether different kinds of energy, change, movement, were determined by the same, or by different souls. Plato's psychological trinity is clear; but whether Aristotle, by his Vegetable,

Animal, and Rational Souls, supposes three concentric potences of the same principle, or three distinct principles, is not unambiguously stated by himself, and has been always a point mooted among his disciples. Stahl's doctrine is thus virtually identical with the opinion of that great body of Aristotelians, who, admitting the generic difference of function between the three souls, still maintain their hypostatic unity. In this doctrine, the vegetable, animal, and rational souls express only three several relations of the same simple substance. We are not convinced, with Dr Thomson, that any thing is gained by limiting the term $\psi\chi\chi$, or Soul, to the conscious mind. Many philosophers (as Leibnitz and Kant) do not, even in the cognitive faculties, restrict our mental activity to the sphere of consciousness, and this for plausible, if not sufficient, reasons; the phenomena of nutrition, growth, generation, &c., are as little explicable on mere chemical and mechanical principles, as those of sense, or even those of intelligence, and all seem equally dependent on certain conditions of the nervous system; the assumption of a double or triple principle is always hypothetical, and *Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem*; while at the same time, on any supposition, a generic expression is convenient, to denote the cause or causes of life in its lowest and in its highest gradations. We are unable, therefore, to coincide with Dr Thomson, in his praise of Galen, for originating this innovation; more especially as it is sufficiently apparent, (however reserved his language may occasionally be,) that in Galen's own theory of mind the highest operation of intellect, and the lowest function of his unconscious Nature, are viewed as equally the reflex, and nothing but the reflex, of organization. With this petty qualification, we fully coincide in the following estimate of Stahl.

'The simple and sublime conception, that all the motions of the human body are produced and governed by an intelligent principle inherent in it, was well calculated, by its novelty and by the easy and comprehensive generalization of vital phenomena which it seemed to afford, to excite and promote the speculative enquiries of medical philosophers, and to free the science of medicine from many of those erroneous and absurd mechanical and chemical doctrines with which in its progress it had become encumbered. But the adoption of this hypothesis led Stahl, in the framing of his system, to be too easily satisfied with the imperfect and erroneous physiological view which he had taken of the human economy,—to neglect the phenomena of life, as they present themselves in the nutrition and generation of plants and of irrational animals,—to content himself in accounting for the phenomena of the organic functions, with applying the term Rational Soul to the principle which had been, by almost all former physiologists, denomina-

ted the vegetative soul of nature; and almost wholly to omit in his view of the animal economy, the consideration of the peculiar and distinguishing susceptibilities and energies of the Nervous System. These errors and omissions prevented Stahl from perceiving the fixed boundary which has been established by nature between the operations of the material and mental faculties of our frame, in that consciousness of unity and personal identity, by which all the various modifications of sense, memory, intellect, and passion, appear to be constantly and inseparably accompanied; while, at the same time, his ambition to be the founder of a new sect in medicine, disposed him to be less just to the merits of his predecessors and contemporaries than is required of one who undertakes to make any addition to the opinions or to the experience of past ages.

‘It is but just to Stahl, however, to acknowledge, that he had the merit of directing the attention of medical practitioners, in a more particular manner than had been done before his time, to that resistance to putrefaction which exists in the solid and fluid parts of the body during life,—to the vital activities by which the state of health is preserved, and its functions duly performed,—to the influence which the mind indirectly exercises over the different functions of the body—to the effects of the different passions in exciting diseases,—to the natural course of diseases,—and especially to those powers of the animal economy by which diseases are spontaneously cured or relieved.’—Pp. 180, 181.

Medico, qua medicus, ignota est anima. Stahl may be reproached, that his medical theory was purely psychological, and that he suffered it to exert too dominant an influence on his practice. Confiding in the inherent wisdom of the vital principle, his medicine was, as he professed it to be, the ‘*Art of curing by expectation.*’ Cullen’s censure of Stahl’s practice, as ‘proposing ‘only inert and frivolous remedies,’ appears, however, to Dr Thomson too indiscriminating; ‘it being,’ as he well observes, ‘a matter of extreme difficulty to say at what point a cautious ‘and prudent abstinence from interference passes into ignorant ‘and careless negligence.’

Dr Thomson’s account of Hoffmann’s system is, however, still more interesting; this physician being the great founder of the now dominant pathology of the Living Solid, a doctrine which it was Cullen’s peculiar glory to adopt, to vindicate, and to complete. However apparently opposed to that of his rival, the theory of Hoffmann was, equally with that of Stahl, established on the Aristotelic psychology; although less dependent in practice on any peculiar hypothesis of mind, and more influenced by the mathematical and chemical crotchets of the time, and the Cartesian and Leibnitzian philosophies. The Peripatetic doctrine, as interpreted by Philoponus, Aquinas, Scotus, &c., of the substantial difference of the Vegetable, Sensitive, and Rational

Souls, corresponds exactly to Hoffmann's Nature or Organic Body—Sentient Soul—and Rational Soul; agents, according to him, differing in essence as in operation. The merits of this great improver of medicine, whose works are now so culpably neglected, are canvassed by Dr Thomson with equal learning and discrimination. We can only afford to quote the following observations :—

‘ The great and prominent merits of Hoffmann as a medical philosopher, undoubtedly consisted in his having perceived and pointed out more clearly than any of his predecessors, the extensive and powerful influence of the Nervous System, in modifying and regulating at least, if not in producing, all the phenomena of the organic as well as of the animal functions in the human economy, and more particularly in his application of this doctrine to the explanation of diseases. Galen had recorded many facts which had been observed before his time, by Erasistratus, Herophilus, and others, relative to the nervous system, considered as the organ of sense and voluntary motion, and to these he had added several new observations and experiments of his own. But it was not till the publication of the elaborate works of Willis and Vieussens, that the structure, distribution, and functions of that system seem to have become the objects of very general attention among medical men. These authors pointed out many examples of sympathies existing between different parts of the human body through the medium of the nervous system, in the states both of health and disease; and Mayow, Baglivi, and Pacchioni, endeavoured to account for some of these sympathetic actions, by a contractile power which they erroneously supposed to be lodged in the fibres of the dura mater. It was reserved for Hoffmann, however, to take a comprehensive view of the Nervous System, not only as the organ of sense and motion, but also as the common centre by which all the different parts of the animal economy are connected together, and through which they mutually influence each other. He was, accordingly, led to regard all those alterations in the structure and functions of this economy, which constitute the state of disease, as having their primary origin in affections of the nervous system, and as depending, therefore, upon a deranged state of the imperceptible and contractile motions in the solids, rather than upon changes induced in the chemical composition of the fluid parts of the body.’—Pp. 195, 196.

Boerhaave's motto—*Simplex Veri sigillum*—stands in glaring contrast with his system. In practice he was a genuine follower of Hippocrates and nature; in theory at once Peripatetic, Cartesian, and Leibnitzian, Iatro-chemist and Mechanician, Humorist and Solidist, his system presents only a plausible conciliation of all conflicting hypotheses. The eclecticism of Boerhaave, destitute of real unity, had no principle of stability, and was especially defective in relation to the vital powers. It was accordingly soon essentially modified by his disciples, and an

approximation quietly effected to the simpler but more comprehensive principles of Hoffmann. De Gorter, Winter, Kaaub, Boerhaave, and Gaubius, all co-operated to this result; but the pupil who hazarded the most important changes on the system of his master, and who, indeed, contributed perhaps more than any other individual to the improvement of medical science in general, was Haller. In the developement of his great doctrine of Irritability, Haller is, indeed, not the pupil of Boerhaave, but a follower of Hoffmann and Glisson. Dr Thomson's history of this doctrine is one of the most valuable portions of his work; and his account of the celebrated controversy touching the principle of vital and involuntary motion between Whytt and Haller, will be found not more attractive to professional physicians, than to all who take any interest in the philosophy of animated nature.

Having thus indicated Cullen's point of departure, Dr Thomson now guides us along the steps of his advance. Under the heads of Physiology, Pathology, and Therapeutics, a detailed account is given of Cullen's system, in its common and in its peculiar doctrines. In this, the principal portion of the work, is exhibited, for the first time, (and chiefly from manuscript sources,) a comprehensive view of Cullen's services to medical science; much original information is supplied; new light is thrown upon points hitherto obscure; many prevalent misconceptions are rectified; and some unworthy, we are sorry to add, hitherto successful, plagiarisms are exposed. Cullen's reputation had suffered from misrepresentation, ignorance, and neglect; but never was the honour of an author more triumphantly vindicated by his biographer. We regret our inability to do any justice to this admirable survey; which is, indeed, not more valuable as an appreciation of Cullen's merits, than as a supplement to the history of modern medicine. An outline of its contents would be of little interest or value; and even an outline would exceed our limits. We must content ourselves with a short extract from its conclusion.

‘ In the sketch that has been given in extracts from his manuscript lectures on the Institutions of Medicine, of the view which Dr Cullen took of the different functions of the Nervous System in the animal economy in the state of health,—of the universal and constant influence of this system in the production and modification of the phenomena of diseases,—and of the various effects produced upon it by external agents,—exhibiting the general outlines of his Theory of Excitement,—I have had it chiefly for my object to bring under the eye of the reader some of those more original attempts at the generalization of facts,—or approximations to truth, as he was accustomed to

term them,—by which, in relation to the influence of the Nervous System on the different functions of the animal economy, Dr Cullen endeavoured to promote the study of the science, and to improve the practice of medicine.

‘Some traces of the recognition of the existence of such an Energizing influence of the Nervous System as that which Dr Cullen has designated under the appellation of the Animal power or Energy of the Brain, are unquestionably to be found in the writings of some of his predecessors; but Dr Cullen seems to have been the first medical teacher who pointed out the general and automatic agency of this power in all the motions of the animal economy, voluntary, involuntary, and mixed; and who endeavoured to collect and arrange the principal facts regarding it under distinct heads. “The subject of the Nervous System,” he himself observed, in his lectures on the Institutions, “has been but slightly touched on by any physiologist, and very imperfectly handled; and I flatter myself that I have brought it more into view than has hitherto been done. You will be greatly at a loss to find much assistance in studying it, in the writings of physiologists.” “As it appears to me certain, that the human system can only be viewed in these three respects, that is, as a chemical mixt, as a hydraulic machine, and as an animated nervous frame, I consider our system of physic to be now complete as to the parts which it ought to comprehend.” How extensively and deeply Dr Cullen’s physiological, pathological, and therapeutical speculations, with regard to the Nervous System, have influenced the opinions of medical philosophers and practitioners, from the time they were first delivered in his lectures on the Institutions of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh to the present, will be most readily perceived by those who are best acquainted with the past history, and with the recent progress, of discoveries and improvements in Medical Science,—with the important share which has been allotted to the doctrine of Innervation or the Influence of the Nervous System, in the physiological and pathological writings that have lately issued from the press, both in this country and on the Continent of Europe,—with the different changes in language and statement which the Excitement Theory of Dr Cullen has undergone, and with its various modifications as it is at present taught in the Medical schools in different parts of the world. Dr Cullen has himself informed us of the use which he wished to be made of these speculations, in the improvement of a science, which—from its being the result of observation, experience, and critical analysis, and from its dependence on the state of other collateral arts and sciences—he regarded as being necessarily but slowly progressive in its advancement, in the following passage with which he was accustomed to terminate his account of the functions of the Nervous System :—“I do not say that this is the Theory of the Nervous System: I say that these are the chief facts and laws relative to it; for in this and every other part of the Physiology, I am more anxious to state what happens than to explain how it does happen; and wherever, in some instances, you may think I have approached to theory, I would wish you to receive every particular I have delivered with great diffidence, till you are persua-

ded that the conclusion is established as a matter of fact. If you do so, there will be no danger of misapplication; you will be constantly enlarging the number of facts, and be much more fit for the application of them."—P. 429—431.

To the history of Cullen's doctrines, in relation to those of previous theorists, Dr Thomson subjoins an account—and the best we have ever seen—of the contemporary progress of medicine in the schools of Montpellier and Paris. On this, however, we cannot touch. Our limits also preclude us from following him in his important discussion on medical education. We warmly recommend this part of the volume to those interested in the subject. A curious letter of Adam Smith (prior to the publication of his *Wealth of Nations*) on Universities and Degrees, will be admired for its ability by those who dissent from his well-known doctrine upon these points. We regret that we cannot make room for this very characteristic production, which is now for the first time given to the public. Its praise of the Scottish Universities, and its opinion as to Visitations, are particularly worthy of notice. The results of the late Royal Commission of Visitation will by some, perhaps, be viewed as affording a good commentary on Dr Smith's text. 'In the present state of the Scotch Universities, I do most sincerely look upon them as, in spite of all their faults, without exception the best seminaries of learning that are to be found anywhere in Europe. They are, perhaps, upon the whole, as unexceptionable as any public institutions of that kind, which all contain in their very nature the seeds and causes of negligence and corruption, have ever been, or are ever likely to be. That, however, they are still capable of amendment, and even of considerable amendment, I know very well; and a Visitation is, I believe, the only proper means of procuring them this amendment. But before any wise man would apply for the appointment of so arbitrary a tribunal, in order to improve what is already, upon the whole, *very well*, he ought certainly to know, with some degree of certainty, first, who are likely to be appointed visitors; and, secondly, what plan of reformation those visitors are likely to follow.' Besides the medical matters we have been able to notice, this volume contains various other topics of general interest. The letters alone which it supplies of distinguished individuals form an important addition to the literary history of Scotland during last century. David Hume, Adam Smith, Lord Kames, Duhamel, William Hunter, Black, Senac, Fothergill, are among Cullen's most frequent correspondents.

We look forward to the concluding volume with no little cu-

riosity. It will trace of course the influence of Cullen's speculations on the subsequent progress of medicine, and, we hope, continue (what Dr Thomson has already proved himself so admirably qualified to perform) the history of this science to the present day.

ART. VIII.—1. *Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By MRS TROLLOPE. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1832.

2. *Six Months in America.* By GODFREY T. VIGNE, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1832.

3. *Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States, with some Observations on the Ecclesiastical System of America, her Sources of Revenue, &c.* By WILLIAM GORE OUSELEY, Esq., Attaché to His Majesty's Legation at Washington. 8vo. London: 1832.

4. *Esquisse Morale et Politique des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique du Nord.* Par ACHILLE MURAT. 12mo. Paris: 1832.

MRS TROLLOPE, whilst detained two days at the Wheeling Hotel on the Ohio, had the good fortune to fall in with a female *bel-esprit* among the boarders. 'She talked fluently, and without any American restraint, and I began to be greatly puzzled as to who or what she could be; a lady, in the English sense of the word, I was sure she was not, and she was as little like an American female of what they call good standing.' Her gifted friend, whom it was excusable in her to suspect to be a strolling player, informed her that she was the author of some of the most cutting satires in the language; and a woman, whose way it was not to bear quietly the provocation of obtaining neither notice nor remuneration. As the neglect she had met with amounted, in her opinion, to perfect persecution, she felt justified in having recourse to a very ingenious expedient for gratifying her spleen, and repaying her expenses. With this view, the offended author had turned into a satirical novel a work which had been begun as a sentimental romance—for that perhaps, after all, she thought was her real forte. The changeling was christened *Yankee Doodle Court*. 'By the way, my dear madam, I think, if I could make up my mind to cross that terrible Atlantic, I should be pretty well received after writing *Yankee Doodle Court*.' The whole scene is very characteristic. Through some stupidity of the printers it has got into the body of the narrative; and we have a very solemn preach-

ment, instead of it, by way of preface. It was evidently meant for the introduction ; and a very suitable one it is.

The presents which Columbus and Washington respectively made to Europe have begun to tell. Burlesques on one side, and mock heroics on the other, are therefore more than ever out of season. The picture is one, in judging of which it has become worth our while to make sure that we get the proper point of view ; and that we are not led away by the conceit of connoisseurship to talk about what we have imperfectly seen, and have still more imperfectly understood. In a strange country, considerable pains must be taken to obtain sound materials for an opinion. There is, besides, a certain charity of nature, which is not more favourable to our own happiness and influence with others, than indispensable for the strict and simple purposes of truth. These precautions would weed page after page out of most modern travels, especially out of travels in America. The comparative degree in which they have been observed or neglected, is the best explanation of the contradictions, that so often run sea-high, between contemporary describers.

Many a queer pic-nic party has doubtless flitted across the Atlantic during the last two hundred years—from principle, and for want of it ; from poverty, curiosity, or romance. Among all these strolling companies, we question, however, whether one ever went out on so wild a scheme as that in which our ‘ heroine’ figures, as part manager and part performer. This part of her case is conducted with great dexterity. No *nisi prius* leader could have done it better. The character in which she comes out at last, that of principal witness against a great nation, made it necessary to say something concerning herself. The difficulty was, how much ? and with what colour ? The scene opens with a matron, her son, and two daughters. On looking narrowly into the background, whom else do we discover ? No Mr Trollope, the centre of a family group, following Mr Birkbeck for an honest livelihood to the Wabash. The party was not tempted by the New-England ballad,

‘ ’Tis I can delve and plough, love,
And you can spin and sew ;
And we’ll settle on the banks
Of the pleasant Ohio.’

First appears her friend, a Mr H., who joined the Pilgrims of our Canterbury Tales, in the hope of finding a good opening in the line of historical painting at Cincinnati ! This is pretty good for a beginning. After that—farewell to the virtue of common sense, whatever other discretion may be retained. By the way,

can this be the artist to whose pencil we are indebted for the very clever pothouse prints, by which the letterpress is illustrated and advertised? However, a more important personage is behind. As the mist rolls away, there comes to light Miss Wright of Nashoba! The female professor, late *dame de compagnie* to La Fayette, is on her way back to her American experiments. The absurdity, in her hands and in the centre of American prejudice, of a nursery of 'equality' for blacks as well as whites, is scarcely reconcilable with any merit but the primary one of good intentions. These prospects are made neither more reasonable nor more popular when, within a month or two, they disappear for the pomp and ceremony of public lectures over the Union against Monarchy, Property, Christianity, and Marriage!! Mrs Trollope went out under the express patronage and introduction of this lady. In case she was aware before hand of her views and opinions—we have done. On the other hand, if she, an elderly personage, was deceived in the character of her bosom friend—with what chance does she now venture on the character of a people, of whom she is evidently only acquainted with the tail? Mrs Trollope must, on this supposition, have deceived herself. Indeed, she is even now in a monstrous delusion concerning her friend's overwhelming eloquence and appearance. Miss Wright has been throughout an enthusiast, incapable of deceiving any one. She was comparatively young, and glorying in the opinions which had already made her the talk of London and of Paris.

The party entered America by the monotonous Mississippi. Nashoba, the intended home of at least some months, turned out a desolation. The enthusiasm of our chaperoned chaperon, which (to say the truth) seems chiefly confined to scenery and comforts, gave way. The friends quarrelled. 'A world before her'—it is not stated, 'who the guide'—she proceeded to Cincinnati on the Ohio; thirty years ago a forest crossed only by the red man; now a rising town, with 20,000 inhabitants, and increasing at the rate of 1400 houses a-year. Under these circumstances, it can just as much represent the United States, as a new flourishing port in the Orkneys would represent Great Britain. Mrs Trollope is not explicit on the personal object of her mission to the United States. Whatever it may have been, her whole book is engrained with the bitterness of its disappointment. Her dream may have been different from that of her companions. But in her way she had evidently drunk of the same cup of rash and credulous illusion. Besides the ordinary speculation of settling her children, (which, however, can scarcely be called commonplace in such a spot,) it looks as if

she had pictured to herself some fairy land of Arcadian manners and Utopian institutions. There is one brief incidental acknowledgment of a further motive, and but one. 'I had a little 'leaning towards sedition myself when I set out.' This is a hint, however, full of meaning. It lets us into a character rather difficult to deal with. For there is nothing so cheap, and at the same time nothing so intractable, as extremes. That a mind which the England of 1827 had diseased into sedition, should also grumble over the real America, does not at all surprise us. The lowering down to themselves the few who are above them, is, we fear, practically, with many, a pleasanter sort of radicalism, than the raising up of the many who are below. Accordingly, the country was not found worthy of the Master and the Miss Trollopes. She has brought them back; and has opened a quarrelsome account with a growing nation, for not corresponding to unreasonable expectations sentimentalized into republican romance.

We are sorry for the vanishing of a mother's hopes and a lady's visions. But unfortunately, our affair with her is in the character of a witness—partly on questions of fact, and partly on questions of opinion. Upon asking, 'What went ye out for to 'see?' and considering the way she took of seeing it, we are convinced that she has had chiefly herself to blame. A stranger lady, who mortally hates personal discomforts—who so loves obsequious service, that she declares, 'on entering a slave state 'I was immediately comfortable and at my ease'—whose passion it is to wander after prospects to hill-tops, and sit for days with an album by a waterfall, must have been sadly in the way, two years, at Cincinnati. Imagine what would be an English Cincinnati—a thing the nearest like it at home, in a fresh town, rapidly clustering round a canal, a mine, or a manufactory. Then think what was to be expected in a population of thirty years' growth, brought together to that remote region from every quarter of the Union, and almost of the globe, by that necessity which tears up at the roots even man himself! We should have calculated on finding them only one step out of chaos. Boast as they well may, yet a miscellaneous assortment of stirring bodies, striving and struggling for a subsistence, is, on the whole, the most that for a time they can be. For a generation or two they must consent to appear even to be falling back. They have to displace primeval forests, to do battle with the rattlesnake, to contend with and subdue nature in her last retreats. The advanced posts—the men who are to civilize the desert—must not begin by being over civilized themselves. Our astonishment has been speechless on finding that such a spot pos-

sessed, in 1815, a Lancasterian school, a public library of 1400 volumes, four printing-offices, and three weekly papers. During Mrs Trollope's stay, Mr Flint printed there his '*Western States*,' in two vols. 8vo; a work which would do honour to a London publisher. She speaks of two museums of natural history, a picture gallery, and an attempt by two artists at an academy of design. After this, what town in England, Scotland, or even Ireland, will turn up its nose at Cincinnati? The manners can in general only be coarse. The men can have little or no leisure. But what must be the spirit of the place! Our author begins by comparing what she had left behind in London. What must be her spirit!

Now, let us follow the march, and observe the course pursued by Mrs Trollope. She enters the house by the back premises, and takes up her quarters for two years together in the kitchen. She 'wastes time, health, money,' and, we must add, temper, there. She gets cross with the 'helps,' and they get impertinent to her. She is called 'old woman.' On this, straightway she begins to take notes of every vulgarity and ridicule which she can lay hold of in the kitchen, and in the offices adjoining; with the view of printing them as an authentic description of the people of America made upon the spot. Of the outside of the mansion which she has ventured to paint, she never saw a fiftieth part. In respect of its interior, the Americans are a strict and prudish people. We have, to be sure, a general description of a public ball and a private dinner. So far, however, from her having been admitted into the best parlour, the friend of Miss Wright seems, during the three years and a half she stayed among them, to have hardly had an opportunity of exchanging a single word with the gentlemen and ladies of the house. Accordingly, of one of the worst offences which a traveller can commit,—a gossiping and malignant breach of hospitality,—we entirely acquit her. We have looked anxiously through her book, to see whether we can honestly acquit her of any more; but in vain. One might imagine from the tone, that her tour had been one long gauntlet of individual incivilities. However, she appears to be rather short of personal anecdotes, or she would not have turned aside to pick up a supposed insolence to the Prince of Saxe-Weimar; not a syllable of which is to be found in his own very complimentary *Travels*. A general contrast between the courtesies of England and the rudenesses to which she was exposed in the stages and steam-boats of America, is more easily made and misapprehended. On this we must be allowed to make an observation. Mr Hodgson's '*Letters from North America*' is a most temperate and judicious work. The

reader will find there two pages of references to the testimony of different English travellers, in favour of the hospitality and attention with which, in spite of the irritation produced by frequent calumnies, they were invariably received. We could add as many more. We know a gentleman and his wife, who were travelling in America at the same time with Mrs Trollope, and who passed over her route. They travelled in the simplest manner. Wherever they were known to be strangers, two seats at the top of the table were constantly kept for them. Mr Hodgson says, 'I deliberately think, that a traveller must be struck with the evidence of more good nature, and a greater spirit of accommodation in the stages here than with us, and certainly of more uniform and marked respect to female travellers, though often under the most cold and forbidding manners.' How comes it that Mrs Trollope was made an exception? Even Captain Hall states, that he always spoke his opinion freely, and was always heard out with the most perfect good humour. Can the exception be otherwise explained than by a fact in which all travellers agree? The Americans are very ready to act upon the defensive. Mr Vigne points at this probable reaction; and his intimation is supported by the evidence of Mr M'Gregor. 'I unhesitatingly affirm, that if an Englishman be treated otherwise than with kindness, it must be his own fault.' Suburban Londoners ought to be prepared for great changes in the Valley of the Mississippi. If they cannot submit to them with cheerfulness, they have no business there. We have no doubt but that there are to be found in those regions a great many persons thoroughly disagreeable, and many more whom we should at first think so; but travellers also are often very provoking. Mr Hodgson's servant said that people were constantly wondering to find English folks so civil. We have fallen in occasionally even with English ladies, whose 'fans can hit exceeding hard.' In case our countrymen and their ladies travelling in America do not find the number of disagreeable scenes and persons increased on their hands, in consequence of the present publication, we shall have a still higher opinion of American discrimination, and American forbearance.

Accounts from foreign parts are always interesting. The subject affords such infinite variety of choice, that there is less excuse when travellers abuse their privileges, and mistake the nature of their powers. This is particularly the case with a European in America. In whatever light we consider it, it is emphatically the new world. There can be no end of the striking diversities which both nature and society must present in a world so new to us. It is true, two volumes of descriptive prose

would be even more tiresome than long vistas of descriptive poetry. But Mrs Trollope describes better than she thinks; we do not simply mean than she is aware. The mountains and the rivers of America have no complaint to make against her. They lose nothing at her hands. As a painter of scenery, her sketches are more brilliant than those of Captain Hall; and on comparing their two views of the Alleghany, we are informed also more correct. But her vivacity is evidently not of a kind to sit down contented with still life. Nor is there the least reason why she should. Her passion for what is called a good story, and her sarcastic talent for making the most of one, have enabled her to compose a very good American Joe Miller in vulgar life. In this extension of her scheme to the transcription and embellishment of a few sprightly notices of domestic manners, she retains an equal advantage over her predecessor in her droll and dramatic dialogues. She appears to have seen little beyond the chance company of the place where she happens to be. People who are thus, as it were, sent to Coventry, are thrown at once into more picturesque society, and at the same time are released from the ordinary restraints which an intercourse with the best company of a country imposes on its visitors. As a female critic, she has had a further and invaluable prerogative—that of being able to say out her say even unto the *benedicite*. She is safe from pistols under the impunity of the petticoat; and not a rumour yet has reached us that the ladies threaten to come over and pull caps for the wounded honour of the Union. It would be hard if a champion as zealous as Mrs Mary Woolstoncroft herself, for the rights and dignities which she alleges are withheld from them by their male oppressors, should have any thing to fear from their resentment. Besides (with the exception of a few young couples, who, too poor or too trifling to keep house, start with living at a boarding-house), they are represented as being generally cold domestic drudges; slaves to the needle, and martyrs to obsolete household virtues. Neglected by their husbands, and domineered over by their priests, the spirit of the sex is reduced in them to the unattractive beauty of a quiet yet ungente exterior, and to the dogged steadfastness of a merely passive courage.

In case Mrs Trollope had restricted the exercise of her talents to the above departments, she would have attempted nothing for which she was not very well qualified: in case she had used a little discretion, and mixed up with her sack and satire a halfpenny worth of plain bread and simple justice, we should have found no fault with her. The American susceptibility to criticism, especially to comparative criticism, is a singular weak-

ness in a character of such granito materials. One should have thought that they were too busy and too prosperous to care a pin about it. Of course, if such an infirmity exists at all, it must be proportionately stronger with regard to England than to any other country, from the nature, and frequency, and facility of the comparisons. It is ignorance to suppose that a vanity of this sort implies any unkindness, much less any hostility. No such thing. The temper, however, must be disagreeable occasionally in private intercourse, and may prove injurious in its public consequences. Not the less so, because the national conceit, mistaken for patriotism, out of which it springs, is a plant of true English growth. All strangers who have to deal with the mother country know it well. We wish it had not stood transplanting; but it seems to grow ranker in their luxuriant soil. Mr Vigne is a very calm and reasonable English lawyer. He visited America last summer as a sportsman—to find sport in their woods, and trout streams—certainly not to make sport of themselves. A jealousy on the subject of England struck him as the prominent failing. ‘I have,’ he observes, ‘several times received a friendly caution from Americans themselves on this head. Out of what may be designated as steam-boat acquaintance, there are not fifty men from Maine to Louisiana, who can listen to such a comparison without biting their lips.’

Mr Hodgson, speaking of this vanity, mentions that he scarcely perceived it in good society, and has seen more of it in Americans whilst in England, than at home. The feeling, however, is one which is quite uncalled for by any true sense of dignity, or by any English sentiment to which it may be thought possibly to correspond. We are aware of the provocations given by a part of the English press. We lament them as sincerely, and feel quite as indignant at them as our brethren of the *North American Review*. But the nation is not responsible for, much less is it a party to, any such publications by its approval. Meanwhile, these things must not be taken so seriously to heart. Whilst the license of remark on his comings in and goings out are confined within the proper limits of pleasantry and good feeling, should our runaway child pet and sulk upon it, we shall always be ready to join in chiding the childishness of such behaviour. He is too big a fellow now, and ought to feel himself too much of a man to mind such trifles. A provincial soreness of this kind is unworthy of his present greatness. The master of half a continent, their rival too in arms, and in every useful art, he can surely afford his European neighbours a laugh at a *les Americaines pour rire*. The New York audience, which en-

courages burlesques on their militia in their native exhibitions, and the mimicry of their eccentricities by their countryman Mr Hackett, must humour Mr Matthews with the privilege of catering for us in his 'At Homes,' a *rechauffée* of the same amusements. An over sensitiveness to ridicule shuts out an avenue to truth and to improvement. It does more. It cuts off (what, as the world goes, is no small matter) a source of innocent pleasure: worse still, it turns it into a source of pain. The time seems come, when America ought to enter into a regular-interchange with other countries, not merely of their sober opinions, but of their travesties on each other.

The drawings with which Mrs Trollope has enlivened her text, show its spirit. Their proper place is the window of a caricature shop. Considered in this light, our objections to her book are, first, that it is not announced as a caricature, but is passed off as a true picture; next, that even were it so announced, it is too ill-natured to fall within the legitimate province of classical and gentlemanly burlesque. Instead of a pencil and Indian ink, she uses vitriol and a blacking brush. Virgil is said to have thrown dung about with a grace in the Georgics. Notwithstanding the dexterity of the process in the present instance, caricature is apparently a line in which ladies are not intended to excel. Their feelings carry them too far. When they take to sparring, they generally, we believe, have dropped the gloves before they are aware. A great judge in questions relating to the sex, has ventured to doubt whether they are, any of them, the better for foreign travel. The possibility, however, that a countrywoman of his would ever write a spiteful, ill-considered, and mischief-making book of this description, we are sure was never contemplated by him, when he proposed for their consideration, 'Whether the delicacy of an English lady's mind may not partake of the nature of some high-flavoured wines, which will not admit of being carried abroad, though, under right management, they are admirable at home.' Mr Hodgson has expressed a hope that it might yet become the fashion for ladies of the two countries to exchange visits across the Atlantic. Then, and perhaps not till then, would Englishwomen 'learn to do justice to their western sisters.' It is unfortunate that the experiment should have commenced with the female Quixote who has volunteered her services on this occasion. What a different reception would the ladies of America have given, and what a different report should we have received, not merely from Hannah More and Mrs Fry, but from Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Aikin, Mrs Hamilton, and Mrs Markham, or from a hundred others, of whose feminine virtues and

accomplishments the modern literature of England is so justly proud!

Mrs Trollope says, that whilst at Washington, she overheard, and was 'excessively amused,' by the question and answer of two young Frenchmen concerning a pretty-looking woman standing at a little distance, and a gentleman close at their elbow. 'Qui est cette dame?' 'Monsieur, c'est la femelle de ce male.' The American lady may have been as 'deficient in tournure' as is surmised; but of those manners which, according to William of Wykeham's motto for his school, 'makyth man' and woman also, there can be no doubt where the real deficiency was to be found. How is the heart (the female heart, no less than others) deceitful above all things! During an illness, under which she wintered at Alexandria, Mrs Trollope revised her notes for publication, and with strict self-examination challenged every expression of disapprobation. Having suppressed the details which, 'though true, might be ill-natured, she retained no more than were necessary to convey the impression which she received.' What might not the public reasonably have looked for, from a sick-bed so conscientiously employed? But dislike, which in all dispositions calls on our poor nature for a considerable effort before neutrality of judgment can be acquired, in certain dispositions is stronger even than death itself. However, in this respect, there is one point of view in which Mrs Trollope has again the advantage over Captain Hall. She does not fancy that she is the pattern of good humour and impartiality. She is aware of her antipathy, and has an Amazonian pride in it. 'I speak of the population generally, as seen in town and country, among the rich and the poor, in the slave states, and the free states. I do not like them, I do not like their principles, I do not like their manners, I do not like their opinions.'

The Americans are on the look-out for English airs. Being a shrewd people, they would soon discover sentiments which the lady is too free-spoken to conceal. When Johnson said, he liked a *good hater*, he probably would have excepted the case where he himself was the object of the passion. There had been a good deal of provocation, we have no doubt, before the republican simplicity, at which Mrs Trollope seems to have been so justly offended, was splenored into speaking of the 'old woman.' After this avowal of her aversion, we can hardly call our author—our *fair* author. The least that a person intending to preserve for herself a character of fairness under such circumstances ought to have done, would have been to revise her impressions as well as her notes;—carefully to compare her opinions with those of former travellers, examine her own character and behaviour as

well as theirs, see what had been her real opportunities, and suspect herself at last of bile or vapours, or cynicism, or some other personal disqualification, when she found that the view she had taken of America was even more unfavourable than any which had been yet conveyed in professed and wilful libels. There are cases of moral prejudice, where a man, scrupulous about truth, will cross-examine his own senses as carefully as a patient in the jaundice. What the writer has not done for herself, it is our duty, in some measure, to do for her. A personal quarrel must not be made, or even appear to be, a national one. It was sufficiently foolish in Greece to fight about a Helen. Were the tongue of Hecuba to succeed in setting us by the ears, it must be acknowledged that the contrast presented by ancient and modern republics would, in this event, furnish Mrs Trollope with a second frontispiece more comic than her first, and full as little to the credit of modern taste.

The peculiarity of the present tour (whether merit or demerit) rests entirely on the stories of which it principally consists. Many of them are such, that an English gentlewoman was strangely occupied in collecting them, even for an hour, much more in making the undertaking the work of years. Whatever may be the truth concerning American manners, the supposition that such relations would be acceptable chit-chat to London drawing-rooms, is a bad compliment to our own.

This is, however, mere matter of taste, in which she and her readers are principally concerned. But are the stories true? The literal truth of every story in the book, is no exculpation from a charge of falsehood, where a false impression is left behind. A single sentence taken by itself may give a totally incorrect notion of the context of a book. In the same manner, the experience of a single traveller, much more individual anecdotes, taken out of the frame of general society, and judged of without due regard to circumstances, may be *individually* true, yet *generally* false. Mrs Trollope is fully aware of this, and of the possibility that her use of the word 'Americans' may be too general. She begins, therefore, by protecting herself against a charge of injustice, with admitting, that what she has seen *may be* local only; yet she forgets the distinction so soon, generalizes so broadly, and states her general results in such comprehensive terms, that she must be aware the interests of truth gain nothing by a distinction which, as she manages it, is merely verbal. The universality of her subsequent language is a departure from the plea. She says, that it has been her 'object, in speaking of the 'customs of the people, to give an idea of what they are *generally*.' In this point of view, what qualifications must a good

story, when pounced upon as an individual fact, require, in order to become nationally true! We are satisfied that nine-tenths of her book require serious qualification. Yet we have remarked only two exceptions—one is, that of a literary milliner taking the lead in society at New Orleans; the other, that of Young Nick, the chicken-merchant, and perhaps the future President, —where the reader is advised that the anecdote is not given as characteristic in all respects of America. In the division of what she praises and what she blames, the sneering is dressed out with her utmost picturesque effect; her approbation and notice of ‘unfailing kindness’ evaporate in vain commonplace expressions, which nobody can remember, and few will even observe. Mrs Trollope is too acute in these matters not to know, that when she has lodged her sting, a few honied words are not likely to remove it. The attempt to pass off together the voice of Jacob and the hands of Esau, and to combine the credit of candour with the gratification of malice, is not a new one. The substance of the facts has, in most cases, very possibly occurred; although we have heard strong evidence against the probability of some of them. The adroitness with which they have been doctored, gingered, and got up, resembles the skill of a clever horse-dealer preparing for a fair. She tells us little really new of what is unpleasant in America, little which other people do not also tell us. The fault is, that she tells us nothing else. She omits all explanatory and qualifying circumstances; surrounds every thing with a looming, discolouring, and distorting atmosphere, and then feels entitled to leave her dupes to their own discretion. Mrs Candour is justified. She has said nothing positively untrue. A comparison with writers of real candour will break the spell. Facts of the same sort are to be found more or less in the rambling pages of Mr Vigne, but especially in the ‘Letters from North America,’ by Mr Hodgson. When useful information and just sentiments concerning the United States are an object of interest, these Letters will take the place of that light and bitter gossip, which can be only popular among the vulgarst pleasure-readers. Truth and falsehood depend on the impression which is made, and knowingly made, by the witness, when he leaves the box. The difference between the impression left by the same class of facts, as related by these gentlemen, and that left under the grouping which is given to them by the lady, is as great a difference as can be conceived. In the former, the reader has a statement which, as far as it goes, is complete as well as correct, which contains the *whole* truth, as well as *nothing but the truth*. Mrs Trollope’s book is the evidence on one side only; evidence partially selected, and delivered in an insulting *a-kimbo*

style. No English traveller is disposed to mince matters when out of humour, right or wrong. Thus Mr Hodgson delivers his mind on all points. Nothing, for instance, can be more plainly expressed than his opinion on the commercial code and commercial morality of America. But the tone and character of his reproofs are in such simplicity and good faith, that no reasonable American can object to the work in which they are contained. It is accordingly inscribed to Mr Lowndes, one of the members for South Carolina. Could Mrs Trollope send hers, much less dedicate it, to Mr Flint, whom she speaks of as a friend?

As it appears to us, a winter was never passed more unprofitably than in Mrs Trollope's attempts to disinfect her notes of their ill-nature. Did she set to work in sincerity? Did it require more self-denial than she could command? Or what must we think of her, if she really thinks she has succeeded? Mr Gore Ouseley, late attaché to his Majesty's legation at Washington, has just published a very useful essay on American statistics. Here is something like authority. He has taken the opportunity of putting in his counter-testimony against this 'very un-faithful picture of society, and its highly-coloured caricatures.' Those who abused the 'German Prince,' and laud the English lady, must reconcile their contradiction by some other passion than a love of truth. Mr Ouseley assures us, that 'the late publication of the Tour of Prince Pückler Muskau, is a fulsome 'eulogé of English usages, compared with Mrs Trollope's account 'of American manners.' If we were somewhat restless under the discipline of the Prince, what consistency is there in expecting that our brethren will receive this female rheum with a patient shrug, and 'Fair dame, you spit on me last Wednesday,' in humble acknowledgment of the favour? In case Miss Wright should certify the qualifications of her friend to be Mentor to a nation on its morals and its manners, they are still entitled to object to the style of her proceeding. The giving advice is often a thankless office, and always a delicate one. If it is ever expected to be taken on this side of the day of judgment, the patient must not be first irritated into a fever, and the medicine then administered with the courtesies of a horse-drench. It is one of the worst evils of these uncharitable and offensive writings, that they increase the indisposition to take advice afterwards at all, however kindly meant and judiciously proffered, from more friendly hands.

The Americans have not on this point merely the same senses, affections, and passions as ourselves. Mrs Trollope's representation of American sensitiveness, places before us the image of a buffalo without a skin. Yet she dips her pen in gall and worm-

wood ; and sits down as ‘ dry, hard, and calculating,’ as little Nick, her chicken-dealer, to clear her score. There are certain malicious advantages which three or four years’ residence in any country in Europe may put in any body’s power, who is so disposed to use them, against any people. The way in which Mrs Trollope uses them against America, reminds us of the ingenuity and perseverance of a hackney-coachman, in fathoming the capabilities of a sore, where he has established what he calls ‘ a raw.’ Were it nothing more, not to care for the pain she is giving, is no very feminine nouchalance. Mr Vigne mentions a sport to which American boys are tempted by the brilliancy of the fire-fly. It consists in tying fire-flies round a bull-frog, and delighting in its agony. This is at least a safe amusement ; to practise it on the buffalo would not be quite so prudent. In this light, there are solemn considerations which the most frivolous traveller ought to bear in mind. Mrs Trollope has chosen for her particular subject one of the tender points, where national feeling is most alive. She is aware, that, as an Englishwoman, an adventitious consequence is given to her observations. Where inflammable matter is known to be lying about in all directions, no human being, however slipshod, can suppose that they have nothing to consult but their spleen or their amusement. The vanity of throwing about sparks in the shape of clever sarcasms, is wretched work in such a situation. The disproportion between the cause and the possible effects is not the less shocking because it is also ludicrous. There have been faults and firebrands enough on both sides. Both have paid severely for the folly. Yet occasions probably may again arise, when peace between the two countries will turn on the fact, whether a previous union of the good and the virtuous on either side the Atlantic shall have discountenanced venomous slanders, and diffused an atmosphere of mutual good-will. Both parties are called on to say to their respective bigots, as the bystander said to the gentleman who was putting himself and his horse equally out of temper, ‘ Show yourself the more reasonable animal of the two.’

The American press is painfully scurrilous. Jefferson said, in his day, that its scurrility drove away the best men from the government, and would certainly have driven away Washington. This is unfortunate, in a place where newspapers, in some countries a crime, in others a lounge, have been made a duty. M. Achille Murat gives up their virulence. They are not only second-rate—with the exception of three or four journals of ability, they are second-hand. During the Adams and Jackson controversy, ‘ les journaux des deux partis avaient prés une

‘teinte si virulente, et publiaient tant de calomnies, qu’il était vraiment dégoûtant d’y toucher.’ This fact, however otherwise discreditable, is, in the point of view for which we now refer to it, satisfactory. It relieves the American press from great part of the objection of nationality, in the balance of the respective charges of vituperative ill usage which the two nations prefer against each other. They only treat us, in their occasional abusiveness, to the same language that they treat themselves. Our own case is more in our own hands. Lord Chatham’s appeal, *parce prior*, applies anew. Looking at our own writers, the ignorance and prejudice usual on all American questions have been most injurious to the interests of their country and of truth. This is one of the occasions where reciprocity is not indispensable to the benefit of relaxing from our former system. We believe the intelligent author of the ‘United States of America as they are,’ in 1828, when he says, that there is but one voice about it from Boston to New Orleans. He can be accused of no American prepossessions. The American character is, according to him, more respectable than amiable. He overrates the mischief of money-making exceedingly when he complains that ‘a cold philosophical youth’ is found unnaturally united with ‘the worst vice of age, avarice;’ especially as he is obliged to add, that they give liberally what they so hardly earn. On this point, his opinion is therefore the more decisive. ‘He must personally have witnessed, through a series of years, the exasperation, the rankling animosity, which these attacks, repeated in numberless newspapers, have spread through millions of freemen, to be a fair judge of their operation on American character. They see themselves slighted by the only nation for whom they have a real esteem. Though the resources of the United States are not to be placed in comparison with those of Great Britain, yet to exasperate the spirit of this infant giant, and to direct its accumulating energies against herself, and to do this merely for the occasion of indulging in a sneer, is neither generous, nor politic, nor just.’

We are satisfied that a ‘better tone of feeling’ towards America has grown up, and is yearly strengthening among us. English Tories need not apprehend that the improvement in our affection and intelligence has any thing to do with forms of government. Mr Hodgson returned with a decided preference for the manners and institutions of his own country—‘a preference only confirmed by opportunities of comparison.’ Mr Vigne the same. Far from adopting the impracticable and boyish recommendation of Captain Hall, to put two great nations into

a choleric quarantine with each other, Mr Vigne advises every body to go to America, especially at this period. 'If you are an Ultra-Tory, you will perhaps receive a lesson that may reduce you to reason; if you are a Radical, and in your senses, as an Englishman and a gentleman, you are certain of changing your opinions before you return, and you may prepare yourself accordingly.' The Americans may rest assured that there is nothing in this conviction incompatible with deep feelings of interest and respect towards them and their institutions. Those who admire England for that which is distinctively English in it, and which has made it what it is, can never 'foster sentiments of animosity between two countries, which are urged by the most powerful considerations of natural connexion and political advantage, to cherish the most intimate relations which can subsist between independent states. They will have much to answer for who commit a crime of so deep a dye; who indulge their malignity, under whatever pretext, and with whatever views, at such a dreadful expense of possible consequences.' We all know the political effects of our journalist bitterness against the French republic, and afterwards against Bonaparte. Mr Hodgson adds, that he heard an intelligent American observe, 'Had Mr Wilberforce, or any other citizen of the world, who would have given a fair account of us, visited this country before the late war, that war would infallibly have been prevented.' Let the lively imagination of our satirist pause over this consideration; and conjure up the calamities, public and private, contained in war—in the three letters of that little word. The *reines fainçantes* of London saloons will take their laugh, and leave her the responsibility. The renown of having written a smart book against our republican descendants, without one single syllable in it of really useful information, is poor compensation for a preference of the drudgery and beldame task of Sycorax—brushing 'wicked dew with ravens' feather from unwholesome 'fen'—over the conciliatory offices of a sister of charity and peace. It is a sin to tarr nations on in such a controversy. It would be just as feminine, and much more Christian, to take the chair at a cock-fight.

We believe that the principal causes of misunderstanding between the two countries have passed away, and by proper care, we trust, that they are not very likely to recur. United by lineage, language, literature, still more by a common interest in liberty, and by an intermingling and dependent commerce, good humour is gradually restoring. Mr Vigne declares that 'a deep feeling of regard and sympathy for the mother

‘country, as they term it, is still general, and I think increasing.’ What are they made of who seek to stop, as far as individuals can stop, this return of kindness?

Mrs Trollope’s volumes contain as much provocation, whether by commission or omission, as the mere channel of private literature can possibly convey. They will justify, to the extent that any thing can justify, the national recrimination of a licentious press. The flourish of trumpets and colours flying, with which, in some quarters, it has been affected to attribute to them a political importance, acts of course as an aggravation. What should we have thought and said of an American lady who had devoted a residence of four years in England to the picking up such stories? and, still more, what should we have said of the press which praised her? The object ought to be great indeed which is expected to make up for pains and risks of this description. Accordingly, an important object has been assigned;—scarcely that of the instruction or conciliation of the Americans; since if the criticised in the present instance are none the better for the criticism, there can be no question whose will be the fault. Is it meant to teach the English? to teach them what? that new states cannot have all the advantages of old ones? A Mrs Trollope was not wanted to cross the Atlantic to tell us that. The grand discovery with which she has hastened back is, that republics are essentially vulgar. This is the amount of her *Eureka*. The object of her alarm-bell is to put us on our guard, by the distinctness and prominence, ‘unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,’ with which she brings out this cardinal sin of democratical institutions. It is not easy to perceive when this plausible motive first occurred to our good lady, nor the extent and consistency of her faith in the political construction which the philosophical school of Almack Toryism are understood to put on the high matters treated of in her book. She was once quite aware of her incompetency to draw these inferences herself. ‘I am in no way competent to judge of the political institutions of America; and if I should occasionally make an observation on their effects, as they meet my superficial glance, they will be made in the spirit and with the feeling of a woman, who is apt to tell what her first impressions may be, but unapt to reason back from effects to their causes. Such observations, if they be unworthy of much attention, are also obnoxious to little reproof; but there are points of national peculiarity of which women may judge as ably as men,—all that constitutes the external of society may be fairly trusted to us.’ In the same way, she concludes—‘Both as a woman, and as a stranger, it might be unseemly for me to say that I do not like their government; and,

‘therefore, I will not say so. Whether the government has made the people what they are, or whether the people have made the government what it is, to suit themselves, I know not.’ If these self-denying renunciations of an opinion, or of the means of forming one, had been adhered to, Mrs Trollope would have had the merit of having written a mischievous book, apparently for mischief’s sake. The loungers and yawners might have been amused; the body of the people would have been simply disgusted with the triflingness and Abigail kind of wit in her string of stories, unless she had affected a moral as well as point. Providentially, after she had been two years in America she fell in with the Travels of Captain Hall. She there found the fruits of that ‘analytical attention which an experienced and philosophical traveller alone can give.’ The result has been an entire chapter on these cruelly abused and neglected Travels, and a solemn warning to mistaken philanthropists, sectarians, and honest men, concerning the ruin to morality and religion in which a greater degree of civil and religious liberty must infallibly terminate. A few years’ residence in the United States would set them right. A cloud of uncertainty appears, however, still to have floated round her as long as she was on the spot. It rapidly condensed into the form and substance of a dogmatic creed when she came within sight of Captain Hall himself and the London booksellers. Returned to Harrow, her preface of March 1832 is an express advertisement against the Reform Bill. Four-and-thirty chapters of American scandal are dished up with the immediate purpose of contrasting the graceful virtues of a boroughmonger with the profligate vulgarity of a ten pound franchise. We are no longer at liberty to surmise that the chief object our traveller had in view was the gratification of personal considerations. By no means. If she uncovers the nakedness of our Transatlantic children, it is out of pure alarm for the English Constitution. The evidence by which she undertakes to confute and humble impenitent Reformers, is contained (where we certainly should not have thought of looking for it) in the daily aspect of ordinary life in the back settlements of America. The misery of squatters, and the servant-talk of Cincinnati, are the appropriate materials for establishing the advantages of a government by the few over a government by the many. The history of quackery has nothing more preposterous than the scheme of passing off a saucy discontented journal as ‘interesting details,’ exhibiting the ‘influence which the political system of the country has produced on the principles, tastes, and manners of its domestic life.’

We cannot keep up with the seven-league boots which the

lady has been induced to borrow, and in which she thus strides at once from her state of doubt to oracular conclusions. Captain Hall was committed to the law and science of the case; his reputation as a political reasoner was staked upon it. Under these circumstances, a literary partnership seems to have taken place. Mrs Trollope has supplied her friend with a supplement to the facts in which his narrative was thought deficient; he has settled on her in fee-simple his hypotheses, his generalizations, and his beautiful logic, in return. Major Moody, campaigning in defence of the planters, discovered the philosophy of labour. Mrs Trollope, taking the field in aid of monarchical manners, has discovered the philosophy of spitting, lolling, and egg-nog. This may be the triumph of induction, and a model of philosophical enquiry. For the present, however, we are content to stop where Montesquieu stopped in his brief developement of the different spirit by which different forms of government are characterised. The solid transfer with which our new philosophers remove, in their alarm, facts and reasonings from one hemisphere to another, is still more absurd. A republic may be, and we believe is, admirably adapted to America. In the present state of our general education, political morality, and starving population, we believe that a republic in England would not last twelve months. In this point of view, American politics, and the opinions of American statesmen, may be a most useful study. Important facts are to be found there. But of these facts—facts to the purpose—we have not had the good fortune to find one in Mrs Trollope. Notwithstanding her discoveries, the case of monarchies and republics stands where it did in the month of February last. If there is not a throne which her sophisms can support, still less is there one which her detected fallacies ought to endanger.

Mrs Trollope scoffs at the Radicals on either side the Atlantic, with whom the experience which her master in philosophy has acquired on his visits to every part of the world during twenty years, goes all for nothing. The Radicals can take care of themselves. We appear on behalf of milder sceptics. Our answer is—a rolling stone often gathers no moss. A traveller may pass his life in going round the world like a teetotum: accordingly, we are bound to look at all its sides, and not merely at that which happens to be uppermost when the teetotum stops. Mrs Trollope has a personal interest in the argument which assumes that successive changes of opinion entitle converts or renegadoes to greater confidence in themselves, and to more implicit obedience from others. Her oracle, she says, was a Whig in South America, and was made a Tory by the North. Unless

we had been Whigs for some better reason than that Captain Hall found the towns on the sea-coast of South America agreeable, we too perhaps might have turned Tories, when the United States displeased him. Theories of society are rather too important to hold at the will and pleasure of the variable impressions of an accidental tour. The thoughts of savage life were not rendered more acceptable to us by the pastoral of Loo Choo; nor shall we feel under the least obligation to take up radicalism, in case a residence, during 1833, at St Petersburg, should make Radicals of our Ultras of to-day. It is not every body whose opinion of individual character is worth having. Fewer still can unravel and penetrate into the character of a nation. In either case, but especially in the last, an analysis and classification of the co-operating causes by which it may have been formed, is a much more difficult affair. The ghost of Mr Chenevix must have patience with us. We are acquainted with no book on the causes of national character much more satisfactory than a lecture on craniology. In this chase, it was not likely that Mrs Trollope should kill her bird. There is wanted a caution in observing the facts, a patience in collecting them, a closeness in the induction, and a comprehension in the generalization, which the ordinary female mind is an instrument far too rapid and too susceptible adequately to perform.

Among concurrent facts, or even among facts consequent and precedent, there are frequently no means of ascertaining whether the relation of cause and effect exists between them. It is evident, however, that no stated effect can precede the cause assigned to it. Whatever, therefore, in the '*principles, tastes, and manners*' of the Americans appears to have preceded, the actual *political system of the country* cannot have been produced by it. Whether they have been aggravated or not, is another question, to be determined by some method of appropriate proof. The mere co-existence of such facts as previously existed, cannot be sufficient. Their continuance only shows that the system has not been by itself able hitherto to overrule the causes by which they were produced. The present Americans represent a handful of monarchical colonists, who have rushed on the experiment of overrunning, peopling, and settling, a desert continent in 200 years. They also represent a busy, scattered, and miscellaneous people, who have been for the last 50 years republicans. The whole picture in such a case would tell us but little of the positive effect of a republic on the home-view of society. The caricature of a corner of it tells us nothing. Mrs Trollope, in the first page of her preface, asserts that the institutions have produced the principles. On the contrary, at the close of her

last chapter, in a lively speech attributed to the Colonial Elders, she assumes the Anglo-Americans, before the creation of the *causa causans* of their institutions, and whilst they were yet as much British colonists as her favourite Canadian gentles, to *have been then* what they are represented to be *now*. That this is the truth, we have no manner of doubt—as far as truth is concerned in these representations. The argument of her book is made by the admission—rhetoric, not logic; the open hand which merely gives her adversary a slap, not the fist which knocks him down.

We observed, in a former Number, on the folly of attempting to make a mystery and a miracle out of a very plain case. The New Englanders have been the *officina gentis* to the American people. They were Englishmen from the first, but not the ordinary Englishmen of that period, and certainly not the Englishmen of to-day. History and satire have taken care to tell us the character which they took out with them. It had been shrewdly sifted and severely tried. Martyrs of persecution, they preferred the wilderness. They went out Puritans. Their wrongs and their necessities were not likely afterwards to make them Cavaliers. Their manly progress, step by step, during the wear and tear and struggle of two centuries, is now before us. We see no change there in the substance of their character; less than we should have looked for in the fashion of it. The singular modifications its surface has undergone, belong to the position in which it is placed, and to the singular obstacles through which it has had to force its way. The Puritan features remain strongly marked. There are the same defects, on which ridicule and reproach were in vain wasted, whilst they were yet buffeted about in their English home: there are also the same admirable qualities for which their enemies hated them still more. Were it not for the fear and the jealousy these great qualities inspire in little minds, both our ancestors and ourselves should have heard comparatively nothing of the vices and the foibles with which qualities of that order have a tendency to be more or less allied. The advantages and disadvantages, the crust and the crumb, would otherwise have gone together, as a thing of course. There can be little doubt, if the Stuarts and their contemporary opponents could rise from their graves, what would be their respective feelings. Indeed, what is it but this which we actually see at present? The representatives of Charles II., of his wits and his maids of honour, are lampooning the descendants, as their great originals lampooned the forefathers in times of old. The Pymys and the Hampdens formerly saw much, undoubtedly, which annoyed them in their

followers. In the actual state of American society, there is a good deal which the Pym and Hampdens of to-day must think capable of improvement, and which in good time they must hope will be improved. But there is nothing which they can stop to notice, till they have first poured out their hearts in triumph and thanksgiving over the marvellous destiny which their out-cast children—the family of the ‘pilgrims of New England,’ have achieved.

The greater and most important part of the emigrants were originally taken from that most valuable, but not most elegant portion of the English community, called the middle class. Owing to circumstances, the Americans have, in fact, hardly since had the means of choosing between the useful and the ornamental. However, as far as the honour of being *maximus* in *minimis*, and *minimus* in *maximis*, appear to go together, they need not be ashamed that the reverse of that alternative has fallen to their share. Burke knew something of history and of human nature; and has done them justice. Writers who repeat in the nineteenth century *mutatis mutandis* the prejudices of Clarendon, and the epigrams of Butler, want some circumstances of mitigation to plead in their excuse. Mrs Grant belonged to a family of ruined American cavaliers. Nobody, therefore, will refuse her the benefit of such a plea. Her bitter sketch of the Colonial New Englanders, in the Letters of an ‘American Lady,’ shows that what, when exaggerated, become the obnoxious parts of the American character at present, are not the growth of American independence. This is not because a general monarchical influence, derived from the mother country, did not exist even previous to that period. Noah Webster, writing to his countrymen in 1790, observes, ‘Whilst these States were a part of the British Empire, our interest, our feelings, were those of Englishmen: our dependence led us to respect and imitate their manners, and to look up to them for our opinions.’ Nevertheless, meanwhile, and in spite of this, the New Englander already existed. He made the revolution, and was not made by it. Mrs Trollope could not paint more harshly than Mrs Grant, the emigrating tribes who located themselves on the settlement of her family by the road-side. They were a ‘vulgar, insolent, and truly disagreeable people—conceited, litigious, selfish beyond measure, hating subordination, and despisers of all tendency to elegance, lest they should lead to aristocracy.’ According to this account, there was not much left for republicanism to do in this direction. It will appear, we think, from one cause or other, that a good deal has been since undone. We shall not be provoked to retaliate, and claim for popular institu-

tions the merit of these particular improvements. It is enough for the present objection, that popular institutions did not cause the evil. It is more than enough that they have not prevented the success of the partial remedies which the other circumstances of the case admitted. If the interval of sixty progressive years has not accomplished more, the reasons assigned by Mrs Grant are, as far as they go, much more correct than the supposition that a transfer of the Court of Rio Janeiro to Washington would have hastened the march of civilisation, substantial or apparent. The loss of great part of the then higher classes in the persons of the loyalists, must have been a serious disadvantage: what she calls the silk threads were withdrawn out of the mixed web of society. There is something also in her double principle of fermentation. 'First, the successive importations on the sea side, of lawless outcasts from Europe; next, the passion for internal emigration, by which, if the roving backwoodsman escapes the vices of society, he becomes savage, and negligent of all the forms and decencies of life.' Mrs Trollope warns us in her preface against 'jarring tumult, and universal degradation;' yet she leaves off with picturing a political unanimity, which is almost as difficult for a European to comprehend, as for an Asiatic to reconcile his notions of feminineness and female virtue with the liberty of our women. Popular elections are no bad test. They have nevertheless become more orderly under these demoralizing institutions than they were before. Mrs Grant mentions being knocked up at midnight by drunken canvassers at New York, on the election for a member of Assembly. 'In one of those fits of fury which are so often the result of popular elections,' (mark, that was her then experience,) 'they went to Lieutenant-Governor Colden's house, drew out his coach, and set fire to it.' This is a colonial picture. It is infinitely more like the constitutional row of a good old English election, than any thing which we have since ever heard of in republican America. The insensible perspiration of a perpetual canvass going on throughout the year, appears to have at least the merit of saving them from the crisis of our septennial excesses. With their political, as with their other drams, they are always sipping, but never sitting down to a debauch. They are therefore often in both cases somewhat too much elevated above their natural temperament, but never drunk.

Mrs Grant naturally saw an obvious superiority in British America (the House of Refuge for the loyalists) over the United States. The new light, however, of modern philosophy had not broken in upon her. It is now ascertained to be the monarchi-

cal element in the air of Canada which enables Englishmen to breathe more freely on crossing the boundary at Niagara, and to remark as striking a difference as on crossing the Rhine or Pyrenees. *Mrs Grant explains her limited meaning by praising the system of confederate emigration, and of stationary settlements, to which British colonization had been comparatively confined. The smallness of the scale allowed of it, and the nature of the emigration encouraged it. The present is not the place for enquiring, whether the arrangements and the ceremonies which accompanied the departure of a Roman colony, had not other advantages beyond their scenic effect. As to system, however, nothing can proceed more systematically than the sale and location of the waste lands of the United States at present. The best proof of the comparative attractions of Canada and the United States, must be the deliberate choice of free agents after sufficient experience. We have been told that there are thirty inhabitants to the square mile on the American side of the Niagara river, whilst there are six only on the British; and this in the teeth of 'the malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness,' with which Mrs Trollope assures us that the English emigrants in America are hunted down.*

A man must be system-mad to deny that (other circumstances remaining the same) the nature of a government will determine, whether for good or for evil, the condition of those who are living under it. This course, however, would not be more absurd than the political mania which insists on overlooking every other cause. On a former occasion, we objected to the contrary uses to which the opposite parties, as represented by Captain Hall and Mr Cooper the Novelist, turn and twist this unwarrantable assumption. It is in vain that both can see the absurdity of the argument in the mouth of their opponent. When the school of Mr Cooper glorifies republican forms of government with consequences which certainly belong principally to natural causes, Mrs Trollope is aware of the sophism. She finds no difficulty in telling these exclusives, that the sudden conversion of a bear brake into a prosperous city is not necessarily the result of free institutions. Nothing can be more rational than the observations of Mr Vigne on this point; both parties ought to benefit by them. 'The natural causes of prosperity which the Americans so pre-eminently enjoy, must not be mistaken, as they most fondly and frequently are, for the positive effects, and little more than positive effects, of a good government, however good and well adapted that government may be. The American constitution has never been tried. That it was nearly a bankrupt at the close of the last war, was a trial of

‘the resources of the country, not of its institutions. Forty years is no time to test the strength of a government like that of the United States, when civilisation is extended over so small a proportion of them. The good is perceived at present; the evils are latent, and comparatively little felt. It is possible that the mischief will not be felt, so long as there is no real motive for disaffection; so long, in fact, as the people are not in want, which may not be the case while ground yet remains to be cultivated.’ There are advantages and disadvantages in the particular local condition of America. It is as much satisfaction as human affairs are likely to afford to man, that the advantages are for the most part real and of substance, whilst the disadvantages mainly relate to forms and manners. Let the nature and amount of the balance be however what it may, the praise to which the American government makes out a title rests on very simple grounds. Of what higher praise can a government be capable, than that it is so admirably adapted to the present wants and character of the people, that it is the object of an attachment as enthusiastic as it is universal? Thus far both parties are agreed. Bystanders must despise alike the ulterior fanaticism of both. Some allowances, however, may be made for the national vanity, which flatters its government with the credit of advantages which are independent of all government, beyond it, and above it. We have less indulgence for the passion or the folly which imputes to a government those defects to which, according to all human experience and probabilities, persons in similar situations, whatever may have been their government, must necessarily be exposed. We have heard fools call Mr Malthus’s discoveries an apology for bad government. No form of popular community (not even parallelograms) could keep mendicity and pauperism out of England, or secure us land at two dollars an acre. On the other hand, look at the misery of the woodcutter on the banks of the Mississippi, and at the muddiness of its waters—the slavery and the yellow fever of the southern states—the coarseness of the solitary farmer, and the sting of the rattlesnake in his half-cleared forests. Of these evils, republicanism has created the one just as much as the other. It has not made them, nor (other things remaining the same) would any shade of governing system, which can be found or set up between the extremes of Washington and Constantinople, take them away.

Captain Hall and Mrs Trollope have one and the same specific for the maladies of the Americans. It is the Tory toast, in the Tory sense of it—Church and King. Captain Hall’s objection to the people took a droll and paradoxical form, when he

summed up their deficiencies as consisting in a 'want of loyalty.' During the American war, a French and English corporal, drinking together with a Yankee, are reported to have settled the question with equal facility, at the Republican's expense. 'I am fighting for King Louis, and you are fighting for King George; but this fellow does not know whom he is fighting for.' This is a difficulty which Captain Hall is right in thinking that there is only one way of removing. Concerning Mrs Trollope's objection, and also concerning her specific, we are not so clear. The chief fault she finds with America is 'a want of refinement.' As soon as a rivalry in the comparative workmanship of diplomatic snuff-boxes is fairly established, she promises the benefit of her future protection to the United States. On an occasion when the vanity, by which in important matters she was so pestered, took this form, she was prompted to exclaim, that in case America would give a fair portion of her attention to the arts and graces that embellish life, she would do them the honour of another visit, and write another book, as unlike the present as possible. Can they resist this bribe? If so, she may well despair of them. We love the arts and embellishments of life as much as Mrs Trollope can do, and would say a few words concerning them, if we had time. Meanwhile, there are some hopes that our fair traveller and her fairer readers may be the victims of causeless alarm.

A little consideration will reduce within their proper limits the range of such moral consequences as can be inferred by any reasonable possibility from facts of this description. Mrs Trollope addresses the Americans much as Touchstone addresses Corin:—'Wast ever at court, shepherd?—No, truly.—Then 'thou art damned.—Nay, I hope.—Truly thou art damned like 'an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.—For not being at court? 'Your reason.—Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never 'saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then 'thy mauners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin 'is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.' Corin's answer comprises a considerable portion of the proper American reply. 'Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at 'the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the 'country is most mockable at court.' The grain of truth, which is contained in Touchstone's gibe, lies within narrow, and not very enviable limits. There is rather more ground in the case of *courtly* and *homely* than the etymology of the words, for the opinion, that courts are more favourable to the Grandison school of manners than a countrified domestic life. Lord Chesterfield assumes that courts are unquestionably the seats of good breed-

ing, and must necessarily be so. Plain men may perhaps think the alternative, on which that Belial of high life accounted for the necessity, ought to console those who are not happy enough to 'foremost in a circle eye a king.' Good breeding, he says, alone restrains there the excesses of enemies, who would stab, if they were not embracing. Of course, where it is the interest of all parties to make manners every thing, greater attention will be paid to them; but in nine cases out of ten, the 'art o' the court' runs out into artificial rules, which have no more to do with real good breeding, than the rules of the old French drama with real poetry. The French courtiers had a proverb for rusticity, '*C'est la politesse d'un Suisse en Hollande civilisé.*' The poverty and seclusion of the Swiss, in their glacier-parted vallies, and the money-making assiduity which nailed the Dutchman to his counter, will make it difficult to portion out to the republican form of government its proper share in this reproach. Hume has said all that can be said in support of the notion, that a long train of dependence, from the prince to the peasant, is more favourable to civility than the mutual restraint which prevails among comparative equals; and that the necessity of a candidate for office, looking upwards in a monarchy, and downwards in a republic, that is, of making himself agreeable in one case, and useful in the other, renders the first the natural soil of a refined taste and of the arts, the last that of a strong genius and the sciences. The instance of Greece seems to be fatal to this last distinction. The apparent want of what we mean by gentlemanliness in the manners of antiquity, was not confined to its republicans. As much brutality is reported in the repartees and actions of its kings. The seclusion of women in Greece was not republican, but partly Oriental, and partly connected with the Turkish vices of more modern times. But the Hôtel de Rambouillet might have envied the boudoir of Aspasia. The Roman matrons evidently held much the same scale in society as English ladies do at present. Cornelia was as high authority for pure Latin, as Mrs Montague could be for good English. In the age of the Crusades, who would be most like a gentleman, an accomplished citizen of Genoa and Pisa, or the kings of France and England, and the flower of their feudal barons?

Mrs Trollope dreads the government of the many as particularly discouraging to the arts. This is a longer story than we can now stop to tell. We will not press the case of Florence, but must say a few words concerning the ancients. It was a political problem with them to 'govern all by all.' If the arts and embellishments of life were necessarily destroyed under this

experiment, they must have gone to ruin in the bungling and confusion with which the experiment was made. The mechanism by which the legislative, executive, and judicial powers may be adjusted and kept apart, was perfectly unknown to the ancients. Jefferson, after reading Cicero's Letters, observes, that the classical world had no notion of government, and that, out of 2500 years, there was not a single day of liberty and order. In a comparison between the political objects which the ancient and modern republics had in view, there can be no question but that the principle of representation has aided the moderns with an instrument as powerful for bettering the science of government, as is either algebra or the telescope in analytics and astronomy. Mrs Trollope will say her test is not so much liberty and order, as the arts. Surely she can hardly think but that to the degree that we have removed license and disorder from popular institutions, we have rendered them more favourable to her favourite arts. However, to her examples. The parallel out of which she has endeavoured to manufacture an insult, must have forced on her attention the inconsistency of her argument. For the purpose of a sneer, her frontispiece is dedicated to the difference between the accomplishments of an Athenian and of an American republican. On turning over the page, her preface derives 'the taste and manners' of the American people from their political system. Now, according to her frontispiece, so far is all democracy from being fatal to the arts, that the species of democracy prevalent at Athens must be considered to be exceedingly favourable to them. Does she recommend the adoption of it to the Americans as the means by which they may make sure of Phidiasses and Sophocleses in abundance? This is really too absurd. The Romans also were republicans in their way. Mrs Trollope is perhaps aware that they never got beyond the elements of the arts. The Virginians are sometimes said to compliment themselves by a resemblance to the Romans, founded on their passions and their slaves. Suppose they were to add the further resemblance of leaving to others the melting bronze and the breathing marble, and were to seek, under the *tū regere imperio populos* of the Romans, for the dominion of the world,—is it imagined that the specialties by which forms of democracy may be distinguished, is the key which will decipher for us the secret of these anomalies?

The heretical odour of republicanism is smelt in tippling and in mint-julip. The Romans placed drunkenness amongst the most odious vices. The Greeks betook themselves to male drinking-bouts as a pleasure. But the great kings made it their

pride, and that too in a Mahommedan climate. It was one of the points in the character of Cyrus, which his courtiers most magnified. Darius Hystaspes had his merits in this line written on his tomb. So much for systems.

After this rationale of gin-tail on the part of our lady, we are not surprised at finding, that in her estimate of human nature, the serious standard interests of morals and of religion are considered to be safer under the caprices of an individual monarch, and under the close prejudices of a corporation, than when they are preserved and vivified by the free current and circulation of the public opinion of mankind. We were struck by one instance which excited her virtuous indignation, and which, as is usual, is given as conclusive, on the honesty of the American people. It is the case of an individual who had made a large fortune, dishonestly, in foreign parts, being afterwards well received in society at home. We say nothing of the exclusion of the tainted Nabobs of former days. Of course nobody eat their dinners. We know now of a merchant who made £30,000 out of the double bounties, by see-sawing between England and Ireland the same bales of Irish linens, under an outside layer of printed cottons put on at Liverpool. He was at last detected, but he walks the 'Change none the worse. We should rejoice heartily to see, in respect of conduct, a much greater difference made in society than is at present—to see political baseness discountenanced,—the writers of discreditable books shut out. Individually, we have no pleasure but in the company of persons whom we respect. The feeling, however, is far from being universal among people who are themselves highly respectable. It is in nowise characteristic of England. There is no scale of discriminating duties in our customs, by which the lion of a season, or the successful charlatan of a political party, has any such shibboleth to undergo.

We have often wondered at the ease with which travellers dispose of the character of a nation. Mrs Trollope seems not to be in the least aware that she has assumed a most difficult task. Her mode of treating it, and the consequence given to her conclusions, require that we should speak our mind with more sincerity and plainness than is agreeable when a lady is in the case. She has to thank herself, and her indiscreet patrons, for the necessity which they have imposed upon us in the discharge of our public duty. In doing this, we are sorry to be obliged to state, that she has neither the talents nor the attainments,—neither the temper nor the opportunities, which so comprehensive and delicate an undertaking imperatively requires. Of temper, we will say no more. As to opportunities, she

never set foot in New England ; nor saw even the walls of the English Boston, or the polite Charleston. Mr Ousely evidently never heard of the existence of such a person at Washington. She seems to have thought the worst steam-boat, the worst theatre, the worst labourers, the worst farm-houses, the worst religionists, the worst society, were the best means of getting at the truest opinion of the character of a nation. A friend who was in the United States, over all her beat, and a great deal more, in 1829 and 1830, has given us his notes upon her book, and cannot imagine where she got to see all that she has seen, and how she came not to see a great deal in direct contradiction with her statements.

The very talents which Mrs Trollope possesses are in her way. They throw temptations before her, which she has not the virtue to resist. We should as soon think of looking at the heavens through a kaleidoscope, as at a people with her eyes. Persons who have dealt much with barometers and retorts, know how rare it is to meet with an accurate observer. Drawers of clear and lively pictures, without the faculty of reasoning, are still more numerous. We knew a celebrated traveller of this sort, whose imagination could colour lectures on mineralogy, and who boasted, as a preacher, that he could draw tears by the effect which he could give to a single word—the word was Mesopotamia. When man is the subject, a variety of additional disturbing forces interpose. Mrs Trollope adopts Captain Hall's mystification about a difficulty in understanding the Americans. It is evident that no parish emigrant understood less about them than our author before she sailed. She misunderstood them during her stay, and has brought back as much error as she took out ; only in the opposite direction, and more injurious. She could never make out what they meant by their ' glorious ' institutions ;' and she has no other notion even now of what they mean by ' equality,' than that it is some impossible lie. For all men are not equally tall, equally clever, equally rich, and so forth. We do not much fancy the word in politics, because ignorant people may be misled by it. But surely some of her French friends can make the distinctions clear to her. It is one of the misfortunes of precipitate imaginations too often to plunge into these re-actions, upon the disappointment of some extravagant day-dream.

We hope that we are doing Mrs Trollope no more than justice. We desire to account for the falseness of the view which she calls a view of America, by attributing her error to incapacity and misconception—an incapacity for taking any thing like a comprehensive view of so important a subject ; and a misconception, by

which she has mistaken the spot on which she stood, and the scene immediately around her, for a continent and its great horizon. To be sure, she has signified, by a single line, her knowledge of the fact, that 'America forms a continent of almost 'distinct nations.' On passing from the straining and heaving west, into the comparative calm of the Atlantic States, half a paragraph is devoted to the observation, that she now found herself 'in a region, which, though bearing the same name, and 'calling itself the same land, was in many respects as different 'from the one she had left, as Amsterdam from St Petersburg.' But strange to say, her readers are not a bit the better for these admissions. She recognises, in not a great many more words than we are using, the appearance of a more careful husbandry in Virginia—the commencement of a look like the abodes of competence and comfort in the houses near Baltimore—that there is a religious severity in Philadelphian manners—that there is an air of leisure about the handsome capitol, and avenues of Washington. A glimpse at the aristocracy of New York, just satisfied her that society was to be met with there, which would be deemed delightful anywhere. As if she had saved her credit, and quieted her conscience by these parentheses, she passes on, and we hear no more of them. They have not the least influence on her summing up. Her mention, that there is a 'small patrician class,' and her exception in favour of the 'travelled and polished few,' (always in the conjunctive,) appear to be slipped in for the purpose of depriving us at home of the reply afforded by our experience. Not an attempt is made to discriminate between the Senators of the Union, and what she calls the 'I'm as good as you' population of Cincinnati. The literati, by the way, are honourably mentioned. We never before heard of them as a class; since there is a greater demand for the *tongue* than for the *pen* of genius at present. Dr Parr would be surprised to hear that they are characterised by their eschewing of tobacco in the midst of this chewing population. Otherwise there is not a hint by which the reader can guess whether almost all the slang stories in the book are not applicable to every body alike, on both sides of the Alleghany. This is the sort of *equality* which they are insinuated to have attained:

—"Too warm on picking work to dwell,
She faggoted her notions as they fell;
And, if they rhymed and rattled, all was well."

Few nations are separated by interests and peculiarities so wide as the northern free states, the southern slave-states, the

elastic and hourly expanding west. The shades of professional distinction delineated in 'the Americans as they are,' are more minute than can be expected from a visitor. But it is too much to bundle up together the farmer and manufacturer of the north, the planter of the south, and the settler of the west,—a population which, however homogeneous in some respects, is subjected to directly opposite influences, and can be connected only by the slight thread of the federal constitution. This comes of having a system, and of being epigrammatic. What must one think of systems and epigrams, bought at such a price! The degree to which a mind, otherwise quick enough, can be narrowed and obscured by prejudice, is remarkably displayed in the turn which her feelings take over the grave of a poor Irish labourer, who died of a fever at the Chesapeake canal, instead of hunger in Connaught; and by a broad hint, that it is the fashion to let off American culprits, and hang up an Irishman in their stead. Emigration, under the most favourable circumstances, must be accompanied with many hardships. When necessity has got so far inside the door, as to raise that question, any rational person may be safely left to choose between Mrs Trollope's gloomy warning, and Mr Vigne's encouraging assurances. We have seen a variety of letters, written by emigrants from different parts of England, unconnected with each other. They were, on the whole, all equally satisfactory. Two sketches are given of the interior of Maryland farm-houses. The use made of them is a good instance of our author's judgment. Her moral is to show, that a high rented farm in England, is a much better thing than a good freehold near Washington. In both cases, it appears that the owners were drunkards and dawdlers by profession;—men whom, in any country, it must be impossible to keep in real independence and comfort for a day.

The scale of virtues and vices depends upon proportions. When a lady draws an indictment against a whole nation, and makes a hanging matter of it, she ought to be clear in her notions, and cautious in her expressions. If Mrs Trollope has not sinned egregiously against this first principle of justice, her notion of these proportions must be very unlike those of other Englishwomen. She charges the Americans, as a nation, with want of religion, want of morals, and want of honesty. Nevertheless, want of refinement is their great fault! If they will repent of that, and love the arts and the pretties, they have an express promise from her, that she will once more take them into her good graces. The nation, as a body, cannot complain (whatever their puritanical clergy may do) that absolution from the abovementioned peccadilloes is not offered them on

easy terms. We trust that the ladies of the old world and the new, will yet stand by their olden rules of comparative merit and demerit. We are as unable to reconcile her judgments with each other. The astonishment is not yet over with which, in the middle of six hundred pages of unqualified ridicule and abuse, we stumbled on a slight parenthesis. It is the burden of her song throughout, that a perfect indifference to principle is a national feature in the Americans. She almost prefers the native red man to the American white—the indigenous savage to the exotic. Jonathan is a dull boy, with neither feeling, nor charity, nor probity—Jewish in his religion, brutal in his familiarity, whom you cannot walk behind without overhearing him talking about dollars. His public opinion is nothing but a pulse in the limb of the monster mob. His women are devotees, but cross as porcupines; prudes, but indelicate. The following parenthesis puts rather hard terms on the faithful among her readers:—‘Notwithstanding all this, the country is a very fine country, well worth visiting, for a thousand reasons; nine hundred and ninety-nine of these are reasons founded on admiration and respect; the thousandth is, that we shall feel the more contented with our own.’ Why—the reverse of this apportionment—one in a thousand given to admiration and respect, and the remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine to nothing worse than to a preference of England—is ‘peradventure’ salt enough to save a city. We have British pride enough about us to consider, that even that supposition would leave a book like this a most unjust and uncharitable publication.

Mrs Trollope has nothing of the necessary attainments. We do not mean the attainments necessary to do justice to the great parts of the American case—the weightier matters of the law—but to the mint and cumin which she presumes to tithe. An ice eaten at Tortoni’s, and a line or two by heart from Parry, could not prepare her for what she ought to expect across the Atlantic, nor teach her what were the inferences to be drawn from all she found there. Whatever a case may be, no reasonable opinion can be formed without first making one’s self master of the nature of it; and without weighing the different circumstances which have to be taken into account. Otherwise all our knowledge of a people is only skin deep. The elements even of their actual condition, although they may be superficially seen, will be most imperfectly appreciated. Every prospect which, properly considered, their aspect might unfold to us, must remain completely closed.

A little acquaintance with human nature and society, might have spared Mrs Trollope some trouble, and her readers, we

hope, some sneers. The effect of what appears to be her first journey beyond the Boulevards of Paris, would not then have been to sour and deepen, but to remove many prejudices, and soften all. She would have known that the relative importance of masters and servants to each other, depends on the proportion of the supply and demand of labour. In a country where the means of employment are far in advance of the number of persons seeking for it, the rudest master learns practically the lesson which, in older countries, it takes some pains to impress on spoilt children—namely, that we are more obliged to servants, than servants are to us. Gentlefolk, who cannot submit to the differences which may result from this change in the debtor and creditor side of the account, had far better stay at home. This does not depend on republicanism. In Mrs Grant's time, very few persons had white servants. Adventurers who found a settlement a slower process than they expected, took to apprenticing out their children. Under the circumstances of America, nobody with a grain of judgment would have looked (*à priori*) there for much refinement of manners. The first reasonable American whom she had taken the pains to consult would scout the possibility. Comparative solitude is favourable to independence of mind, and is necessary to carrying quick the seeds of society, over a wide country; but it is not favourable to conversation and the graces. Volney observes, that the French were too sociable to bear to live sufficiently alone, to succeed as settlers. On the other hand, the English have lost (or the French would rather say, have kept) their manners, and have made a world. Her friend, Captain Hall, has already anticipated the substance of the principal topics on which she dilates, upon the authority of an American Chesterfield. It is not probable that a reviewer would go out of his way to offend his countrymen, by denying them merits which they seriously pretend to. Mrs Trollope might have seen in an elaborate notice of Darby's View of the United States in the *American Quarterly*, their own opinion of themselves. 'The manners of the people of the United States are not generally refined, but are very generally civil. The portion living in cities, and who travel and enjoy social intercourse, are polished and courteous. The body of our farmers, and people of the interior, are indeed rough in their manners, though not boorish.'

The wisest Americans have discouraged the placing too much importance on things of this sort in their present state. Luxury comes ordinarily quick enough. M. Achille Murat once saw at New York a French *corps du ballet* put the ladies to the rout as summarily as Mrs Trollope says she witnessed their flight from

the theatre at Cincinnati. However, there are some hopes of the barbarians yet. A friend of ours has since seen French opera girls at the theatres, both of Boston and New York, with petticoats as short, exposures as problematical, and success as complete as the mother of a family need wish for. *Vive la republique!* The gentlemen of the United States travel in greater numbers over the Continent of Europe, and are the best customers that the Roman artists and scalpellini have, after the English. We felt for Mr Vigne, in the confusion into which his European figure threw the quadrillers at New York. He may live to perhaps yet waltz there, and complete his *dos à dos* in peace.

There is a great deal more in all questions concerning manners, whether general or particular, than we apprehend has found its way into the ridicule where most ladies carry their philosophy. A test of morals which shall bring out precisely the same answer in respect of the same facts, all the world over, has not yet been found: conscience varies, utility varies. A test of taste and manners equally applicable every where is a still more improbable discovery. A much greater latitude, in the latter instance, must be allowed. Lord Byron says of Italy, 'their moral is not our moral, nor their life our life.' Much less uniformity can be expected on the minor points of arbitrary fashion. Many of the things, however exaggerated in the descriptions of Mrs Trollope, are, we believe, so far true, that we imagine our own taste is too completely made up in a different school, ever to accommodate itself comfortably to them. To take the worst instance of all in the opinion of an Englishman. In case he spit over his carpet, there would be an end of our pleasure in the company of Washington himself. We must go through the mill of some strange metamorphosis before we could love the prettiest and most perfect woman that ever lived, who had contracted such a trick. Yet, what is the proper course? In case we seek the nuisance by going in the way of it, we ought to bear it patiently whilst on the spot. If we begin grumbling about the Vandals and democracy, a moment's recollection ought to suggest to us that the Roman Emperors were never worth a pocket-handkerchief; that Mr Hodgson has collected a page of authorities for this nasty practice, from even the most monarchical and fashionable parts of Europe; that Lord Byron, in answer to a critical objection made by Foscolo, against an expression in one of his plays, observes, 'the French and Italians, with those flags of abomination, their pocket-handkerchiefs, spit there, and here, and everywhere else, in your face almost, and therefore object to it on the stage as too

‘familiar.’ The actors clear their throats upon the stage, by way of by-play. The whole case of these secretions is a very unmanageable one at best. When we once begin to reason about them, it will be difficult to know where to stop till we come to the fastidiousness of the ancient Persians. In matters of delicacy and manners, every country has some favourite points on which it refines, and others on which it relaxes. Slight mutual criticisms on these minutiae are constantly passing and repassing amongst neighbouring nations. Every foreigner, and every traveller, can make a list of them—of our own among the rest. The best manners must in all circumstances be those, the tendency of which is to combine as much pleasure with as little pain, as belongs to the nature of the points in question. There can be no such thing as an abstract standard in such a subject; and there is much less real ill-breeding in the difference between any possible national customs, than in an offensive outrage on the customs of a country where you are. Two nations equally refined may have a great deal to get over in this respect, in their intercourse with each other. The Eastern and the Western world is completely at cross purposes; reversing not more every principle of public, than every form of private life. Yet the East was civilized when our ancestors were painting their hides. The Persians are the French of the East. We happen to be for a considerable part of the year in daily intercourse with a most accomplished Persian gentleman. Having the perfection of good-breeding, he conceals such impressions from the society in which he is living, yet doubtless there must be something or other happening to disgust him every day. He has assured us that in England he has felt obliged to adopt, in self-defence, what appears to him such a hardness and brutality of manner, that he expects to be kicked out of the first company he may get into on returning home.

This topic of manners is one which we trust the folly of those who moot it, will not compel us to resume and to pursue. Nations have left off going to war about the consecration of a wafer, or the shape of a turban. Will the when and the where a hat ought to be kept on, make a prettier quarrel? How little can our petty mannerists know of the facts which distinguish the *honestum* and *decorum* of different countries from each on points of this kind! and which, in the same country, would raise a battery of shrugs and simpers—of horror and of wonderment—from one age against another! Would it be an irreparable dishonour (supposing it to be true), that America was now, in this respect, at the point where England was, at a period when she was most admired, and most worthy to be admired? Could

we take back our waiting gentlewomen into the hospitable hall of Sir Thomas More, strewn with rushes, we know from Erasmus, that they would find the floor so matted with bones, fragments, liquor, and vermin, that the frequent plagues of London were supposed to be engendered by its filth. They would see the gallant, the incomparable Raleigh, him who was crowned with every laurel—the tobacco running from his lips, and as yet no Dutch spitting-box by his side. They would catch the maids of honour breakfasting on beefsteaks and ale; whilst the great Elizabeth herself shall be dancing (not in cotton, but) in cloth stockings, before her court, and swearing one of her father's oaths. Mrs Trollope breaks out in raptures over the delightfulness of French Memoirs. Does she remember none of the strange things she must have found there, and which we must acquire her *espieglerie* in narration, before we can venture to repeat? She reproaches the Americans with knowing little or nothing of the English literature of preceding times. If she has much the advantage of them in that respect, we suspect her superiority chiefly lies among our dramatists and essayists, memoirs and novels. As Roman Catholic Dryden asked of the Protestant bigots of his day—can we consent, in our passion for proscriptions, that our fathers shall be damned? Is it sensible, or becoming, to provoke, not as antiquarians, but polemics, this scavenger enquiry? Are there no ‘unrazed lips,’ and nothing worse, as low down as our Squire Westons, Sullens, and Wrongheads? What is the want of private rooms and of single chambers in an inn? Surely not part of the pains and penalties of democracy. There are living memories enough which can bear witness to the overflowing measure of Scotch and Irish hospitality—when, as a thing of course, twenty ladies would sleep in the same chamber, two or three gentlemen probably in the same bed, and the rest of the male company in the barn. Is it quite so clear that a nation gains more than it loses by progressive niceties and subtleties, and in things of this description? The proper medium is soon, and, as wealth increases in a community, is certainly passed. A class of persons is formed, who depend for their place and existence in society on the accrediting of these distinctions.

But the truth is, we cannot be allowed to sit as judges in our own cause. Other nations must be called in. If the French and the Italians will preside on this tribunal, and keep their countenances, the French and the Italians must decide upon our right to read lectures to other and especially younger nations, on manners and the arts; and on our prudence in holding matters of ornament to be the test of national perfection. It is really

not our interest to set up this man-milliner's standard. In the travels of such foreigners as are acquainted with both countries, the Prince of Saxe Weimar, Beltrami, &c., for instance, we shall see reason to conjecture that the shades of distinction in our respective powers of pleasing, are not so strongly marked as some of our exclusive self-worshippers may believe. Let only an American Mrs Trollope keep a Note-Book for a year in a Bath boarding-house—dine at our provincial ordinaries on market-day—look up the back lanes of our manufacturing towns, and in at the alehouses of our villages—pass two years at the nearest approach to an English Cincinnati, a bustling town springing up near some mechanic's 'privilege of water!' If she had time to review our remote clergy, non-resident rectors, and starving curates—to make the tour of our churches and Caledonian chapels—to take down the unremarkable and remarkable passages of our sermons—to step into our courts at law, when Mr Alley and Mr Adolphus were wrangling, when Sir Edward Sugden was exercising his petulant supremacy, or Lord Wynford hearing a Scotch appeal—if she could only peep at our Houses of Parliament whilst Sir Charles Wetherell was collecting his attitudes, and Lord Caernarvon his vocabulary for a speech—or stand at the door whilst the message for a dissolution was delivering—alas! that the Lord should have delivered us into her hands.

Were such a calamity to befall us, our answer would be as follows: Facts like these prove nothing but the variety of human nature in a country, where, thank God, 'every man has 'his humour;' and the difficulty of reasoning broadly on such a subject. English merchants and writers have attacked, and do still attack, the law of debtor and creditor in the United States;—we think with justice, thus far, and as long, at least, as their law allows a debtor to give an iniquitous preference to one or more favoured creditors over the rest. Mr Webster, however, has rejoined by referring to the bankrupt and insolvent laws of England, where millions of debt have been paid by a penny in the pound. We have heard Mr Montague say in the Court of Chancery, that on our present system, a London tradesman was thought to owe it to his family to be a bankrupt twice. Upon this sort of case Mr Webster, in a Review, now printed with his speeches, asks, 'If we were to try our hand at such a paragraph as Mr Bristed has written, and the *Quarterly Review* has cited against us, might we not say, "England is not a country for a man to recover his debts. All her merchants, who are debtors, are provided for, by what she calls her system of Bankruptcy, a stupendous system, which many of

‘ her most eminent lawyers have been honest enough to confess
‘ was productive of unmeasured fraud and injustice; and as
‘ to all the rest of her subjects who may owe any thing, there
‘ is the Insolvent Debtors’ Court, where any body may be
‘ discharged; and of this Court it is enough to say, that du-
‘ ring all its existence, although no man can be discharged with-
‘ out surrendering all his property, which the law says shall go
‘ to his creditors, yet in truth no creditor ever gets any thing.
‘ How much the officers of the Court get we do not know; and
‘ what becomes of that part which they do not get, we do not
‘ know, but we do know that the creditor gets nothing.”’ In
the spirit, however, of a gentleman and a lover of truth, he
forbears. The feeling under which he forbears covers the whole
case of these national imputations—wide as they may drag their
net. We beg our imaginary American Mrs Trollope, before she
publishes against us the counter-poison which we have sup-
posed her to have collected, to listen to her countryman. ‘ It
‘ is hardly fit to write such paragraphs, even for the mere pur-
‘ pose of showing how easily they may be written. It is a dan-
‘ gerous curiosity to commit sins, only to learn or to show with
‘ what facility sins may be committed.’

Mrs Trollope’s style has, it must be admitted, great smart-
ness; she moves trippingly along; ‘ her very foot speaks.’ On
looking closer, however, we are warranted in complaining that,
throughout two volumes, she has not made a single sensible ob-
servation on any important subject. According to her, strange
instruction, nevertheless, is to be found in a tour through the
United States. From under-taxed America we shall ‘ have an
‘ idea how much of the money collected in taxes returns among
‘ the people, not only in the purchase of what their industry
‘ furnishes, but in the actual enjoyment of what is furnished!’
In the fair stage and no favour which America offers to every
form of Christianity and faith, we shall learn what are the
points, that is, of belief, on which the magistrates ‘ of a great
‘ nation should *dictate* to them, and on what points they should
‘ be left freely to their own guidance!’ She seems not to have
a glimpse of the nature of the compromise implied in these
questions; and to take no concern in this or any other serious
matter beyond their capability of furnishing the materials for a
joke. Now, the Americans are a matter-of-fact people; and
those who meddle with it at all are in earnest, even about reli-
gion. There is nothing in the real case of revivals and camp
meetings on one hand, or in the debate (Revelation or no Reve-
lation) between Mr Owen and the Rev. Mr Campbell on the
other, but what can wait for discussion till a future day, for

any light that is thrown on them by their female critic. It is with reluctance, however, that we postpone expressing our view of the moral of these phenomena. We have been still more unwilling to defer a statement on the aspect which slavery presents at this moment in the Union; on the measures which have been carried into effect for checking the internal slave trade between the different states; as also on the growing influence of the Colonization Society and the settlement at Liberia. Mrs Trollope's speculations on slavery extend little beyond a story of her own humanity; her experience of the convenience and the comfort of it; and her opinion that 'its influence is far less injurious to the manners and morals of the people, than the fallacious ideas of equality which are so fondly cherished by the working classes of the whites.' No stronger proof was ever given of the pivot on which individual sympathies may turn than the fact that slavery—the subject on which the supposed prejudices of Americans constitute, in the eyes of most Englishmen, 'the head and front of their offending,' and which is at all events the master curse of the country,—should be the subject which Captain Hall and Mrs Trollope agree in selecting for especial tenderness and forbearance.

There is a chapter professedly on Education and Literature. It must open the eyes almost of the blind as to the mode in which this book has been got up. The education of America is a noble field—the lady who had left England without ever having seen an infant school was likely enough to pass on one side of it. It is not easily made ridiculous. So we have three or four shallow pages on the desirableness that instruction should be restricted to the classics; and in reproving American literature for not having yet got the playful tone, in the wholesome exercise of which she recognises the use of a Reviewer, and which she considers to be 'perhaps the last finish of highly finished society.' A certain M. Ferry de Constant once made a collection of English lampoons, which he passed off as 'les Anglois peints par eux-mêmes.' The honesty of such a finesse is almost equalled by extracting the trash of newspapers, or annuals, as examples of the genius of a nation. In an hour, by the help of 'Rosa Matildas and tears of sensibility' from the *Morning Post*, our lords and ladies, who are said to read it, might be shown to be born idiots. On this principle we would undertake, in a week, to make out—by a selection from speeches at public meetings, from the literature of contested elections, from the addresses of secretaries to political unions, from the party placards of parish vestries—a case which should leave not a pretence for sense and decency to the body of the English people. The sup-

posed success of a work like Mrs Trollope's, according to this way of judging, would be a proof, strong as holy writ, of our frivolity, ignorance, and ill-manners. Every ignominy under heaven might be thus easily stamped on the brow of every people. She calls Jefferson's posthumous works 'a mighty mass of mis-'chief.' Has she ever read them? Very probably his countrymen overrate them. They are merely a private correspondence. But the correspondence of the prince of American democracy must be a book of matter deep and dangerous; of adventurous spirit, and most instructive meanings. The Kings of Europe at least have the strongest interest in supporting his authority. Nowhere have we ever seen such positive asseverations on the madness of attempting a republic, with our materials, in this quarter of the world. If our political unions will believe that Jefferson was as good a patriot, and as wise a statesman as Mr Wakley, no honest union—when the crisis of the Reform Bill is once over—will keep itself embodied alongside the regular government another day.

The following is Mrs Trollope's notice of Mr Bryant: 'It is, 'I think, Mr Bryant who ranks highest as the poet of the 'Union. This is too lofty an eminence for me to attack; besides, '“I am of another parish,” and therefore, perhaps no very fair 'judge.' It is answer enough to this sally of mere impertinence, that Washington Irving has published an edition of these Anglo-American poems, and dedicated them to Mr Rogers. Our readers are entitled to a short specimen by which they may judge of our lady's right to take this tone with Mr Bryant. Spite of the 'boughs' and 'bows,' the sultriness under which we are writing makes us select two stanzas from an address 'To the 'Evening Wind'—to the Spirit breathing through his lattice.

' Go rock the little woodbird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
Pleasant shall be thy way, where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass
'Twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

' The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit grateful to his burning brow.'

In a case of this kind, a single extract is an injustice. Let our readers buy the volume. They can then judge for themselves, whether a people—we do not say, among whom such a poet has been produced, (for that might be one of nature's accidents,) but among whom such a poet is the popular poet of the Union,—can deserve the character given them by Mrs Trollope. Truly may she say, that she is 'of another parish.' She had some difficulty in reconciling herself to a possible beauty in scenery without feudal castles. She succeeded at last. Her faith in the connexion between the feudal system and the moral sense was too deep to allow her to believe in the existence of honourable feeling in a society where 'chivalry had never been.' In the same way, her notion of poetry, we suppose, depends on a supposed pedigree of Latin and Greek learning. We are sure, however, that Moore will not thank her for raking up the recanted libel of his youth. If the American character has a little too much prose in it at present, like his friend Lord Byron, he will make an exception in its favour, out of respect to the heroism of their gallant past, and the poetry of their great hereafter.

In reading a book of this nature, three distinct questions present themselves, to which the answers may be as distinct. First, Are the facts true—or at least not distortions, exaggerated in their outline, and discoloured even as single facts? Unluckily, we cannot make room for the special criticisms with which we have been furnished. Secondly, Supposing them to be true as single facts, are they not nevertheless too few for sweeping inductions; and therefore as false for foundations of general inference as if individually untrue? May there not be some distinction between Cincinnati and the Atlantic cities—between the backwoodsman, whose life is past in fighting snakes, and members of Congress? Lastly, Supposing them to be true even in the last sense, yet to what do they amount? Do they prevent the Americans from still being an extraordinary people? May there not be a triumphant case behind, of which this is merely the filigree and the shreds? 'True,' said a great man of antiquity, 'I cannot fiddle, but I can make a small state a great one.' Probably there may be no such thing as an American fine gentleman, though Mrs Trollope fell in with dandies by wood and fell; or, if a few exist, they probably are wretched copies of their 'great sublime' the European original. There are fewer degrees in American society; each of them, too, stands nearer the other, and in bolder masses. All may be proportionably under less restraint from the *noli me tangere* etiquettes of conventional good breeding. What then? With untameable energy they may nevertheless be clearing the way for the human race over

a new world. Are not the hardships and the drudgery incidental to their career, penalty enough for their services in behalf of future generations who will look back on their adventures as a romance? Must they also be twitted with the indignities of contemporary ridicule and reproach from the do-nothings of Europe? Meanwhile their progress in building up the frame of cities and societies may be nevertheless surpassing the prodigies of Amphion, and of the Jack and the Bean stalk fairy tale. Whose employment is the worst—their successful enterprise—or the affectation of gaping strangers, come across the Atlantic to quiz the rustics through an opera lorgnette? We repeat that we are not republicans for Europe. We are so far of the school of Jefferson, and have profited by his experience, that we consent to take his word; nevertheless, we do not shut our eyes to the ‘pattern of that just equality,’ perhaps possible in their condition. The hope that in their seed, as in that of Abraham, all the nations of the earth may be blessed, is a vanity, which, if we do not share, we can pardon—nay more, we can admire. The experiment which they are trying, is, in their case, as reasonable in itself, as it is honourable to themselves, and deeply interesting to mankind.

Mrs Trollope has made it necessary that we should disclaim her authority, and disconnect the people of England from her book. The necessity is of her making; and we are truly sorry for it. In his quarrels with the London press, Cobbett has repeatedly wished that he could set his ‘public instructors—of ‘the broad sheet’ in Hyde Park in a row, and show them to the people. We never saw our female Herodotus of the Western world. The internal evidence, however, shows her sufficiently for her purpose. On one hand, are we prepared to condemn a people on her word? On the other, ought we to suffer nationally in the opinion of that people, from the prejudice which must be created by her proceedings? With respect to the first question, there is such a total want about her book of that refinement of mind—which is the only security for all other refinements of value—that we would not hang a cat on her opinion for a breach of manners. Such an Arab air and back-settlement restlessness pervade her pages,—such a blue-stocking contempt for household cares, and for the duties, and decencies, and charities, which are, after all, the *petite morale* of a home,—that we equally decline accepting her as a judge of what is, and what is not, a healthy domestic life. Considering the absentee and migratory state in which she was living at the time, it required no little hardihood to press this topic. We would give a trifle to see the face of her friend, Miss Wright, when she reads the grave and

loyal preface, in which Mrs Trollope prays for the attention of philosophical enquirers to the condition of morality and religion in America. It would be invidious to carry this test further; and to proceed taking off the feathers one by one, although from borrowed plumage. With respect to the second question; in case the Americans should take amiss Mrs Trollope's exaggerations, they ought to bear in mind, that she stands solely on her own responsibility. She was not sent out by the English people, nor has she been adopted by them since her return. In arithmetic on so large a scale, a small *clique* passes without notice, like 'errors excepted' in a sum of millions. The opinion of the middling classes on the point is very fairly given in that unpretending, but most intelligent periodical, the *Penny Magazine*—a work which of course all our six-shilling readers read. The opinion of the manly part of the Tory gentry, may be fairly gathered from an excellent paper in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It has tasked the honest ingenuity of some very friendly and able critic, when called upon to bless, not to do the contrary altogether. The sagacious among the conservatives will not thank her. There is not the sort of information of which they are in want. Her interjection on having her eyes opened to the benefits of taxation, is rather more than they can venture on at present; especially as their argument of the other day, that the American government was not a cheap government, is yet too recent to be forgotten. Her horror also at the lower orders for being so very low, is inconvenient at a moment when the Carlist example of a possible junction with them, and of 'going for the whole hog,' (as they say in Kentucky,) is thought to be perhaps upon the cards. The lady patronesses must decline the authority of a person who saw nothing of the good society of America. Mr Ouseley appears not to have heard of her at the White house at Washington. Besides, there are germs of distinction budding forth, visible enough to give hopes of an ultimate Almack's on the Ohio. The levity with which the feather of her pen plays about pious priests and others, who presume to travel beyond the ruts of the highway of a mere liturgical and nominal profession, makes it impossible that she should be the chosen vessel of any of our religious societies. The Bishops must consider the profaneness of her tone on such occasions unbecoming. The Society for the Suppression of Vice can still less own her. Her hatred of prudery is too unguarded: the 'relish' (to use an American word) with which she flavours her stories is too intense. There are passages in her account of the Camp-meetings and Revivals, about flesh coloured dresses for artist's models, peeps into Statue Galleries, and the sharp look-out

which American ladies keep on the visitors of improper houses, which would stick in most men's throats, if they came upon them, reading aloud to their families. Unconnected with our political, our fashionable, our religious or moral world—the circle which our author represents and compromises, spreads scarcely beyond herself. We beseech, therefore, the ladies of the United States, not to adopt her example of rapid generalization, and infer that we must be a nation of Mrs Trollopes.

We have nothing more at heart than a cordial friendship between America and England. There is no reason in the world why it should not be, and every reason why it should. How gladly would we apply to our silly bickerings Adams's happy allusion upon their party sectional disputes! 'We angry lovers mean not half what we say.' England is not merely the old country; it is the only country with which America has much European concern or contact. This circumstance has singled out and fixed an importance and character on every thing that she is supposed to do or say, or think or feel, concerning the United States, which her conduct would not possess were the rest of Europe equally in the field. It is as natural for them to think too much, as for us to think too little, about their glorious revolutionary struggle. The somewhat needless parade of their 4th of July anniversaries, connects England with annual hostile recollections. If they are astonished at the facility with which we seem to have forgotten the mortification of defeat, there is at least this merit in the oblivion,—we must, as a previous condition, have entirely forgiven them their success. The eagerness of the aspiration and of the effort with which America already flies her kite at every object of excellence, and every pinnacle of power, manifests an energy and a purpose at which it is impossible not to clap our hands. We should clap the louder were they less palpably aware of their own merits. The merit is a little disfigured by too evident a conceit of what they have done themselves, and by an unseemly jealousy of what has been done or is doing by others. England appears at times to be the particular object of this jealousy. The preference is more flattering than agreeable. To the degree that it is connected with an apprehension, that in consequence of their former dependency the pretensions of a stepdame superiority are lingering over our actual relation, it is quite unreasonable. As far as it is necessarily connected with our concurrent enterprise in the same lines of usefulness and ambition, both parties must consent to the consequences of so honourable a competition. What a source of honest pride to the Englishmen of Europe, that, whilst the race of France is stationary in Canada, and is

disappearing in Louisiana—whilst Spain has scarcely impregnated with her stock the borders of the golden kingdoms of Mexico and Peru—our children have stamped our character on a vast continent, and so breathe our spirit and follow out our example, that they are already treading on our heels! Whatever clouds may seem at times to pass over the space between us, we never can believe but that the Englishmen of America brighten their countenances in the reflected glory of their European kindred, past, present, and to come. Let them overtake us, if they can, in the road of civilisation and of honour. It is not so narrow, but that two can go abreast. Let them pass us, and we shall feel much prouder in their progress than shame at being left behind.

The political collisions which have arisen out of the maritime and colonial questions between the two governments,—the airs given themselves by English travellers,—and the prevalent tone of English literature,—seem to have created an impression which we are confident is undeserved. They have combined to mislead a portion of the American public with regard to the real feelings of the English people. This is very much to be regretted; but it is not a matter of surprise to us. There is nothing so difficult as to put nations in possession of the truth on such a subject. Grave French Professors of the present day, have left England within these six months, convinced that our actual national occupation is (and has been for the last fifteen years) something very like teaching starlings the name of Waterloo. There are American writers, who believe that the independence of America, its republican institutions, and its growing greatness, are a mortification, example, and apprehension, from the thoughts of which an English child shrinks instinctively in his cradle. Here and there, it is certain, that foolish and prejudiced individuals, entertaining similar sentiments, may be found. But is there a subject on which some possible absurdity or other is not represented by a fraction of society? It is enough to separate the English people from their communion that we can honestly declare, so few are their number, that we know no such person, and have never met with one. The truth is, that distant countries can afford to think little of each other except when they are at war, or about to be. The distance at which America is placed,—the policy which she has wisely pursued of standing aloof from the feuds of Europe, the unobtrusive nature of the objects on which she has been so successfully engaged,—keep her very much out of sight, except in the case of those who have some personal connexion with her. America has enjoyed immense advantages from the waste of waters which are between us, and from the

waste of wilderness at her back. She must take along with them the disadvantages of her position and of her policy—and this among the rest, if she pays us the compliment of so considering it. Our ignorance is far, however, from being indifference; much less is it premeditated ill-will. Could England be polled upon such a subject, the section of the present generation would be small indeed, which would not wish their American brethren hearty joy of their good fortune—joy that the United States have achieved their independence—joy that they have established such institutions as they thought were best suited to their condition—joy, that they are laying deep in prosperous industry and political contentment the foundations of an empire greater and happier—probably ten times greater—certainly a thousand fold happier—than the empire of the Cæsars.

In the meantime, it would be as well if the Americans would conceal their pride a little, and take more pains to be always proud in the right place. Of some things however—of their sense, their vigour, their manliness—it is impossible to be too proud. We, the mother country, (the Berecynthia of ‘a hundred sons, and every son a God,’) stand too upon our right to share with them in their glory. Greece and Rome boasted of their colonies—their emigrant settlements in Asia or in Gaul. What would they have thought of ours? How would they have trampled down trumpety criticisms upon a diversity of manners and a variety in dialect or accent! How would they have exulted in the parentage of a stock which, in the brief period of one hundred and fifty years, had swelled from a knot of pilgrims into an independent nation; and which, in the first fifty years of its independence as a nation, had drawn together, by a centripetal force like that of nature, the discordant materials of half a globe, and magnetized the mass with the electric spark of civil and religious freedom!

Mrs Trollope was unfortunate in her researches concerning the distinguished men of America, (or America must be rich indeed,) when she stopped before she reached the name of Daniel Webster. The following splendid passage is part of a discourse delivered by him some years ago at Plymouth, in commemoration of the first settlement of New England. Our spirit rushed towards him when first we read it. We read it as we are sure he spoke it—thrilling. In return, we are confident that he will join us in our prayer, that his ‘*matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*,’ may have long to wait for an undisputed triumph over the waning charms of her matron parent. Empires wisely managed start anew, and outlive the eagle. The fresh blood of a

vivifying system from time to time may renew their beauty and restore their strength. All true Anglo-Americans must rejoice to be undeceived in their prognostics of our decay. The English Reform Bill, and the interest which America took in it, are a pledge that ages of generous rivalry may be yet before us ere the fatal day when the wand of genius and the rod of empire are doomed to fall out of our decrepit hands. 'It was not given to Rome to see, either at her zenith, or in her decline, a child of her own, distant indeed, and independent of her control, yet speaking her language, and inheriting her blood, springing forward to a competition with her own power, and a comparison with her own great renown. She saw not a vast region of the earth, peopled from her stock, full of states and political communities, improving upon the models of her institutions, and breathing in fuller measure the spirit which she had breathed in the best periods of her existence; enjoying and extending her arts and her literature; rising rapidly from political childhood to manly strength and independence; her offspring, yet now her equal; unconnected with the causes which might affect the duration of her own power and greatness; of common origin, but not linked to a common fate; giving ample pledge that her name should not be forgotten, that her language should not cease to be used among men; that whatsoever she had done for human knowledge and human happiness, should be treasured up and preserved; that the record of her existence, and her achievements, should not be obscured, although, in the inscrutable purposes of Providence, it might be her destiny to fall from opulence and splendour; although the time might come, when darkness should settle on all her hills; when foreign or domestic violence should overturn her altars and her temples; when ignorance and despotism should fill the places where Laws, and Arts, and Liberty had flourished; when the feet of barbarism should trample on the tombs of her consuls, and the walls of her senate-house and forum echo only to the voice of savage triumph. She saw not this glorious vision, to inspire and fortify her against the possible decay or downfall of her power. Happy are they, who in our day may behold it, if they shall contemplate it with the sentiments which it ought to inspire!'

ART. IX.—*Observations on the Duties on Insurance.* 8vo. London: 1832.

SINCE the article on our Commercial Policy was printed, a very important measure has been introduced for amending the laws with respect to the customs. Besides simplifying some of the proceedings at the custom-house, the duties on a long list of articles have been materially reduced. Among others, the duty on hemp is reduced from 4s. 8d. to 1d. per cwt.; a reduction which will be of great consequence to the shipping interest, and generally to the manufactures of the country. The duties on stick-lac, almonds, bark, mahogany, &c., and on most species of drugs and seeds, are also very greatly reduced. We congratulate our readers on this new developement of the sound principles of commercial finance. With the exception of the hemp duty, amounting to L.60,000 or L.70,000 a-year, we doubt whether the other reductions will, at an average, take a sixpence from the revenue, while they will certainly give very considerable facilities to commerce.

While, however, we beg to express our gratitude to government for this measure, we cannot forbear stating our regret that they have not extended their reductions a little farther. No one doubts the propriety of the reduction of the duty on almonds, and still less would any one have doubted the propriety of a similar reduction of the duties on currants and raisins. These are among the most grossly overtaxed articles in the British tariff. The cost of currants in bond may be taken at about 25s. a cwt., the duty being 44s. 4d. And yet so great is the demand for the article, that, notwithstanding this enormous duty, the revenue derived from currants amounts to about L.260,000. But, considering the various important purposes to which this valuable fruit may be applied, and the growing demand for it among all classes, we believe it may be fairly concluded, that, were the duty reduced to 10s. or 12s. a cwt., the consumption would be so much augmented, that the revenue would gain by the change. The duty on raisins varies from 26s. to 42s. 6d. a cwt., and is, if possible, still more oppressive than that on currants. It has made raisins be regarded as a luxury which cannot be used by any but the more opulent classes; whereas, were it reduced to 8s. or 10s. a cwt., they would be extensively used by all ranks and orders. We cannot, therefore, see on what principle government should have reduced the duty on almonds, and allowed the still more objectionable duties on currants and raisins to continue at their present oppressive amount. It is to no purpose to say, that the

state of the revenue would not admit of their reduction ; for it is demonstrable, that they might be reduced to the extent already mentioned without the sacrifice of a sixpence of revenue.

Considering the state of our relations with France and Holland, it was as well, perhaps, to postpone for the present any modification of the duty on brandy and geneva ; but this is a matter that must speedily force itself on the attention of government. The attempt to levy the exorbitant duty of 22s. 6d. a gallon on an article costing only from 3s. 6d. to 4s., is one that could not be productive of any but mischievous consequences. This ‘ abominable ‘ duty,’ for so it was justly characterised by Mr Huskisson, has rendered the coasts of Kent and Sussex the theatre of perpetual contests between the peasantry and the coast guard, and procured for the smuggler, even when soiled with the blood of some revenue officer, the public sympathy and support ! The acquisition of a million a-year of revenue would be a miserable compensation for such consequences. But the duties in question are productive of nothing but bloodshed and the demoralization of the peasantry. Instead of adding to the revenue, they have reduced it to less than a third of its former amount. Between 1796 and 1806, the duties varied from 7s. 6d. to 14s. a gallon, the average annual consumption of *duty-paid* geneva, during the same period, being 724,351 gallons ; while at this moment, when the duty is 22s. 6d., the consumption does not exceed 30,000 gallons ! The case as to brandy is not materially different ; so that, if the duties are to be kept up, it must be for the purpose of reducing revenue, and as a premium upon and an incentive to smuggling.

It was very generally believed that some proposal would have been brought forward during the present session for the reduction of the duty on Policies of Insurance. It is a subject that well deserves the attention of ministers. Perhaps, indeed, there is no other tax, a reduction of which would be more advantageous to the community, at the same time that it might be effected without any material loss of revenue.

The great comparative extent to which the business of insurance is carried in Great Britain, affords one of the least equivocal tests of our superior progress in civilisation, and of the greater diffusion amongst us of habits of providence and foresight. It appears, from the official accounts, that the *gross* duty received on policies of insurance against fire in the United Kingdom in 1831, amounted to L.828,562, (Britain, L.799,353, Ireland, L.29,209) ; which, as the duty is 3s. per cent, shows that the property insured was valued at the immense sum of

L.552,374,666. But vast as this sum certainly is, it is still true, that most buildings are not insured at near their full value. Even in towns many are not insured at all; and in the country the insurance of farm-buildings and barn-yards is comparatively rare. The smallness of the duty collected in Ireland, shows how little progress the practice has made in that part of the empire. It is difficult to imagine that this disinclination to insure, can be owing to any thing other than the exorbitance of the tax. It is especially the duty of government to encourage habits of forethought, and to contribute by every means in its power to the protection of property, and to the mitigation of the disastrous effects of those casualties to which it is exposed. But it would appear as if Mr Vansittart had thought that the less security there was for property, and the more disastrous fires and other calamitous visitations were rendered, the better! The practice of insurance has grown up amongst us, not in consequence of encouragements, but in the teeth of the most formidable obstructions. The duties with which it is loaded do not really seem to have been imposed for the sake of revenue, but that the business might be suppressed. The premium charged by the different offices on risks of ordinary hazard, is, at this moment, 1s. 6d. per cent.; while the duty is no less than 3s. or 200 per cent on the premium; so that an individual insuring L.1000 upon a house, a shop, &c. pays the insurer 15s. to indemnify him for his risk, and 30s. of duty to government for liberty to enter into such a transaction! We hesitate not to say, that the existence of such a duty is utterly disgraceful to the country. To enlarge on its mischievous influence would be an insult to our readers. Its operation in lessening and preventing insurances is universally felt and acknowledged. And we are supported by the authority of every one best able to form a sound conclusion upon such a point, when we express our conviction, that a reduction of the duty from 3s. to 1s. per cent. would occasion such an extension of the business, that the loss of revenue that would take place in the first instance, would, in a very short time, cease to be considerable, or be altogether replaced. But though this anticipation were not fully realized, would not the sacrifice of L.100,000 a-year of revenue be compensated a hundred fold, by the security of *two hundred millions of capital*? We incline to think, that even Lord Bexley would pause before deciding in the negative.

The extreme hazard to which property at sea is exposed, renders its insurance of peculiar consequence to individuals and to the public. But we have ceased to be influenced by such considerations, and have subjected the insurers of ships, as well as

of houses, to the most oppressive duties. All policies of marine insurance must be on stamped paper, the duties on which are as follow :

For every L.100 insured on a voyage in the coasting trade of the kingdom, when the premium does not exceed 26s. per cent, 1s. 3d.

Where the premium does exceed 26s. per cent, 2s. 6d.

For every L.100 insured, to or from any colonial or foreign port, when the premium does not exceed 26s. per cent, 2s. 6d.

Where the premium does exceed 26s. per cent, 5s.

For every L.100 insured on ships for time, (no ship can be insured for time on one stamp for more than twelve months,) 5s.

Now, even though this duty were not excessive, still it is in the last degree objectionable. Its obvious tendency is to discourage the coasting trade, by imposing an insurance duty on goods carried by sea, from which those carried by land and canals are exempted ; and we believe that this unjust preference costs more to the public in the greater carriage of the goods sent through its means, by the more expensive channel of inland conveyance, than all that that portion of the duty which affects coasting vessels produces to the revenue. But the other portion of the tax, or that which affects vessels engaged in the foreign or colonial trade, is still more objectionable. Policies on them may be as conveniently executed in Hamburgh, Amsterdam, or New York, as in London ; and as those executed in these cities are either wholly exempted from duties, or are subject to such as are nominal only, the duty causes a large portion of that insurance business to be transacted on the continent and in the United States, that would otherwise be transacted in London. That such is the case is known to every merchant ; and is evident from the fact that, at an average of the three years ending with 1819, the duties on marine insurances in Great Britain and Ireland produced L.296,059 a year, while, notwithstanding the increase of navigation, they only produced, at an average of the three years ending with 1830, L.239,236 a year. Last year (1831) they fell off to L.222,928. It is plain, therefore, that this duty is operating most injuriously ; that it is driving a valuable branch of industry from amongst us ; and even though it had no such effect, it is clear that a tax on the security of property at sea, is not one that ought to exist in any country, and least of all in so commercial a country as England. We do therefore hope that this tax may be unconditionally repealed. If a substitute must be had, it were easy to suggest twenty, each of them more productive of revenue and less injurious.

ART. X.—1. *La Divina Commedia di DANTE ALIGHIERI, con Comento Analitico di GABRIELE ROSSETTI.* 8vo. Vols. 1 and 2. Londra: 1826–27.

2. *Sullo Spirito Antipapale dei Classici Antichi d'Italia. Disquisizioni di GABRIELE ROSSETTI, Professore di Lingua e Letteratura Italiana nel Collegio del Re in Londra.* 8vo. Londra: 1832.

THE following are the principal conclusions which the author of the works before us has arrived at through his extensive researches in early Italian literature, and which he has made it his object to prove :

‘ That a great part of those literary productions which have hitherto been regarded by us as works of amusement, as poetical trifles, as romances, amatory verses, or heavy and tedious treatises, are writings in which are enveloped hidden doctrines and mysterious rites, transmitted from early ages ; and that those parts of their contents which have the appearance of fantastic fables, contain a mass of unknown history, expressed in a peculiar cipher, which preserves the memory of the secret labours of our ancestors.

‘ That the obscurity for which those works are frequently remarkable, is purposely produced by deep study ; and that if that obscurity has not been hitherto dissipated, (of which the Comedy of Dante offers the first proof,) this has proceeded not from the want of those who could have dissipated it, but from the danger of doing so, and the necessity of silence.

‘ That the most famous learned and literary men of various ages and languages in Europe were for the most part pupils of this mysterious school, which in the constant pursuit of its objects never failed to seek out eminent talents in order to convert their possessors into co-operators in its bold design.

‘ That the modern civilisation of Europe is in great part the matured fruit of the operations of this school, which laboured directly or indirectly, by a vast number of works, to instruct the nations, and prepare them for the arrival of a great event.

‘ That after the decay of the Latin tongue, it was this school which devoted itself, in the countries where that language had prevailed, to the cultivation of the popular dialects, and which gradually ennobled and perfected them, and enriched them with various productions calculated to enlighten mankind.

‘ That it was this industrious school which, by its innumerable proselytes and its unwearied activity, disseminated throughout Europe during many centuries the seeds of a deep hatred against Rome, and prepared that explosion of opinion which shook the Vatican from its

foundations, and established the Reformation throughout a wide extent of Christendom.

‘ That the volcanic eruption of free opinions and new political sentiments which has agitated in our times the minds and hearts of all Europe, is the tardy effect of the slow but unremitting labours of that ancient school, which was intent on enfranchising mankind alike from priestly tyranny and monarchical despotism. It succeeded, through painful sacrifices, in partially subduing the first : it now redoubles its strength to overthrow the last : but who knows how much blood and how many tears must first be shed ! May the example of the first resistance serve as a lesson to those who now prepare the second ! Rome might have preserved the integrity of her power, had she yielded in time to the universal desire of the nations, and reformed herself through herself. She preferred to remain tenacious and unyielding. She mistook obstinacy for firmness, she believed that she could cope singlehanded with all her enemies, and how low is she now fallen ? History is a great mirror, from which the light of the past is reflected on the present : happy he who has eyes to look on it undazzled !’—*Disquisizioni*, p. 377, 378.

Such are the terms which Signor Rossetti employs, in this and many similar passages of his writings, to announce to his readers the nature of the new world with whose prospect he intends to gratify them, and of the great discoveries in the pursuit of which he has spent the years of his exile. The first volume of his Analytical Commentary on the *Divine Comedy* appeared in the year 1826. It comprehended an amended edition of the first eleven cantos of the *Inferno* ; a close and well-written paraphrase of the poem, according to its literal sense ; together with historical notes and reflections, and an appendix, in which was contained the sketch of a new theory respecting the principal allegory of the poem. The boldness and originality of its views soon called down upon the author the critical fury of numerous ‘ Dottori in Dantismo :’ for in proportion to the recognised obscurity of the Florentine Bard, is the pertinacity of his admirers in maintaining their own several interpretations of his mysteries. It must also be confessed, that this first essay was in no small degree obnoxious to their severity ; from the self-confident manner in which much was assumed, which required, in fact, an extended proof ; from not being entirely without historical inaccuracies ; and from a somewhat ambitious style of self-recommendation, in the pompous announcement which it contained of discoveries both performed and intended. Not deterred by this opposition, Signor Rossetti published his second volume in the following year. In this he completed the *Inferno* ; proceeded with his allegorical explanations ; fortified them with multiplied proofs ; and, extending his front

like a bold yet skilful general, maintained that all the vulgar poets preceding and contemporaneous with Dante, were to be interpreted according to the same canons which he had laid down for the latter. Finally, he challenged the world to attack him in his new position. The gauntlet was speedily taken up. A shower of invectives, unequalled in merely literary controversy except among Italian combatants, was poured on the head of the daring author. His discoveries were denied, his researches and far-fetched explanations unmercifully ridiculed; he was accused as a libeller of the illustrious dead; he was compared to Archbishop Turpin, to Father Hardouin, and to various other literary sinners of former ages: it was asserted, that when he pursued his investigation through the two latter canticles of the poem, the canons on which he had thus far relied would fail him altogether. Finally, although he had as yet only endeavoured to show that the poem was dictated by a spirit hostile to the temporal power of Rome, he was accused of enmity to the religion which he professes. Although some inconsistencies were detected by these critics, and much nugatory disquisition, perhaps, justly animadverted on, yet the main pillars of the author's theory unquestionably remained unshaken. Few were hitherto convinced, but none had succeeded in refuting him.

The reasons which induced our author at this period of his labours to lay aside his more immediate task, and to follow it up by the publication of the work which stands second at the head of this article, are best summed up in his own words. After stating that his study of the early school of Italian writers had gradually led him to the conviction that they belonged to a secret society of ecclesiastical reformers, he proceeds:—

‘Perceiving that the study of Dante forms, as it were, the occupation of our age, and intimately persuaded that, notwithstanding this predilection, his poem had never been well understood or explained, I was unable to resist an impulse of vanity, which induced me to publish a part of my labours in the shape of an Analytical Commentary on the Divine Comedy. Being, however, profoundly impressed with a sincere veneration for the Roman Church, I was unwilling to reveal all that I had discovered: I dared not wholly to unmask *that* Dante who bore the title of the Theological Poet: I represented him as anti-papal in politics, but papal in belief. But my silence was not so complete as it should have been in order to avoid attacks, while I did not say as much as I ought to have said to found my interpretation securely. I wrote, in short, for those intellects which could understand more than was expressed: and thus presented to the world the two first volumes of my laboured Commentary, which made its first steps with doubtful destinies, between applause and scorn, and then stood still. . . . Some civil criticisms, some uncivil ones, and even some scur-

rilous and contumelious, were the reward of my great exertions, and of two long years of assiduous fatigue. I heard myself called an impious enemy of the Catholic Church, and a frontless libeller of Dante; and these titles were the fruit of my wish to respect the Church, and to speak honourably of the Poet. I was charged with ignorance, because I had preferred to conceal a great part of what I knew. . . . I discovered that my misfortunes arose from three causes: First, from my reluctance to speak openly, which made me avoid saying all that was necessary to prove an assumption founded on repeated and careful investigations: Secondly, from my inability to do so had I wished it; because, being constrained to follow step by step the text of Dante, I could not dilate upon the general tendency of my meditated system of interpretation: Lastly, that I had not dared to declare on what secret doctrine the poem is founded, and to deduce the true result from the examination of many ancient writings compared with the ritual volumes of the sect which professes that doctrine. I perceived that, if I wished to continue my work, it was necessary to cause it to be preceded by another, which might serve as an introductory hypothesis to the Commentary, in which I must supply my deficiencies under the three heads above noticed; that, in short, it was necessary for me to do that which I have begun to perform in the work of which I here present the first specimen. Having recomposed my mind from the insults I had received, I took my pen, and wrote the *Disquisitions* which I now begin to publish.—*Disq.* p. 381, 382.

To explain at any length the theory on which this Essay is founded, would demand a space much exceeding the pages of a review. It would, however, be injustice to the author not to give some statement of it, before entering into any detailed examination of the particular portions of his labours. For whether he is right or wrong, it is clear that he can only be judged on a general view of the whole results of his premises, and not by cavilling at detached passages in the multifarious mass of his investigations.

The latter half of the thirteenth century was one of the climacterical periods of the history of Rome. Externally she was assailed by a powerful line of princes, who seemed to inherit in succession a greater share of talents and intelligence than usually fell to the lot of feudal monarchs, together with an enlightened constancy of purpose to repress, if possible, the usurpations of the spiritual power. She overcame them at last, but after repeated contests in which much of her strength was spent; and by calling in the assistance of another foreign dominion, which she was forced to aggrandize to her own eventual loss. At the same time her internal enemies multiplied, and the half-converted Albigeois gave birth to a kindred sect of schismatics in the north of Italy, who might have effected the work of reform by their own strength, had they not been suppressed by the stre-

nuous efforts of the Inquisition. We find from unquestionable authority, that these heretics, called Paterini or Cathari, who were reputed by their Catholic adversaries to be the spiritual descendants of the ancient Manichæans, and who were undoubtedly connected with the Vaudois and Languedocians, used a secret language whereby they communicated with each other in times of persecution. In a letter preserved in the history of Matthew Paris, under the year 1243, as the composition of one Yvo of Narbonne, the writer (an apostate from this sect) states that in travelling through Tuscany and Lombardy, he was received by the brotherhood in every city by means of these words or tokens. It is remarkable that they, as well as the Albigeois, were accused, among other impieties, of believing in 'the visible reign of Satan on the earth.' If our author's theory be correct, the evil power whose terrestrial kingdom they recognised was the Pope; and the charges against them were founded professedly on the literal, but really on the figurative, sense of the language which they employed. Their secret diction was adopted by more learned and more cautious opponents of the church; and while the lower orders of the Paterini were banished, burnt, or massacred, their less daring coadjutors of the higher classes enjoyed a precarious existence under the shadow of powerful political protectors.

Among these more concealed enemies of the Romish power, there is much reason to believe that we are to rank the famous and unfortunate brotherhood of the Templars. They had their secret schools and societies; mysterious and indefinite charges of sorcery and blasphemy were accumulated against them by their persecutors; but their real crime, in the eyes of France, consisted in the wealth of their order; in those of Rome, in its hostility to the Vatican. Their sufferings and constancy form one of the most touching episodes in the history of the time during which Dante lived. He, and his Ghibelline allies, recognised in them fellow victims of ecclesiastical oppression. (*Purgatorio*, canto 20.) Boccaccio speaks of them in terms of the most eloquent admiration, and compares them, as martyrs of the truth, with the most illustrious sufferers of former ages. 'Cernere numero quinquaginta sex homines, non eodem sub cælo genitos, non iisdem moribus educatos, non eruditos doctrinis, non prævisos et ex composito factos, non uno reclusos carcere, nec in aliquo nisi professione conformes, adeo in constantiam convenisse ut non cruciatus aut imminentis mortis terrore discrepans cæteris unus foret: in tam grande monstrum excedit, ut auferatur facile fides: nec dubium: sola veritas fecit unanimes.' This truth, which they shared with the Albigeois and the Ghibellines,

was handed down through their secret societies for ages after they ceased to exist as an authorized order. It illumines (we are expressing the opinions of Rossetti only) the pages of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio; and it is still professedly preserved, although its real purpose be altered and perhaps forgotten, in the rites and symbols of modern Masonry.

But among the hostile armies which were arrayed at this period against the city of the Seven Hills, the most powerful and obstinate was the Imperialist or Ghibelline party in Italy. At the commencement of the fourteenth century, it comprehended in its ranks not only many of her leading warriors and civic tyrants, but by far the greater number of that class which chiefly directed public opinion among the enlightened and powerful. They abstained for the most part from open attacks against the doctrinal corruptions of Rome. They contented themselves in public with reprobating her assumption of temporal authority, and asserting the legitimate power of the supposed heir of the Cæsars.

It is to the chiefs of this party that Italy is indebted for the earliest attempt to polish and fix her newly created language. The first school of Tuscan poets, of which Dante was a member, was almost entirely formed from the partisans of the empire: many of its writers were among the most distinguished public men of the time. And what was the subject selected by these soldiers, statesmen, and philosophers, as the staple of their poetical merchandise? Love: and on no other topic whatever did they deign to waste a thought. Dante, in his treatise *De Vulgari Eloquentiâ*, (to which the theories of Rossetti give a new meaning and object,) expressly says, that Love is the only matter on which the vulgar language can profitably be employed. Most sedulously did the authors of this school, during the early part of its labours, illustrate this rule of the critic. The single subject of Love—Platonic love, tortured into the coldest, most extravagant, and most puerile conceits—pervades the mighty mass of published and unpublished *Rime* of these venerable triflers. They mingled in the vehement conflicts of opinion and passion; their very souls were steeped in the bitterness of the time; some of them were slain in the field, some perished at the stake, most, for a longer or shorter period of their lives, were exiles and mendicants: yet love and their ladies, death from their cruelty and life from their favours, lamentations for their decease and aspirations after their resurrection;—these form the everlasting burden of their doleful strains, which have only been redeemed from utter neglect by a certain appearance of studied obscurity and point, which has piqued successive generations

of commentators into the vain attempt of explaining them. Sennuccio del Bene, a veteran companion of Dante's exile, almost expiring under the weight of years and misfortunes, exclaims, that 'Love will cause his old age to be dishonoured with the 'crime of vanity, and will make many nations his enemies.' Cino da Pistoia, one of the last survivors of the school, a soldier and politician, dies at the age of eighty, and Petrarch bids 'ladies, 'love, and lovers lament, for that our amorous Messer Cino has 'lately taken his departure from us.' Dante himself, in the *Vita Nuova*, informs us, that when his noble lady Beatrice departed this mortal life, the city wherein she dwelt became void and desolate, insomuch that he, commiserating its situation, wrote an epistle to the princes of the earth—*i. e.* the cardinals of Italy—concerning its forlorn condition, beginning with the words of Jeremiah: 'Quomodo sola sedet civitas plena populo? Facta est quasi vidua domina gentium.' Rossetti contends that it is impossible for any reasonable man to read these strange effusions, and not suspect that 'more is meant than meets the ear,' even were there not abundance of clear and distinct indications to that effect.

But these amatory Ghibelline writers sometimes emancipated themselves from the trammels of the seemingly frivolous school to which they belonged. Whenever they felt themselves secure from the enmity of Rome, they attacked her abuses in such open terms, that they appeared almost on the point of throwing off altogether her spiritual supremacy. Such is the character especially of the *Paradiso* of Dante; which, there are strong reasons for believing—according to Ugo Foscolo—was not known to the world until after the writer's death. Petrarch, who wrote when the seat of the Church was removed to Avignon, frequently adopts a tone resembling that of the early reformers. But it is to be remarked that his Latin epistles, which throw the strongest light on his mode of thinking on these subjects, were not published during his lifetime; and that the names of those to whom the boldest of them were addressed, have never been discovered. The same caution which induced these writers to be sparing in their open provocations of Romish hostility, would naturally lead them to express their minds more fully under cover of figurative diction. Long before any attempt had been made towards the construction of the general theory which Rossetti has so elaborately raised, the Eclogues of Petrarch, for example, had been observed to contain, under their unmeaning pastoral dress, strong traits of political allegory. 'Quelques unes,' says Ginguené, 'sont de vraies satires, telles que la sixième et la septième, ou le Pape Clément VI. est évidemment représenté'

‘sous le nom de Mition (doux, clément).’ And he proceeds to extend this interpretation farther. The *Eclogues* of Boccaccio, still less known than those of Petrarch, are obviously of the same character. To take as an example the third. The wealthy shepherd Argus enjoyed a wide and rich domain near the Straits which separate Italy from Sicily. At his death, the young Alexis succeeded to his possessions; but, wandering in that region, he was slain either by a she-wolf, or by the lions with which its woods abound. His brother Tityrus, on hearing of his mishap, calls from his abode by the banks of the Danube his numerous hounds and rough herdsmen to seize and punish the wolf and the lions. Here is a most unmeaning fable, delivered in very prosaic Latin hexameters. But let us suppose, with Rossetti, that the history of the two last Neapolitan princes of the Swabian line is embodied in these verses, and every allusion becomes at once plain and manifest. These are the strains of an admirer, a commentator, and almost a contemporary of Dante; and can we not recognise, in the Wolf and Lion which devour the unfortunate Manfred, two of the allegorical beasts which so sorely bested the poet in the first canto of his *Inferno*, and which have since scarcely less perplexed his critics and his readers?

There are, moreover, in the love poetry of those times, many strange coincidences of thought and expression, which seem at first sight to render it impossible that the amours of these sonnetteers, some of whom we have been accustomed to regard as models of real passion and constancy, can be literally intended as they are narrated. A single example may suffice from the stores of our learned author’s enquiries on this subject. On Good Friday, Laura first appeared to Petrarch in a church at Avignon. On Easter Sunday, the Maria or Fiammetta of Boccaccio was first seen by him in a church at Naples. On Good Friday, the Catalan Ausias March—an imitator of Petrarch—falls in love with his lady Teresa, also in a church. On the eve of Good Friday, in the year 1300, the pilgrimage of Dante through the wilderness commences. In Easter week, Petrarch begins his *Africa*. In Easter week, Boccaccio places the commencement of the narrative which forms the groundwork of his *Decameron*. Lastly, Easter week was a sacred period among the Templars for the performance of certain initiatory rites. It is certainly possible that all these may be mere casual coincidences; as it may also be that *all* the heroines of these amatory poets appear to have died before their admirers, who survived to celebrate and lament them. The reader who is inclined to maintain the literal sense of these famous amours, must prepare

himself to meet with many equally strange and suspicious accidents. For this purpose, we refer him to the two chapters of Rossetti's Essay, entitled 'Cenno Preliminare sull' amor Platonico.'

By analogy, then, from the known and understood writings of those ancient poets, and by a long series of inductive reasoning from internal evidence, which it would be injustice to endeavour to compress within our pages, Signor Rossetti arrives at the conclusion, that the School of Love was in fact the school of a secret science, whose essence consisted in a sworn hatred to the Pope, both as spiritual and temporal sovereign, and a desire for the regeneration of the world by his overthrow, and the substitution of the universal monarchy of the Cæsars. Love, it appears, signifies—in the conventional language of the school—'affection for the empire.' 'Trilingues ergo doctores,' says Dante *De Vulgari Eloquentiâ*: these, according to our author's system, are the three sects which adopted the figurative language—Albigensis, Templars, Ghibellines—'in hoc maximé vocabulo conveniunt, quod est Amor.' The word Donna figured all sorts of power and intelligence in the abstract; the especial Donna of the poet's thoughts was, of course, the imperial authority, or the emperor himself; but other inferior authorities, and especially the more learned and higher graduates in the Ghibelline School, were likewise, according to our author's interpretation, the 'Donne' to whose understanding these sonnets and canzoni are usually directed. 'Donne gentili,' as Dante calls them in his *Vita Nuova*, 'e che non son pur femine.'—'Life' was a state of Ghibellinism; 'Death,' its opposite—a state of slavery to the Pope, whether spiritual or temporal. The same antithesis was expressed by various other correlatives, Liberty and Servitude—Cortesía (Courtliness, Imperialism), and Pietà (Religion, Superstition). Numerous other similar expressions, to which the key may be found with more or less ease by comparison with those writings of the sect of which the political sense is obvious, complete the dictionary of this singular 'gergo' or slang, as it might be called in English, from want of a more appropriate expression.

Up to the period when Dante began the execution of his vast work, (which Rossetti does not believe to have been commenced before the death of the Emperor Henry of Luxemburg in 1312,) the poetry of the sect was confined to canzoni and sonnets, in which, according to rule, the *Gaia Scienza* was the only matter treated of. Dante was himself one of the chief proficient in this figurative and political college of love. The narrow compass of the secret language then used—its poverty and inadequacy fully to express his extensive views of the moral and social des-

tiny of man—determined him on effecting a change in the dialect. He selected, as the most fit to convey his ideas, the very language which was consecrated to the peculiar employment of his bitterest adversaries—the language of the Catholic religion, her mysteries, rites, and doctrines. The poet deserted for a while the service of Madonna la Cortesia, to range himself under the banners of her opponent, La Pietà. This theory of the feelings and objects of Dante is deduced, by an ingenious but somewhat arbitrary process, from the pages of one of his prose treatises, upon which, certainly, no former critics have been able to throw the least light—the *Vita Nuova*; which contains, in its literal sense, a rhapsodical history of his early love for Beatrice, and some unintelligible commentaries on his own canzoni.

In order more fully to comprehend the spirit of Dante, and the views which he entertained of civil society and the temporal welfare of mankind, attention should be paid to the doctrines developed in his Latin treatise *De Monarchiâ*. In his method of reasoning, and in the hypothesis which he there assumes as the foundation of his argument, he takes for his model the ethics of Aristotle. The style is closely imitated from that of the Vulgate Bible. Both formed the favourite studies of the day: but the acute scepticism and analytic genius of the Stagyrice, were less congenial with the mind of Dante than the symbolical imagery, the lofty diction, and prophetic sublimity of Ezekiel and Saint John. This treatise contains a direct assertion of the supremacy of the German emperors, and their indefeasible political rights over the whole human race. Among many fantastic arguments which are introduced in support of this position, it is remarkable that the poet Virgil is called in to bear no inconsiderable part of the burden of testimony. He is referred to as an undeniable authority in favour of the emperors. Æneas is the founder of the universal sovereignty. He was a Trojan, therefore Asia is the inheritance of his descendants. They are legitimate rulers of Africa, by reason of his somewhat equivocal connexion with the Queen of Carthage. His second marriage in Latium gives them clear authority over Europe. Whatever may be meant by these and many other singularities in the treatise, they are important when it is regarded as parallel with the *Divine Comedy*, and an exoteric writing (to employ a phrase of ancient philosophy) on the same subject which is esoterically treated in the great poem. If this be so, it is at once manifest why Virgil is the guide whom political wisdom (figured in Beatrice) sends down, at the opening of the *Inferno*, to the aid of her worshipper; the three beasts

from whose assault he is rescued being (as was first discovered by the Marchese Dionisi) symbolical of Florence, France, and Rome.

But before we enter under his guidance the inscribed portal of the eternal abyss, it will be convenient to pause awhile, and consider a doubt which has probably presented itself to every reader who has undertaken the examination of Rossetti's theory. Is it possible that this vast edifice of religious magnificence, on whose storied front is depicted the eternal history of man, is but an unsubstantial shadow? That the admiration of ages has been wasted upon a mere delusion, the trick of an ingenious partisan to direct his spiteful satire under a fictitious covering? Or that the things of eternity are, at best, but subservient in the poet's mind to the things of this life,—the thing typified miserably inferior to the type which envelopes it—demons, and angelic messengers, and the hierarchy of heaven itself, merely the representatives of earthly criminals and earthly dignitaries? What should we think of a writer who should endeavour to prove that the great poems of Milton are merely allegorical—that *Paradise Regained*, for example, only typifies the establishment of the English commonwealth—that the leaders of the host of hell are no other than the captains and colonels whose deeds are registered in the *Mercurius Aulicus*, and their angelic rivals, the victors of Marston and Naseby? No wonder that the glosses of Rossetti have been received with suspicion and incredulity by some, with regret by others, when the sublime mysteries which many an enigmatical passage was supposed to contain, are brought down to the level of a political squib or party pamphlet. But it must be remembered, that the poet himself is perpetually reminding us, by allusion or by direct assertion, of the figurative nature of his poem. In the midst of passages the most entirely descriptive, and in which he has exerted to the utmost his singular power of presenting the most vivid and minute images of objects purely visionary, we meet with lines expressly directing the reader to look below the surface, and not to content himself with the outward garb of the author's thoughts. He seems to delight in dissipating the enchantment which he himself has raised. It is scarcely possible to read a canto of the *Commedia*, even without the aid of Rossetti's commentary, and not feel that the political questions of the time were always the most engrossing subject in his mind: from the torments of hell and the splendour of heaven he turns back, at a single allusive word, or the aspect of a familiar face, to the thoughts which more deeply interested him,—to the corruptions of Florence and the crimes of the Romanists.

The admirer of Dante dwells but on his sublime and pathetic passages: he forgets the pages of pointless satire, puerile reasoning, and enigmatical jargon, the patchwork language, and the vile quibbles of literal ingenuity, which occupy so large a space in the *Commedia*. Yet these passages obviously require explanation: it is clear, that in the mind of the poet himself they formed by no means the least valuable part of his performance. But if we turn for assistance to the commentaries with which the great poem (formerly the text-book of regular lectures) has been overloaded by Italian ingenuity, with what utter disappointment do we lay them down! They show none of that comprehensive spirit of criticism which seeks to solve particular difficulties by a comparison with the general scope and tendency of the poem. Each passage is discussed on its own separate merits, as if the subject in hand were an insulated inscription or fragment of an unknown manuscript, instead of a portion of one great conception. The authority of earlier critics is scrupulously referred to by the more modern ones, as a reason for adopting such an interpretation, even where it is obviously inadequate, or advanced, perhaps, only with an intention to mislead; and the most strangely unreasonable paraphrase is copied without hesitation, if it come from the pen of Boccaccio or Landino. The reader of Dante, before the appearance of Rossetti's work, was forced to choose between commencing his pilgrimage under the conduct of ignorant or discordant guides, or satisfying himself with the literal sense, in despite of the warning voice of the poet himself, where he exclaims,* 'Istius operis non est simplex sensus; immò dici potest polisensuum, hoc est plurium sensuum. . . . Et ideò videndum est de subjecto hujus operis, prout ad litteram accipitur: deinde de subjecto, prout allegoricè sententiatur. . . . Secundum allegoricum sensum agit poeta de Inferno isto in quo, peregrinando ut viatores, mereri et demereri possumus.'

But we must not so far misconceive Dante's object, even should we be disposed to adopt the general scheme of Rossetti's interpre-

* In the dedication to Can Grande della Scala. The early commentator styled by modern critics, 'L'Anonimo Famigliare di Dante,' whom even the sceptical Foscolo believed to have been personally intimate with the poet, speaks yet more plainly to the purpose. 'Io scrittore udi' dire da Dante, che mai rima nol trasse a dire quello che aveva in suo proponimento, ma ch'elli molte e spesse volte faceva li vocaboli dire nelle sue rime altro che quello che erano appo gli altri dicatori usati di sprimere.' —*Foscolo, Discorso*, p. 160.

tation, as to look on the Poet as a mere political partisan, and his pilgrimage as a mere vehicle for conveying disparaging opinions of the Guelfs and encomiums on the Ghibellines. The great undertaking, for the execution of which he and his fellow-labourers were to prepare the way, comprehended no less than the general reform of society, and the redemption of Christendom from spiritual slavery. Thus the views of our commentator are by no means irreconcilable with the more poetical theory of Foscolo,—that the poet believed himself invested with an Apostolical character, to reveal to the world its religious defection, and the means of regeneration. To this mission he was consecrated by the peculiar benediction of Saint Peter. (*Paradiso*, canto 25.) To this he alludes, in the splendid lines which immediately follow, and express his visionary hopes of triumph:—

‘ Se mai continga che’l Poema sacro
 Al quale han posto mano e cielo e terra
 Si che m’ha fatto per molti anni macro,
 Vinca la crudeltà che fuor mi serra
 Del bello ovite, ov’ io dormiva agnello
 Nemico ai *Lupi* che le danno guerra;
 Con altra voce omai, con altro vello
 Ritornero poeta, *ed in sul fonte*
Del mio battesimo prenderò ’l cappello.’

Under the protection of Imperialist chiefs, he might safely protest against the temporal usurpations of the Pope. But the boldest Ghibelline bowed in public before the spiritual authority of the church; and the initiated could only commune together in their secret language concerning the great mystery,—that she was not only the defender of political error, but the fountain of moral and religious ill; the cause of the corruptions of the heretical and vicious age, figured by the symbolical statue of the Old Man of Crete, which has its back turned towards the east, ‘ *E Roma guarda sì come suo specchio.*’

According to the scheme of interpretation contained in the volumes before us, the vast amphitheatre of Hell represents to the imaginary traveller the similitude of Italy in her unhappy state of Romish slavery. Her most distinguished inhabitants, contemporaries of Dante, or of the age immediately preceding his, are brought in as actors, or rather patients, on the scene. The dead are evoked to answer the questions of their visitors by their own names; the living under the masks of famous characters of antiquity,—or under the form of giants, demons, and the other fabulous or unearthly personages which people the abyss. The poet is guided in his researches by the spirit of orthodox

Ghibellinism, which teaches him to discern good from evil. It is in the episodal portions of the poem that its allegorical character comes most distinctly in view. The city of Dis, or fifth circle of Hell, is the type of Florence; and the difficulty which Virgil and Dante experience in obtaining admission within its gates, with the events which follow, represents the attempt made by the White or Ghibelline Fuorusciti, in 1312, to re-enter their native city under the protection of Henry of Luxemburg. This furnishes one of the most elaborate and important parts of Rossetti's investigation. Every reader must, we think, have felt perplexed in considering the episode according to its outward sense; standing, as it does, insulated in the middle of the *Cantica*, and without reference, or resemblance, to any thing which comes before or after it. The travellers, like the Lady in Shelley's magnificent 'Dream,' come in sight of lofty walls and towers, vomiting flames from their summits. On approaching, they appear—

‘With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.’

Demons issue from the gates, and refuse to open them at the demand of Virgil to the living mortal who accompanies him. The spiritual guide himself, as well as his follower, is amazed and confounded. The three Furies, armed with all their mythological horrors, threaten them with an attack; and here three well known lines are introduced for the express purpose of directing the reader to search for a secret doctrine below the surface. A messenger from Heaven at length arrives: he drives the assailants before him, opens the refractory gates with his wand, and admits the voyagers. But no sooner are they within, than the scene changes. Demons, towers, and furies have vanished; we see around us nothing but a vast and dismal cemetery, from the vaults of which flames issue, together with the groans of those tormented within: these are the dwellings of the Heresiarchs; and, forgetful of all that is behind him, the poet is speedily engaged in political controversy with the indignant spirit of *Farinata*. *

* It seems to us that Rossetti has here, as in other places, overloaded his demonstration with superfluous and improbable conjectures. He tells us, for example, that the only four dwellers of the City of Tombs who are named are Florentines, or in some way connected with Florence. Is there not a fifth, Pope Anastasius? and in what way did he become a citizen of Dis? There is greater probability in supposing that this portion of the allegory ceases as soon as the rebellious city opens its gates.

It cannot admit of a doubt, that this is one of the most highly allegorical portions of the poem; yet it has been passed over hitherto with no more than a few vague and unconnected conjectures. Whether Rossetti solves the difficulty, we leave his readers to determine. Those who have any acquaintance with Italian history, will perceive at once a great and admitted diversity between the type and the thing typified,—viz. that Virgil and Dante enter at last the gates of Florence, whereas Henry of Luxemburg and the exiles did not. We cannot stay to enter into Rossetti's explanation. It is clear, at all events, that the political allegory, as far as hitherto discovered, is not continuous; or rather, that there are two or three separate allegories pervading the poem, and that the clue of each is taken up or laid aside by the author, as may best suit his purpose.

If Hell represent Italy under Romish domination, the central region of the abyss will probably typify the perverted city herself. Accordingly, as we approach it, divers indications are scattered along the line of march, to direct, as it were, the mind of the traveller to this ulterior object. On entering the last circle but one, the tormented souls which march backward and forward in cross files, are compared to the pilgrims of the Jubilee Year, as they pass to and from St Peter's, on opposite sides of the Ponte S. Angelo. The place of descent into the lowest region is surrounded with what at first sight appear to be lofty towers, (the feudal city of Rome was celebrated for the abundance of these defensive constructions;) but these, on a nearer approach, turn out not to be towers, but giants; and the first of these is Nimrod, the builder of Babel.* But the most curious of these indications is traced from a coincidence of which we believe Signor Rossetti is the first discoverer. The outer circuit

* Long before Wickliffe and Huss, Rome was likened by her enemies to Babylon.

‘Già Roma, or Babilonia falsa e ria,
De' vivi Inferno,’

says Petrarch, in one of his most plain-spoken sonnets. ‘In the year 1830, the Semiramide of Rossini was introduced on the Teatro del Valle at Rome. When Arsace came forward with the first words of his part, “Ecco ti, Arsace, in Babilonia,” a smothered laughter broke out among the audience, followed by a burst of applause, which delayed the representation for some minutes. The government, on being informed of this, was at first disposed to prohibit the opera; but feeling that such a measure would only increase the laugh, it prudently abstained from noticing it; and the same words produced the same effect every evening of their repetition.’—*Disq.* p. 391.

of Malebolge, or the ninth and penultimate 'bolgia' of that strange region, (it is no matter which,) measures twenty-two miles. The tenth and last bolgia, which is bounded as to its inferior circumference by the edge of the innermost and lowest pit of Hell, is eleven miles round. These measurements, which seem to be introduced casually in the mouths of different speakers, are the only numerical distances given in this Cantic: and great and tormenting difficulties have they afforded to those ingenious commentators who have published their 'Siti e Misure dell' Inferno.' But they were introduced, says Rossetti, for a reason which those worthy mathematicians little suspected. Fazio degli Uberti, a contemporary of Dante, says in the poem entitled *Dettamondo*, speaking of the outer fosse, or lines, which then surrounded Rome, 'Venti due miglia certa-mente dura.' The latest antiquarian measurer* computes the circumference of the walls of Honorius, which, in the days of Dante, as now, comprehended the inhabited portion of the city, at *from eleven to twelve miles*.

Since Rome is represented by that region of thick-ribbed ice which forms the heart of Hell, and abode of the worst and blackest crimes, it is easy to decipher the name and style of the 'Imperador del doloroso regno,' who occupies its centre. Of his three faces, the black, according to Rossetti, represents Florence, (governed by the Parte Nera); the red, the Guelf faction; and the last, the white and golden lilies of France. Of the three famous sinners, of whose doom he is at once the partaker and the instrument, two, like him, were guilty of treason against the first earthly emperor; the third, like him, against the King of Heaven.

But the Pope does not only appear, according to our critic, under the mask of Lucifer; he is the great presiding spirit of Hell, and shadowed forth in a variety of mysterious shapes, which cross our path in journeying through his empire. Cerberus, the three-headed monster; Pluto, who sits at the gate of the Region of Avarice; the Moon, 'the lady who rules in Hell'; the fiend Geryon, (who 'in tribus unus erat,')—are all types of the same evil genius, and Rome, France, and Florence his chief supporters. Which three powers of ill, finally, appear again in the three Furies, and in the three Vices,—Avarice, Pride, and Envy.

* Nibbi, *Mura di Roma*, p. 235. For a confirmation of these measurements, see Sir J. C. Hobhouse's *Commentary on Childe Harold*. It will be seen what inconsistencies have been occasioned by confounding the outer circuit of the city with that of the ancient walls.

‘ Le tre faville, ch’ hanno i cori accesi.’

Thus the poet is conducted through the regions of eternal and temporal fire—through Italy in her corrupt state, such as he found it in the chronicles of the times, and saw it when he traversed her cities in exile,

‘ Simile ad uom che va di porta in porta
Mendicando la vita ;’

and through the scenes of moral and political reform, to the Terrestrial Paradise, whose meadows, and ancient groves, and lucid waters, are rendered doubly beautiful by the presence of the lady of his thoughts. In the last seven Cantos of the *Purgatorio*, which contain some of the most exquisite descriptions, and some of the noblest moral lessons, which human genius has produced, the key to the main allegory of the poem is likewise to be found. Here the poet crosses the stream of Forgetfulness,* is washed from his sins, admitted to the company of Beatrice and her symbolical attendants, and beholds a scenic representation of the main historical events of his time, in relation to God’s church and the spiritual government of man. There is much in these Cantos which lends some probability to the bold supposition of our critic, that they are partly meant to represent the admission of a candidate into some masonic society,—some secret school of virtue and wisdom, intended to correct the public and private vices of the age. Whether

* We cannot refrain from stopping an instant to dwell on the exquisite and solemn melody of the lines which describe

‘ That slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion.’

‘ Gia m’ avean trasportato i lenti passi
Dentro all’ antica selva tanto, ch’io
Non potea riveder ov’ io v’ entrassi ;
Ed ecco il più andar mi tolse un rio,
Che’ nver sinistra con sue picciol’ onde
Piegava l’erba, che’n sua ripa uscìo.
Tutte l’acque, sonche di quà più monde,
Parrièno avere in se mistura alcuna
Verso di quella, che nulla nasconde :
Avvegnachè si muova bruna bruna
Sotto l’ombra perpetua, che mai
Raggiar lascia non sole ivi, ne luna.’

the Lady Beatrice was in reality a person of flesh and blood, or a mere personified object of philosophical devotion, or sometimes one and sometimes the other, is a question which must, after all, be left to every reader's imagination to determine. The sceptical enquirer will probably conclude, with Rossetti, that she is nothing but an abstraction. The more enthusiastic student will be loath to relinquish the ancient belief, and will still suppose that the earliest founders of the school did convert, by a romantic fancy, the objects of their first love into imaginary beings of high intelligence and dignity. Certainly many of the reproaches addressed to the poet, where he is rebuked by Beatrice for the errors of his past life, seem to bear a plain and noble meaning, as coming from the lips of his departed saint; while the allegorical interpretation is far-fetched and obscure. The fair ladies of the early Italian republics, occupied, perhaps, a higher rank, at least in ideal dignity, than has been at any time allotted elsewhere to their sex. While chivalry and the fashionable conceits of the Troubadours lent their aid to convert them into objects of romance, the active public life with which they were environed, impressed on them a character resembling that of the matrons of republican Rome. They educated their children as servants of the commonwealth, or joined with their husbands and brothers in the great struggles of party, but with a calmer dignity, and less admixture of base personal purpose. Such were the patrician dames of the early days of Florentine simplicity, who,

————— ' the flax around the distaff winding,
Held commune with their household of the tales
Of Troy, and Rome, and antique Fiésolé.'

Some of them may have been worthy of the mysterious honours with which their admirers of the amatory school have environed their names. We should feel greater pleasure in rescuing Beatrice from the cold and shadowy world of allegories, than the prudish Laura, the unintelligible Fiammetta, or any of the scandal-loving heroines of Boccaccio's *Decameron*.

We have contented ourselves with taking this rapid survey of our author's theory with respect to the *Divina Commedia*, instead of entering into the more extended range of his investigations, however tempted by the attractive nature of the subject; because we thought it our duty to lay before our readers a sketch of that which forms the most complete part of his labours, and is calculated to give the fairest impression of their value and merit. Admitting that much has been done by him

towards elucidating the poem of Dante, we do not by any means conceive that his interpretation, were it received in its full extent, would go far towards a proof of the startling positions which he has assumed as the basis of his theories. His *Disquisition* contains an application of the same canons of criticism to several passages of Petrarch, to the *Filicopo* of Boccaccio, to some parts of the *Decameron*, and to many minor productions of the Trecentisti writers. One of the most important of these criticisms is that on the *Dettamondo* of Fazio degli Uberti, which it is but fair to refer to as exemplifying one of the strongest analogical arguments in favour of the new theory of the *Inferno*.

The volumes before us are composed in a very desultory style, and abound with repetitions. The *Disquisition* is, in many parts, a mere transcript of the *Commentary*. Much of that vicious redundancy of style, with which the author is chargeable, is evidently owing to a careless and rapid habit of composition; much to eagerness in following up a favourite object. His mind, strongly impressed with the conviction of the general truth of his supposed discovery, pursues that discovery into its most minute consequences and corollaries, and dwells upon them with as much zeal and triumphant certainty as if they were the most important results of his enquiries. It is by this unguarded fervour of belief that Signor Rossetti has rendered himself obnoxious to most of the criticisms of which he complains. He was detected in an historical error, on which he had founded a theory. In pursuing his enquiries, he admits his mistake, builds a new theory on facts contradicting those which he had at first alleged, and then pronounces it as perfect and incontrovertible as he had previously asserted the former to be. He is extremely angry at the comparisons which have been made between himself and Father Hardouin; but for some of his flights of fancy we can find no parallel, except among those of that ecclesiastic, who maintained that the 'asperæ pelles' of the poetical bird of Horace, were but types of the leathern gaiters worn in bad weather by some of the monastic fraternities! Because much is clearly allegorical, he will allow nothing to be merely literal; and when he arrives at a passage to which his ingenuity does not supply him with an immediate parallel, he solemnly promises that he will hereafter produce one for the satisfaction of his readers. He assures them, like Lord Peter, that the bread before them is both mutton and wine, and bids them rely on him for a future solution of the mystery.

In no part of his labours is this disposition to over refinement evinced in a manner so unpleasant as in his triflings with the verbal equivoques, anagrams, acrostics, and similar

specimens of perverted ingenuity, which are well known to exist in the verses of the early writers, and of Dante in particular. He gives some new exposition of each of these worthless enigmas, even where he by no means advances his own general purpose. But notwithstanding these defects and perversities, we are grateful for his curious and elaborate elucidations. It is impossible, we think, for any one to rise from an unprejudiced perusal of them without feeling conscious of a clearer insight into the character of the 14th century, and especially of the great poet who, above all others, has rendered it illustrious, than any previous acquaintance with the subject can have given him. We are enabled to enter more fully into the general feelings, hopes, and sentiments, which actuated the poet and the men of his era—writers, according to the fashion of a time distinct alike from the age of classical elegance and that of modern refinement,—when literature was regarded as a mystery or craft, and the highest aim of its professors was to shroud the fruits of their thoughts in studied obscurity.

It had been often shown before that the spirit which produced the Reformation was never wholly extinct in the ages preceding that event; but our author has done much to show that Rome nourished in her bosom the most determined and most secret of her enemies;—those who, safe behind the shield of their secret associations, ministered weapons to the more daring assailants who rushed desperately against the leading files of the array of Papal despotism. She knew them, no doubt, to be far more powerful agents towards the eventual curtailment of her power than the poor and divided heretics whom she persecuted. But we must not attribute to the Cardinals and Inquisitors of former times, a comprehensive spirit of vigilance which they did not possess. They defended themselves against open assailants, not against dangers more formidable in reality, but less immediate in their developement. They fought for their own dignities and enjoyments, not for the possible dominion of their successors. They feared, moreover, to irritate their secret enemies into declared hostility. We must not, therefore, conclude that Rome was ignorant of her adversaries, although we are not aware that any of the Ghibelline School was persecuted to death by the spiritual power, after the punishment of Cecco d'Ascoli, who was burnt in 1327, for a work in which literary historians have only seen '*un mauvais poëme sur la physique*,' but in which, under the guidance of Rossetti, we discover a bitter satire against Rome. Finding that the secret venom of their writings was not extensively contagious, and that they were

admired among the people merely for their literary excellencies, she gradually added her sanction to public feeling. The poem of Dante became a text-book in Universities. He was commented on as a revealer of spiritual mysteries. He was decorated with the title of the Theological Poet. In the 5th volume of the Paduan edition (1822), will be found a letter written by an ecclesiastic to prove 'che la lettura di Dante Alighieri è molto utile al predicatore.' Yet all this while not a few of his readers, and critics also, were aware of the secret which his pages contained. Rossetti has accumulated indications from several of the writings of the latter to prove the extent of their suspicions. Should his theory be fortified with new proofs, and become generally received in Italy, it will be curious to observe its effects; considering the extraordinary reverence in which the Trecentisti, and Dante in particular, are held among all classes of educated Italians, and even in those schools and institutions destined especially to support the reigning church.

We hope that Signor Rossetti will persevere in the task which he has undertaken. We sincerely trust that he may find encouragement both among his own countrymen, and in England (where he has recently attained a dignity which we wish there was literary taste enough in the country to render more than nominal), to pursue his researches. But where is his system of interpretation to end? The early novelists of Italy are to come under it. Their pilgrims of Santiago and the Holy City are to be turned into political adventurers. The Jacobins of France are to be deduced in direct line from the Ghibellines of Italy. Templars, Free Masons, Rosicrucians, are all to pass before our eyes in this grand phantasmagoria, clothed with new characters. Our own Chaucer is to be viewed in the same light. Already is our favourite Grisilde reduced to a mere personification of the Ghibelline or Anti-Papal sect, and her rude spouse, the Marquess of Saluce, is become the Emperor Charles IV., the betrayer of its cause in Italy. To say the truth, the elasticity of our author's system is such, that, in the hands of so bold and enterprising a discoverer as himself, it is difficult to say what may not be brought within the range of its comprehension. All that the reader can do with safety is, to follow his eccentric strides with a steadier pace, and to be careful not to reject conclusions deduced from proofs, because they are sometimes preferred in the same breath with the hypotheses of an ardent speculator.

ART. XI.—*Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, et sur les deux Premières Assemblées Législatives.* Par ETIENNE DUMONT, de Genève : ouvrage posthume publié par M. J. L. Duval, Membre du Conseil Représentatif du Canton du Genève. 8vo. Paris: 1832.

THIS is a very amusing and a very instructive book : but, even if it were less amusing and less instructive, it would still be interesting as a relic of a wise and virtuous man. M. Dumont was one of those persons, the care of whose fame belongs in an especial manner to mankind. For he was one of those persons who have, for the sake of mankind, neglected the care of their own fame. In his walk through life there was no obtrusiveness, no pushing, no elbowing, none of the little arts which bring forward little men. With every right to the head of the board, he took the lowest room, and well deserved to be greeted with—Friend, go up higher. Though no man was more capable of achieving for himself a separate and independent renown, he attached himself to others ; he laboured to raise their fame ; he was content to receive as his share of the reward the mere overflowings which redounded from the full measure of their glory. Not that he was of a servile and idolatrous habit of mind :—not that he was one of the tribe of Boswells,—those literary Gibeonites, born to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the higher intellectual castes. Possessed of talents and acquirements which made him great, he wished only to be useful. In the prime of manhood, at the very time of life at which ambitious men are most ambitious, he was not solicitous to proclaim that he furnished information, arguments, and eloquence to Mirabeau. In his later years he was perfectly willing that his renown should merge in that of Mr Bentham.

The services which M. Dumont has rendered to society can be fully appreciated only by those who have studied Mr Bentham's works, both in their rude and in their finished state. The difference both for show and for use is as great as the difference between a lump of golden ore and a rouleau of sovereigns fresh from the mint. Of Mr Bentham we would at all times speak with the reverence which is due to a great original thinker, and to a sincere and ardent friend of the human race. If a few weaknesses were mingled with his eminent virtues,—if a few errors insinuated themselves among the many valuable truths which he taught,—this is assuredly no time for noticing those weaknesses or those errors in an unkind or sarcastic spirit. A great man has gone from among us, full of years, of good works, and of deserved honours. In some of the highest departments

in which the human intellect can exert itself, he has not left his equal or his second behind him. From his contemporaries he has had, according to the usual lot, more or less than justice. He has had blind flatterers and blind detractors—flatterers who could see nothing but perfection in his style, detractors who could see nothing but nonsense in his matter. He will now have judges. Posterity will pronounce its calm and impartial decision; and that decision will, we firmly believe, place in the same rank with Galileo, and with Locke, the man who found jurisprudence a gibberish, and left it a science. Never was there a literary partnership so fortunate as that of Mr Bentham and M. Dumont. The raw material which Mr Bentham furnished was most precious; but it was unmarketable. He was, assuredly, at once a great logician and a great rhetorician. But the effect of his logic was injured by a vicious arrangement, and the effect of his rhetoric by a vicious style. His mind was vigorous, comprehensive, subtle, fertile of arguments, fertile of illustrations. But he spoke in an unknown tongue; and, that the congregation might be edified, it was necessary that some brother having the gift of interpretation should expound the invaluable jargon. His oracles were of high import; but they were traced on leaves and flung loose to the wind. So negligent was he of the arts of selection, distribution, and compression, that to persons who formed their judgment of him from his works in their undigested state, he seemed to be the least systematic of all philosophers. The truth is, that his opinions formed a system, which, whether sound or unsound, is more exact, more entire, and more consistent with itself than any other. Yet to superficial readers of his works in their original form, and indeed to all readers of those works who did not bring great industry and great acuteness to the study, he seemed to be a man of a quick and ingenious but ill-regulated mind,—who saw truth only by glimpses,—who threw out many striking hints, but who had never thought of combining his doctrines in one harmonious whole.

M. Dumont was admirably qualified to supply what was wanting in Mr Bentham. In the qualities in which the French writers surpass those of all other nations,—neatness, clearness, precision, condensation,—he surpassed all French writers. If M. Dumont had never been born, Mr Bentham would still have been a very great man. But he would have been great to himself alone. The fertility of his mind would have resembled the fertility of those vast American wildernesses, in which blossoms and decays a rich but unprofitable vegetation, ‘wherewith the reaper filleth not his hand, neither he that bindeth up the sheaves his bosom.’ It would have been with his discoveries as it has

been with the 'Century of Inventions.' His speculations on laws would have been of no more practical use than Lord Worcester's speculations on steam-engines. Some generations hence, perhaps, when legislation had found its Watt, an antiquarian might have published to the world the curious fact, that in the reign of George the Third, there had been a man called Bentham, who had given hints of many discoveries made since his time, and who had really, for his age, taken a most philosophical view of the principles of jurisprudence.

Many persons have attempted to interpret between this powerful mind and the public. But, in our opinion, M. Dumont alone has succeeded. It is remarkable that, in foreign countries, where Mr Bentham's works are known solely through the medium of the French version, his merit is almost universally acknowledged. Even those who are most decidedly opposed to his political opinions—the very chiefs of the Holy Alliance—have publicly testified their respect for him. In England, on the contrary, many persons who certainly entertained no prejudice against him on political grounds, were long in the habit of mentioning him contemptuously. Indeed, what was said of Bacon's philosophy, may be said of Bentham's. It was in little repute among us, till judgments in its favour came from beyond sea, and convinced us, to our shame, that we had been abusing and laughing at one of the greatest men of the age.

M. Dumont might easily have found employments more gratifying to personal vanity than that of arranging works not his own. But he could have found no employment more useful or more truly honourable. The book before us, hastily written as it is, contains abundant proof, if proof were needed, that he did not become an editor because he wanted the talents which would have made him eminent as a writer.

Persons who hold democratical opinions, and who have been accustomed to consider M. Dumont as one of their party, have been surprised and mortified to learn, that he speaks with very little respect of the French Revolution, and of its authors. Some zealous Tories have naturally expressed great satisfaction at finding their doctrines, in some respects, confirmed by the testimony of an unwilling witness. The date of the work, we think, explains every thing. If it had been written ten years earlier, or twenty years later, it would have been very different from what it is. It was written, neither during the first excitement of the revolution, nor at that later period, when the practical good produced by the Revolution had become manifest to the most prejudiced observers; but in those wretched times, when the enthusiasm had abated, and the solid advantages were

not yet fully seen. It was written in the year 1799,—a year in which the most sanguine friend of liberty might well feel some misgivings as to the effects of what the National Assembly had done. The evils which attend every great change had been severely felt. The benefit was still to come. The price—a heavy price—had been paid. The thing purchased had not yet been delivered. Europe was swarming with French exiles. The fleets and armies of the second coalition were victorious. Within France, the reign of terror was over; but the reign of law had not commenced. There had been, indeed, during three or four years, a written Constitution, by which rights were defined, and checks provided. But these rights had been repeatedly violated, and those checks had proved utterly inefficient. The laws which had been framed to secure the distinct authority of the executive magistrates, and of the legislative assemblies—the freedom of election—the freedom of debate—the freedom of the press—the personal freedom of citizens, were a dead letter. The ordinary mode in which the Republic was governed, was by *coups d'état*. On one occasion, the legislative councils were placed under military restraint by the directors. Then again, directors were deposed by the legislative councils. Elections were set aside by the executive authority. Ship-loads of writers and speakers were sent, without a legal trial, to die of fever in Guiana. France, in short, was in that state in which revolutions, effected by violence, almost always leave a nation. The habit of obedience had been lost. The spell of prescription had been broken. Those associations on which, far more than on any arguments about property and order, the authority of magistrates rests, had completely passed away. The power of the government consisted merely in the physical force which it could bring to its support. Moral force it had none. It was itself a government, sprung from a recent convulsion. Its own fundamental maxim was, that rebellion might be justifiable. Its own existence proved that rebellion might be successful. The people had been accustomed, during several years, to offer resistance to the constituted authorities on the slightest provocation, and to see the constituted authorities yield to that resistance. The whole political world was ‘without form and void’—an incessant whirl of hostile atoms, which every moment formed some new combination. The only man who could fix the agitated elements of society in a stable form, was following a wild vision of glory and empire through the Syrian deserts. The time was not yet come, when

‘Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar stood ruled;’

when, out of the chaos into which the old society had been resolved, were to rise a new dynasty, a new peerage, a new church, and a new code.

The dying words of Madame Roland, ‘ Oh Liberty ! How ‘ many crimes are committed in thy name ! ’ were at that time echoed by many of the most upright and benevolent of mankind. M. Guizot has, in one of his admirable pamphlets, happily and justly described M. Lainé as ‘ an honest and liberal ‘ man, discouraged by the Revolution.’ This description, at the time when M. Dumont’s *Memoirs* were written, would have applied to almost every honest and liberal man in Europe ; and would, beyond all doubt, have applied to M. Dumont himself. To that fanatical worship of the all-wise and all-good people, which had been common a few years before, had succeeded an uneasy suspicion that the follies and vices of the people would frustrate all attempts to serve them. The wild and joyous exultation with which the meeting of the States-General, and the fall of the Bastille had been hailed, had passed away. In its place was dejection, and a gloomy distrust of specious appearances. The philosophers and philanthropists had reigned. And what had their reign produced ? Philosophy had brought with it mummeries as absurd as any which had been practised by the most superstitious zealot of the darkest age. Philanthropy had brought with it crimes as horrible as the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. This was the emancipation of the human mind. These were the fruits of the great victory of reason over prejudice. France had rejected the faith of Pascal and Descartes as a nursery fable, that a courtesan might be her idol, and a madman her priest. She had asserted her freedom against Louis, that she might bow down before Robespierre. For a time men thought, that all the boasted wisdom of the eighteenth century was folly ; and that those hopes of great political and social ameliorations, which had been cherished by Voltaire and Condorcet, were utterly delusive. .

Under the influence of these feelings, M. Dumont has gone so far as to say, that the writings of Mr Burke on the French Revolution, though disfigured by exaggeration, and though containing doctrines subversive of all public liberty, had been, on the whole, justified by events, and had probably saved Europe from great disasters. That such a man as the friend and fellow-labourer of Mr Bentham, should have expressed such an opinion, is a circumstance which well deserves the consideration of uncharitable politicians. These *Memoirs* have not convinced us that the French Revolution was not a great blessing to mankind. But they have convinced us that very great indulgence is due

to those, who, while the Revolution was actually taking place, regarded it with unmixed aversion and horror. We can perceive where their error lay. We can perceive that the evil was temporary, and the good durable. But we cannot be sure, that, if our lot had been cast in their times, we should not, like them, have been discouraged and disgusted—that we should not, like them, have seen, in that great victory of the French people, only insanity and crime.

It is curious to observe how some men are applauded, and others reviled, for merely being what all their neighbours are,—for merely going passively down the stream of events,—for merely representing the opinions and passions of a whole generation. The friends of popular government ordinarily speak with extreme severity of Mr Pitt, and with respect and tenderness of Mr Canning. Yet the whole difference, we suspect, consisted merely in this,—that Mr Pitt died in 1806, and Mr Canning in 1827. During the years which were common to the public life of both, Mr Canning was assuredly not a more liberal statesman than his patron. The truth is, that Mr Pitt began his political life at the end of the American War, when the nation was suffering from the effects of corruption. He closed it in the midst of the calamities produced by the French Revolution, when the nation was still strongly impressed with the horrors of anarchy. He changed, undoubtedly. In his youth he had brought in reform bills. In his manhood he brought in gagging bills. But the change, though lamentable, was, in our opinion, perfectly natural, and might have been perfectly honest. He changed with the great body of his countrymen. Mr Canning, on the other hand, entered into public life when Europe was in dread of the Jacobins. He closed his public life when Europe was suffering under the tyranny of the Holy Alliance. He, too, changed with the nation. As the crimes of the Jacobins had turned the master into something very like a Tory, the events which followed the Congress of Vienna turned the pupil into something very like a Whig.

So much are men the creatures of circumstances. We see that, if M. Dumont had died in 1799, he would have died, to use the new cant word, a decided ‘conservative.’ If Mr Pitt had lived to 1832, it is our firm belief that he would have been a decided reformer.

The judgment passed by M. Dumont in this work on the French Revolution, must be taken with considerable allowances. It resembles a criticism on a play, of which only the first act has been performed, or on a building from which the scaffolding has not yet been taken down. We have no doubt, that if

the excellent author had revised these memoirs thirty years after the time at which they were written, he would have seen reason to omit a few passages, and to add many qualifications and explanations.

He would not probably have been inclined to retract the censures, just, though severe, which he has passed on the ignorance, the presumption, and the pedantry, of the National Assembly. But he would have admitted that, in spite of those faults, perhaps even by reason of those faults, that Assembly had conferred inestimable benefits on mankind. It is clear, that among the French of that day, political knowledge was absolutely in its infancy. It would indeed have been strange if it had attained maturity in the time of censors, of *lettres-de-cachet*, and of beds of justice. The electors did not know how to elect. The representatives did not know how to deliberate. M. Dumont taught the constituent body of Montreuil how to perform their functions, and found them apt to learn. He afterwards tried, in concert with Mirabeau, to instruct the National Assembly in that admirable system of Parliamentary tactics, which has been long established in the English House of Commons, and which has made the House of Commons, in spite of all the defects in its composition, the best and fairest debating society in the world. But these accomplished legislators, though quite as ignorant as the mob of Montreuil, proved much less docile, and cried out that they did not want to go to school to the English. Their debates consisted of endless successions of trashy pamphlets, all beginning with something about the original compact of society;—man in the hunting state, and other such foolery. They sometimes diversified and enlivened these long readings by a little rioting. They bawled; they hooted; they shook their fists. They kept no order among themselves. They were insulted with impunity by the crowd which filled their galleries. They gave long and solemn consideration to trifles. They hurried through the most important resolutions with fearful expedition. They wasted months in quibbling about the words of that false and childish Declaration of Rights on which they professed to found their new constitution, and which was at irreconcilable variance with every clause of that constitution. They annihilated in a single night privileges, many of which partook of the nature of property, and ought therefore to have been most delicately handled.

They are called the Constituent Assembly. Never was a name less appropriate. They were not constituent, but the very reverse of constituent. They constituted nothing that stood, or that deserved to last. They had not, and they could not pos-

sibly have, the information or the habits of mind which are necessary for the framing of that most exquisite of all machines, a government. The metaphysical cant with which they prefaced their constitution, has long been the scoff of all parties. Their constitution itself,—that constitution which they described as absolutely perfect, and to which they predicted immortality,—disappeared in a few months, and left no trace behind it. They were great only in the work of destruction.

The glory of the National Assembly is this, that they were in truth, what Mr Burke called them in austere irony, the ablest architects of ruin that ever the world saw. They were utterly incompetent to perform any work which required a discriminating eye and a skilful hand. But the work which was then to be done was a work of devastation. They had to deal with abuses so horrible and so deeply rooted, that the highest political wisdom could scarcely have produced greater good to mankind than was produced by their fierce and senseless temerity. Demolition is undoubtedly a vulgar task; the highest glory of the statesman is to construct. But there is a time for every thing,—a time to set up, and a time to pull down. The talents of revolutionary leaders, and those of the legislator, have equally their use and their season. It is the natural, the almost universal law, that the age of insurrections and proscriptions shall precede the age of good government, of temperate liberty, and liberal order.

And how should it be otherwise? It is not in swaddling-bands that we learn to walk. It is not in the dark that we learn to distinguish colours. It is not under oppression that we learn how to use freedom. The ordinary sophism by which misrule is defended is, when truly stated, this:—The people must continue in slavery, because slavery has generated in them all the vices of slaves. Because they are ignorant, they must remain under a power which has made and which keeps them ignorant. Because they have been made ferocious by misgovernment, they must be misgoverned for ever. If the system under which they live were so mild and liberal, that under its operation they had become humane and enlightened, it would be safe to venture on a change. But as this system has destroyed morality, and prevented the developement of the intellect,—as it has turned men who might, under different training, have formed a virtuous and happy community, into savage and stupid wild beasts,—therefore it ought to last for ever. The English Revolution, it is said, was truly a glorious Revolution. Practical evils were redressed; no excesses were committed; no sweeping confiscations took place; the authority of

the laws was scarcely for a moment suspended; the fullest and freest discussion was tolerated in Parliament; the nation showed, by the calm and temperate manner in which it asserted its liberty, that it was fit to enjoy liberty. The French Revolution was, on the other hand, the most horrible event recorded in history,—all madness and wickedness,—absurdity in theory, and atrocity in practice. What folly and injustice in the revolutionary laws! What grotesque affectation in the revolutionary ceremonies! What fanaticism! What licentiousness! What cruelty! Anacharsis Clootz and Marat,—feasts of the Supreme Being, and marriages of the Loire—trees of liberty, and heads dancing on pikes—the whole forms a kind of infernal farce, made up of every thing ridiculous, and every thing frightful. This it is to give freedom to those who have neither wisdom nor virtue.

It is not only by bad men interested in the defence of abuses that arguments like these have been urged against all schemes of political improvement. Some of the highest and purest of human beings conceived such scorn and aversion for the follies and crimes of the French Revolution, that they recanted, in the moment of triumph, those liberal opinions to which they had clung in defiance of persecution. And if we enquire why it was that they began to doubt whether liberty were a blessing, we shall find that it was only because events had proved, in the clearest manner, that liberty is the parent of virtue and of order. They ceased to abhor tyranny merely because it had been signally shown that the effect of tyranny on the hearts and understandings of men, is more demoralizing and more stupifying than had ever been imagined by the most zealous friend of popular rights. The truth is, that a stronger argument against the old monarchy of France may be drawn from the *noyades* and the *fusilades*, than from the Bastille and the *Parc-aux-cerfs*. We believe it to be a rule without an exception, that the violence of a revolution corresponds to the degree of misgovernment which has produced that revolution. Why was the French Revolution so bloody and destructive? Why was our revolution of 1641 comparatively mild? Why was our revolution of 1688 milder still? Why was the American Revolution, considered as an internal movement, the mildest of all? There is an obvious and complete solution of the problem. The English under James the First and Charles the First were less oppressed than the French under Louis the Fifteenth and Louis the Sixteenth. The English were less oppressed after the Restoration than before the great Rebellion. And America, under George the Third, was less oppressed than England under the Stuarts. The re-

action was exactly proportioned to the pressure,—the vengeance to the provocation.

When Mr Burke was reminded in his later years of the zeal which he had displayed in the cause of the Americans, he vindicated himself from the charge of inconsistency, by contrasting the wisdom and moderation of the Colonial insurgents of 1776 with the fanaticism and wickedness of the Jacobins of 1792. He was in fact bringing an argument *a fortiori* against himself. The circumstances on which he rested his vindication, fully proved that the old government of France stood in far more need of a complete change than the old government of America. The difference between Washington and Robespierre,—the difference between Franklin and Barrère,—the difference between the destruction of a few barrels of tea and the confiscation of thousands of square miles,—the difference between the tarring and feathering of a tax-gatherer and the massacres of September,—measure the difference between the government of America under the rule of England and the government of France under the rule of the Bourbons.

Louis the Sixteenth made great voluntary concessions to his people; and they sent him to the scaffold. Charles the Tenth violated the fundamental laws of the state, established a despotism, and butchered his subjects for not submitting quietly to that despotism. He failed in his wicked attempt. He was at the mercy of those whom he had injured. The pavements of Paris were still heaped up in barricades;—the hospitals were still full of the wounded;—the dead were still unburied;—a thousand families were in mourning;—a hundred thousand citizens were in arms. The crime was recent;—the life of the criminal was in the hands of the sufferers;—and they touched not one hair of his head. In the first revolution, victims were sent to death by scores for the most trifling acts proved by the lowest testimony, before the most partial tribunals. After the second revolution, those ministers who had signed the ordinances,—those ministers, whose guilt, as it was of the foulest kind, was proved by the clearest evidence,—were punished only with imprisonment. In the first revolution, property was attacked. In the second, it was held sacred. Both revolutions, it is true, left the public mind of France in an unsettled state. Both revolutions were followed by insurrectionary movements. But after the first revolution, the insurgents were almost always stronger than the law; and since the second revolution, the law has invariably been found stronger than the insurgents. There is, indeed, much in the present state of France which may well excite the uneasiness of those who desire to see her free, happy,

powerful, and secure. Yet if we compare the present state of France with the state in which she was forty years ago, how vast a change for the better has taken place ! How little effect, for example, during the first revolution, would the sentence of a judicial body have produced on an armed and victorious party ! If, after the 10th of August, or after the proscription of the Gironde, or after the 9th of Thermidor, or after the carnage of Vendemiaire, or after the arrests of Fructidor, any tribunal had decided against the conquerors in favour of the conquered, with what contempt, with what derision, would its award have been received ! The judges would have lost their heads, or would have been sent to die in some unwholesome colony. The fate of the victim whom they had endeavoured to save would only have been made darker and more hopeless by their interference. We have lately seen a signal proof that, in France, the law is now stronger than the sword. We have seen a government, in the very moment of triumph and revenge, submitting itself to the authority of a court of law. A just and independent sentence has been pronounced—a sentence worthy of the ancient renown of that magistracy, to which belong the noblest recollections of French history—which, in an age of persecutors, produced L'Hopital,—which, in an age of courtiers, produced D'Aguesseau—which, in an age of wickedness and madness, exhibited to mankind a pattern of every virtue in the life and in the death of Malesherbes. The respectful manner in which that sentence has been received, is alone sufficient to show how widely the French of this generation differ from their fathers. And how is the difference to be explained ? The race, the soil, the climate, are the same. If those dull, honest Englishmen, who explain the events of 1793 and 1794, by saying that the French are naturally frivolous and cruel, were in the right, why is the guillotine now standing idle ? Not surely for want of Carlists, of aristocrats, of people guilty of incivism, of people suspected of being suspicious characters. Is not the true explanation this, that the Frenchman of 1832 has been far better governed than the Frenchman of 1789,—that his soul has never been galled by the oppressive privileges of a separate caste,—that he has been in some degree accustomed to discuss political questions, and to perform political functions,—that he has lived for seventeen or eighteen years under institutions which, however defective, have yet been far superior to any institutions that had before existed in France ?

As the second French Revolution has been far milder than the first, so that great change which has just been effected in England, has been milder even than the second French Revolu-

tion,—milder than any revolution recorded in history. Some orators have described the reform of the House of Commons as a revolution. Others have denied the propriety of the term. The question, though in seeming merely a question of definition, suggests much curious and interesting matter for reflection. If we look at the magnitude of the reform, it may well be called a revolution. If we look at the means by which it has been effected, it is merely an act of Parliament, regularly brought in, read, committed, and passed. In the whole history of England, there is no prouder circumstance than this,—that a change which could not, in any other age, or in any other country, have been effected without physical violence, should here have been effected by the force of reason, and under the forms of law. The work of three civil wars has been accomplished by three sessions of Parliament. An ancient and deeply rooted system of abuses has been fiercely attacked and stubbornly defended. It has fallen; and not one sword has been drawn; not one estate has been confiscated; not one family has been forced to emigrate. The bank has kept its credit. The funds have kept their price. Every man has gone forth to his work and to his labour till the evening. During the fiercest excitement of the contest,—during the first fortnight of that immortal May,—there was not one moment at which any sanguinary act committed on the person of any of the most unpopular men in England, would not have filled the country with horror and indignation.

And now that the victory is won, has it been abused? An immense mass of power has been transferred from an oligarchy to the nation. Are the members of the vanquished oligarchy insecure? Does the nation seem disposed to play the tyrant? Are not those who, in any other state of society, would have been visited with the severest vengeance of the triumphant party,—would have been pining in dungeons, or flying to foreign countries,—still enjoying their possessions and their honours, still taking part as freely as ever in public affairs? Two years ago they were dominant. They are now vanquished. Yet the whole people would regard with horror any man who should dare to propose any vindictive measure. So common is this feeling,—so much is it a matter of course among us,—that many of our readers will scarcely understand what we see to admire in it.

To what are we to attribute the unparalleled moderation and humanity which the English people have displayed at this great conjuncture? The answer is plain. This moderation, this humanity, are the fruits of a hundred and fifty years of liberty.

During many generations we have had legislative assemblies which, however defective their constitution might be, have always contained many members chosen by the people, and many others eager to obtain the approbation of the people;—assemblies in which perfect freedom of debate was allowed;—assemblies in which the smallest minority had a fair hearing;—assemblies in which abuses, even when they were not redressed, were at least exposed. For many generations we have had the trial by jury, the Habeas Corpus Act, the freedom of the press, the right of meeting to discuss public affairs, the right of petitioning the legislature. A vast portion of the population has long been accustomed to the exercise of political functions, and has been thoroughly seasoned to political excitement. In most other countries there is no middle course between absolute submission and open rebellion. In England there has always been for centuries a constitutional opposition. Thus our institutions had been so good that they had educated us into a capacity for better institutions. There is not a large town in the kingdom which does not contain better materials for a legislature, than all France could furnish in 1789. There is not a spouting-club at any pot-house in London, in which the rules of debate are not better understood, and more strictly observed, than in the Constituent Assembly. There is scarcely a Political Union which could not frame in half an hour a declaration of rights superior to that which occupied the collective wisdom of France for several months.

It would be impossible even to glance at all the causes of the French Revolution within the limits to which we must confine ourselves. One thing is clear. The government, the aristocracy, and the church, were rewarded after their works. They reaped that which they had sown. They found the nation such as they had made it. That the people had become possessed of irresistible power before they had attained the slightest knowledge of the art of government,—that practical questions of vast moment were left to be solved by men to whom politics had been only matter of theory—that a legislature was composed of persons who were scarcely fit to compose a debating society—that the whole nation was ready to lend an ear to any flatterer who appealed to its cupidity, to its fears, or to its thirst for vengeance—all this was the effect of misrule, obstinately continued in defiance of solemn warnings, and of the visible signs of an approaching retribution.

Even while the monarchy seemed to be in its highest and most palmy state, the causes of that great destruction had already begun to operate. They may be distinctly traced even

under the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. That reign is the time to which the Ultra Royalists refer as the Golden Age of France. It was in truth one of those periods which shine with an unnatural and delusive splendour, and which are rapidly followed by gloom and decay.

Concerning Louis the Fourteenth himself, the world seems at last to have formed a correct judgment. He was not a great general; he was not a great statesman; but he was, in one sense of the words, a great king. Never was there so consummate a master of what our James the First would have called king-craft,—of all those arts which most advantageously display the merits of a prince, and most completely hide his defects. Though his internal administration was bad,—though the military triumphs which gave splendour to the early part of his reign were not achieved by himself,—though his later years were crowded with defeats and humiliations,—though he was so ignorant that he scarcely understood the Latin of his mass-book,—though he fell under the control of a cunning Jesuit and of a more cunning old woman,—he succeeded in passing himself off on his people as a being above humanity. And this is the more extraordinary, because he did not seclude himself from the public gaze like those Oriental despots whose faces are never seen, and whose very names it is a crime to pronounce lightly. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet;—and all the world saw as much of Louis the Fourteenth as his valet could see. Five hundred people assembled to see him shave and put on his breeches in the morning. He then kneeled down at the side of his bed, and said his prayer, while the whole assembly awaited the end in solemn silence,—the ecclesiastics on their knees, and the laymen with their hats before their faces. He walked about his gardens with a train of two hundred courtiers at his heels. All Versailles came to see him dine and sup. He was put to bed at night in the midst of a crowd as great as that which had met to see him rise in the morning. He took his very emetics in state, and vomited majestically in the presence of all the *grandes* and *pétites entrées*. Yet though he constantly exposed himself to the public gaze in situations in which it is scarcely possible for any man to preserve much personal dignity, he to the last impressed those who surrounded him with the deepest awe and reverence. The illusion which he produced on his worshippers can be compared only to those illusions to which lovers are proverbially subject during the season of courtship. It was an illusion which affected even the senses. The contemporaries of Louis thought him tall. Voltaire, who might have seen him, and who had lived with some of the most

distinguished members of his court, speaks repeatedly of his majestic stature. Yet it is as certain as any fact can be, that he was rather below than above the middle size. He had, it seems, a way of holding himself, a way of walking, a way of swelling his chest and rearing his head, which deceived the eyes of the multitude. Eighty years after his death, the royal cemetery was violated by the revolutionists; his coffin was opened; his body was dragged out; and it appeared that the prince, whose majestic figure had been so long and loudly extolled, was in truth a little man.* That fine expression of Juvenal is singularly applicable, both in its literal and in its metaphorical sense, to Louis the Fourteenth.

‘Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.’

His person and his government have had the same fate. He had the art of making both appear grand and august, in spite of the clearest evidence that both were below the ordinary standard. Death and time have exposed both the deceptions. The body of the great King has been measured more justly than it was measured by the courtiers who were afraid to look above his shoe-tie. His public character has been scrutinized by men free from the hopes and fears of Boileau and Molière. In the grave, the most majestic of princes is only five feet eight. In history, the hero and the politician dwindles into a vain and feeble tyrant,—the slave of priests and women,—little in war,—little in government,—little in every thing but the art of simulating greatness.

He left to his infant successor a famished and miserable people, a beaten and humbled army, provinces turned into deserts by misgovernment and persecution, factions dividing the court, a schism raging in the church, an immense debt, an empty treasury, immeasurable palaces, an innumerable household, inestimable jewels and furniture. All the sap and nutriment of the state seemed to have been drawn to feed one bloated and unwholesome excrescence. The nation was withered. The court was morbidly flourishing. Yet it does not appear that the asso-

* Even M. de Chateaubriand, to whom, we should have thought, all the Bourbons would have seemed at least six feet high, admits this fact. “C’est une erreur,” says he in his strange memoirs of the Duke of Berri, “de croire que Louis XIV. étoit d’une haute stature. Une cuirasse qui nous reste de lui, et les exhumations de St Denys, n’ont laissé sur ce point aucun doute.”

ciations which attached the people to the monarchy, had lost strength during his reign. He had neglected or sacrificed their dearest interests; but he had struck their imaginations. The very things which ought to have made him most unpopular,—the prodigies of luxury and magnificence with which his person was surrounded, while, beyond the inclosure of his parks, nothing was to be seen but starvation and despair,—seemed to increase the respectful attachment which his subjects felt for him. That governments exist only for the good of the people, appears to be the most obvious and simple of all truths. Yet history proves that it is one of the most recondite. We can scarcely wonder that it should be so seldom present to the minds of rulers, when we see how slowly, and through how much suffering, nations arrive at the knowledge of it.

There was indeed one Frenchman who had discovered those principles which it now seems impossible to miss,—that the many are not made for the use of one,—that the truly good government is not that which concentrates magnificence in a court, but that which diffuses happiness among a people,—that a king who gains victory after victory, and adds province to province, may deserve, not the admiration, but the abhorrence and contempt of mankind. These were the doctrines which Fénelon taught. Considered as an Epic Poem, *Telemachus* can scarcely be placed above Glover's *Leonidas* or Wilkie's *Epigoniad*. Considered as a treatise on politics and morals, it abounds with errors of detail, and the truths which it inculcates seem trite to a modern reader. But if we compare the spirit in which it is written with the spirit which pervades the rest of the French literature of that age, we shall perceive that, though in appearance trite, it was in truth one of the most original works that have ever appeared. The fundamental principles of Fénelon's political morality, the tests by which he judged of institutions and of men, were absolutely new to his countrymen. He had taught them indeed, with the happiest effect, to his royal pupil. But how incomprehensible they were to most people, we learn from Saint Simon. That amusing writer tells us, as a thing almost incredible, that the Duke of Burgundy declared it to be his opinion, that kings existed for the good of the people, and not the people for the good of kings. Saint Simon is delighted with the benevolence of this saying; but startled by its novelty, and terrified by its boldness. Indeed he distinctly says, that it was not safe to repeat the sentiment in the court of Louis. Saint Simon was, of all the members of that court, the least courtly. He was as nearly an oppositionist as any man of his time. His disposition was proud, bitter, and cynical. In religion he was a Jansenist; in

politics, a less hearty royalist than most of his neighbours. His opinions and his temper had preserved him from the illusions which the demeanour of Louis produced on others. He neither loved nor respected the king. Yet even this man,—one of the most liberal men in France,—was struck dumb with astonishment at hearing the fundamental axiom of all government propounded,—an axiom which, in our time, nobody in England or France would dispute,—which the stoutest Tory takes for granted as much as the fiercest Radical, and concerning which the Carlist would agree with the most republican deputy of the ‘extreme left.’ No person will do justice to Fénélon, who does not constantly keep in mind that *Telemachus* was written in an age and nation in which bold and independent thinkers stared to hear, that twenty millions of human beings did not exist for the gratification of one. That work is commonly considered as a school-book, very fit for children, because its style is easy and its morality blameless; but unworthy of the attention of statesmen and philosophers. We can distinguish in it, if we are not greatly mistaken, the first faint dawn of a long and splendid day of intellectual light,—the dim promise of a great deliverance,—the undeveloped germ of the charter and of the code.

What mighty interests were staked on the life of the Duke of Burgundy! and how different an aspect might the history of France have borne if he had attained the age of his grandfather or of his son;—if he had been permitted to show how much could be done for humanity by the highest virtue in the highest fortune! There is scarcely any thing in history more remarkable than the descriptions which remain to us of that extraordinary man. The fierce and impetuous temper which he showed in early youth,—the complete change which a judicious education produced in his character,—his fervid piety,—his large benevolence,—the strictness with which he judged himself,—the liberality with which he judged others,—the fortitude with which alone, in the whole court, he stood up against the commands of Louis, when a religious scruple was concerned,—the charity with which alone, in the whole court, he defended the profligate Orleans against calumniators,—his great projects for the good of the people,—his activity in business,—his taste for letters,—his strong domestic attachments,—even the ungraceful person and the shy and awkward manner which concealed from the eyes of the sneering courtiers of his grandfather so many rare endowments,—make his character the most interesting that is to be found in the annals of his house. He had resolved, if he came to the throne, to disperse that ostentatious court, which was supported at an expense ruinous to the nation,—to preserve

peace,—to correct the abuses which were found in every part of the system of revenue,—to abolish or modify oppressive privileges,—to reform the administration of justice,—to revive the institution of the States General. If he had ruled over France during forty or fifty years, that great movement of the human mind, which no government could have arrested, which bad government only rendered more violent, would, we are inclined to think, have been conducted, by peaceable means, to a happy termination.

Disease and sorrow removed from the world that wisdom and virtue of which it was not worthy. During two generations France was ruled by men who, with all the vices of Louis the Fourteenth, had none of the art by which that magnificent prince passed off his vices for virtues. The people had now to see tyranny naked. That foul Duessa was stripped of her gorgeous ornaments. She had always been hideous; but a strange enchantment had made her seem fair and glorious in the eyes of her willing slaves. The spell was now broken; the deformity was made manifest; and the lovers, lately so happy and so proud, turned away loathing and horror-struck.

First came the Regency. The strictness with which Louis had, towards the close of his life, exacted from those around him an outward attention to religious duties, produced an effect similar to that which the rigour of the Puritans had produced in England. It was the boast of Madame de Maintenon, in the time of her greatness, that devotion had become the fashion. A fashion indeed it was, and, like a fashion, it passed away. The austerity of the tyrant's old age had injured the morality of the higher orders more than even the licentiousness of his youth. Not only had he not reformed their vices, but, by forcing them to be hypocrites, he had shaken their belief in virtue. They had found it so easy to perform the grimace of piety, that it was natural for them to consider all piety as grimace. The times were changed. Pensions, regiments, and abbeyes, were no longer to be obtained by regular confession and severe penance; and the obsequious courtiers, who had kept Lent like monks of La Trappe, and who had turned up the whites of their eyes at the edifying parts of sermons preached before the king, aspired to the title of *roué* as ardently as they had aspired to that of *devot*; and went, during Passion Week, to the revels of the Palais Royal as readily as they had formerly repaired to the sermons of Massillon.

The Regent was in many respects the fac-simile of our Charles the Second. Like Charles, he was a good-natured man, utterly destitute of sensibility. Like Charles, he had good natural

talents, which a deplorable indolence rendered useless to the state. Like Charles, he thought all men corrupt and interested, and yet did not dislike them for being so. His opinion of human nature was Gulliver's; but he did not regard human nature with Gulliver's horror. He thought that he and his fellow-creatures were Yahoos; and he thought a Yahoo a very agreeable kind of animal. No princes were ever more social than Charles and Philip of Orleans; yet no princes ever had less capacity for friendship. The tempers of these clever cynics were so easy and their minds so languid, that habit supplied in them the place of affection, and made them the tools of people for whom they cared not one straw. In love, both were mere sensualists without delicacy or tenderness. In politics, both were utterly careless of faith and of national honour. Charles shut up the Exchequer. Philip patronised the System. The councils of Charles were swayed by the gold of Barillon; the councils of Philip by the gold of Walpole. Charles for private objects made war on Holland, the natural ally of England. Philip for private objects made war on the Spanish branch of the House of Bourbon, the natural ally, indeed the creature, of France. Even in trifling circumstances the parallel might be carried on. Both these princes were fond of experimental philosophy; and passed in the laboratory much time which would have been more advantageously passed at the council-table. Both were more strongly attached to their female relatives than to any other human being; and in both cases it was suspected that this attachment was not perfectly innocent. In personal courage, and in all the virtues which are connected with personal courage, the Regent was indisputably superior to Charles. Indeed Charles but narrowly escaped the stain of cowardice. Philip was eminently brave, and, like most brave men, was generally open and sincere. Charles added dissimulation to his other vices.

The administration of the Regent was scarcely less pernicious, and infinitely more scandalous, than that of the deceased monarch. It was by magnificent public works, and by wars conducted on a gigantic scale, that Louis had brought distress on his people. The Regent aggravated that distress by frauds, of which a lame duck on the stock-exchange would have been ashamed. France, even while suffering under the most severe calamities, had revered the conqueror. She despised the swindler.

When Orleans and the wretched Dubois had disappeared, the power passed to the Duke of Bourbon; a prince degraded in the public eye by the infamously lucrative part which he had taken in the juggles of the System, and by the humility with which

he bore the caprices of a loose and imperious woman. It seemed to be decreed that every branch of the royal family should successively incur the abhorrence and contempt of the nation.

Between the fall of the Duke of Bourbon and the death of Fleury, a few years of frugal and moderate government intervened. Then recommenced the downward progress of the monarchy. Profligacy in the court, extravagance in the finances, schism in the church, faction in the Parliaments, unjust war terminated by ignominious peace,—all that indicates and all that produces the ruin of great empires, make up the history of that miserable period. Abroad, the French were beaten and humbled every where, by land and by sea, on the Elbe and on the Rhine, in Asia and in America. At home, they were turned over from vizier to vizier, and from sultana to sultana, till they had reached that point beneath which there was no lower abyss of infamy,—till the yoke of Maupeou had made them pine for Choiseul,—till Madame du Barri had taught them to regret Madame de Pompadour.

But unpopular as the monarchy had become, the aristocracy was more unpopular still;—and not without reason. The tyranny of an individual is far more supportable than the tyranny of a caste. The old privileges were galling and hateful to the new wealth and the new knowledge. Every thing indicated the approach of no common revolution,—of a revolution destined to change, not merely the form of government, but the distribution of property and the whole social system,—of a revolution the effects of which were to be felt at every fireside in France,—of a new *Jaquerie*, in which the victory was to remain with *Jaques bonhomme*. In the van of the movement were the monied men and the men of letters,—the wounded pride of wealth, and the wounded pride of intellect. An immense multitude, made ignorant and cruel by oppression, was raging in the rear.

We greatly doubt whether any course which could have been pursued by Louis the Sixteenth could have averted a great convulsion. But we are sure that, if there was such a course, it was the course recommended by M. Turgot. The church and the aristocracy, with that blindness to danger, that incapacity of believing that any thing can be except what has been, which the long possession of power seldom fails to generate, mocked at the counsel which might have saved them. They would not have reform; and they had revolution. They would not pay a small contribution in place of the odious *corvées*; and they lived to see their castles demolished, and their lands sold to strangers. They would not endure Turgot; and they were forced to endure Robespierre.

Then the rulers of France, as if smitten with judicial blindness, plunged headlong into the American war. They thus committed at once two great errors. They encouraged the spirit of revolution. They augmented at the same time those public burdens, the pressure of which is generally the immediate cause of revolutions. The event of the war carried to the height the enthusiasm of speculative democrats. The financial difficulties produced by the war, carried to the height the discontent of that larger body of people who cared little about theories, and much about taxes.

The meeting of the States-General was the signal for the explosion of all the hoarded passions of a century. In that assembly, there were undoubtedly very able men. But they had no practical knowledge of the art of government. All the great English revolutions have been conducted by practical statesmen. The French Revolution was conducted by mere speculators. Our constitution has never been so far behind the age, as to have become an object of aversion to the people. The English revolutions have therefore been undertaken for the purpose of defending, correcting, and restoring,—never for the mere purpose of destroying. Our countrymen have always, even in times of the greatest excitement, spoken reverently of the form of government under which they lived, and attacked only what they regarded as its corruptions. In the very act of innovating they have constantly appealed to ancient prescription; they have seldom looked abroad for models; they have seldom troubled themselves with Utopian theories; they have not been anxious to prove that liberty is a natural right of men; they have been content to regard it as the lawful birthright of Englishmen. Their social contract is no fiction. It is still extant on the original parchment, sealed with wax which was affixed at Runnymede, and attested by the lordly names of the Marischals and Fitzherberts. No general arguments about the original equality of men, no fine stories out of Plutarch and Cornelius Nepos, have ever affected them so much as their own familiar words,—*Magna Charta*,—*Habeas Corpus*,—*Trial by Jury*,—*Bill of Rights*. This part of our national character has undoubtedly its disadvantages. An Englishman too often reasons on politics in the spirit rather of a lawyer than of a philosopher. There is too often something narrow, something exclusive, something Jewish, if we may use the word, in his love of freedom. He is disposed to consider popular rights as the special heritage of the chosen race to which he belongs. He is inclined rather to repel than to encourage the alien proselyte who aspires to a share of his privileges. Very different was the

spirit of the Constituent Assembly. They had none of our narrowness; but they had none of our practical skill in the management of affairs. They did not understand how to regulate the order of their own debates; and they thought themselves able to legislate for the whole world. All the past was loathsome to them. All their agreeable associations were connected with the future. Hopes were to them all that recollections are to us. In the institutions of their country they found nothing to love or to admire. As far back as they could look, they saw only the tyranny of one class and the degradation of another,—Frank and Gaul, knight and villein, gentleman and *roturier*. They hated the monarchy, the church, the nobility. They cared nothing for the States or the Parliament. It was long the fashion to ascribe all the follies which they committed to the writings of the philosophers. We believe that it was misrule, and nothing but misrule, that put the sting into those writings. It is not true that the French abandoned experience for theories. They took up with theories because they had no experience of good government. It was because they had no charter that they ranted about the original contract. As soon as tolerable institutions were given to them, they began to look to those institutions. In 1830 their rallying cry was *Vive la Charte*. In 1789 they had nothing but theories round which to rally. They had seen social distinctions only in a bad form; and it was therefore natural that they should be deluded by sophisms about the equality of men. They had experienced so much evil from the sovereignty of kings, that they might be excused for lending a ready ear to those who preached, in an exaggerated form, the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people.

The English, content with their own national recollections and names, have never sought for models in the institutions of Greece or Rome. The French, having nothing in their own history to which they could look back with pleasure, had recourse to the history of the great ancient commonwealths: they drew their notions of those commonwealths, not from contemporary writers, but from romances written by pedantic moralists long after the extinction of public liberty. They neglected Thucydides for Plutarch. Blind themselves, they took blind guides. They had no experience of freedom, and they took their opinions concerning it from men who had no more experience of it than themselves, and whose imaginations, inflamed by mystery and privation, exaggerated the unknown enjoyment;—from men who raved about patriotism without having ever had a country, and eulogized tyrannicide while crouching before tyrants. The maxim which the French legislators learned in

this school was, that political liberty is an end, and not a means; that it is not merely valuable as the great safeguard of order, of property, and of morality, but that it is in itself a high and exquisite happiness to which order, property, and morality ought without one scruple to be sacrificed. The lessons which may be learned from ancient history are indeed most useful and important; but they were not likely to be learned by men who, in all their rhapsodies about the Athenian democracy, seemed utterly to forget that in that democracy there were ten slaves to one citizen; and who constantly decorated their invectives against the aristocrats with panegyrics on Brutus and Cato,—two aristocrats, fiercer, prouder, and more exclusive, than any that emigrated with the Count of Artois.

We have never met with so vivid and interesting a picture of the National Assembly as that which M. Dumont has set before us. His Mirabeau, in particular, is incomparable. All the former Mirabeaus were daubs in comparison. Some were merely painted from the imagination—others were gross caricatures: this is the very individual, neither god nor demon, but a man—a Frenchman,—a Frenchman of the eighteenth century, with great talents, with strong passions, depraved by bad education, surrounded by temptations of every kind,—made desperate at one time by disgrace, and then again intoxicated by fame. All his opposite and seemingly inconsistent qualities are in this representation so blended together as to make up a harmonious and natural whole. Till now, Mirabeau was to us, and, we believe, to most readers of history, not a man, but a string of antitheses. Henceforth he will be a real human being, a remarkable and eccentric being indeed, but perfectly conceivable.

He was fond, M. Dumont tells us, of giving odd compound nicknames. Thus, M. de Lafayette was Grandison-Cromwell; the King of Prussia was Alaric-Cottin; D'Espremeuil was Crispin-Catiline. We think that Mirabeau himself might be described, after his own fashion, as a Wilkes-Chatham. He had Wilkes's sensuality, Wilkes's levity, Wilkes's insensibility to shame. Like Wilkes, he had brought on himself the censure even of men of pleasure by the peculiar grossness of his immorality, and by the obscenity of his writings. Like Wilkes, he was heedless, not only of the laws of morality, but of the laws of honour. Yet he affected, like Wilkes, to unite the character of the demagogue to that of the fine gentleman. Like Wilkes, he conciliated, by his good-humour and his high spirits, the regard of many who despised his character. Like Wilkes, he was hideously ugly; like Wilkes, he made a jest of his own ugliness;

and, like Wilkes, he was, in spite of his ugliness, very attentive to his dress, and very successful in affairs of gallantry.

Resembling Wilkes in the lower and grosser parts of his character, he had, in his higher qualities, some affinity to Chatham. His eloquence, as far as we can judge of it, bore no inconsiderable resemblance to that of the great English minister. He was not eminently successful in long set speeches. He was not, on the other hand, a close and ready debater. Sudden bursts, which seemed to be the effect of inspiration—short sentences which came like lightning, dazzling, burning, striking down every thing before them—sentences which, spoken at critical moments, decided the fate of great questions,—sentences which at once became proverbs—sentences which every body still knows by heart—in these chiefly lay the oratorical power both of Chatham and of Mirabeau. There have been far greater speakers, and far greater statesmen, than either of them; but we doubt whether any men have, in modern times, exercised such vast personal influence over stormy and divided assemblies. The power of both was as much moral as intellectual. In true dignity of character, in private and public virtue, it may seem absurd to institute any comparison between them; but they had the same haughtiness and vehemence of temper. In their language and manner there was a disdainful self-confidence, an imperiousness, a fierceness of passion, before which all common minds quailed. Even Murray and Charles Townshend, though intellectually not inferior to Chatham, were always cowed by him. Barnave, in the same manner, though the best debater in the National Assembly, flinched before the energy of Mirabeau. Men, except in bad novels, are not all good or all evil. It can scarcely be denied that the virtue of Lord Chatham was a little theatrical. On the other hand there was in Mirabeau, not indeed any thing deserving the name of virtue, but that imperfect substitute for virtue, which is found in almost all superior minds,—a sensibility to the beautiful and the good, which sometimes amounted to sincere enthusiasm; and which, mingled with the desire of admiration, sometimes gave to his character a lustre resembling the lustre of true goodness,—as the ‘faded splendour wan’ which lingered round the fallen archangel, resembled the exceeding brightness of those spirits who had kept their first estate.

There are several other admirable portraits of eminent men in these Memoirs. That of Sieyes in particular, and that of Talleyrand, are masterpieces, full of life and expression. But nothing in the book has interested us more than the view which M. Dumont has presented to us, unostentatiously, and, we may say, unconsciously, of his own character. The sturdy rectitude,

the large charity, the good-nature, the modesty, the independent spirit, the ardent philanthropy, the unaffected indifference to money and to fame, make up a character which, while it has nothing unnatural, seems to us to approach nearer to perfection than any of the Grandisons and Allworthys of fiction. The work is not indeed precisely such a work as we had anticipated—it is more lively, more picturesque, more amusing than we had promised ourselves; and it is, on the other hand, less profound and philosophic. But if it is not, in all respects, such as might have been expected from the intellect of M. Dumont, it is assuredly such as might have been expected from his heart.

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